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Cover by Frank Godwin

A good look at AL SMITH

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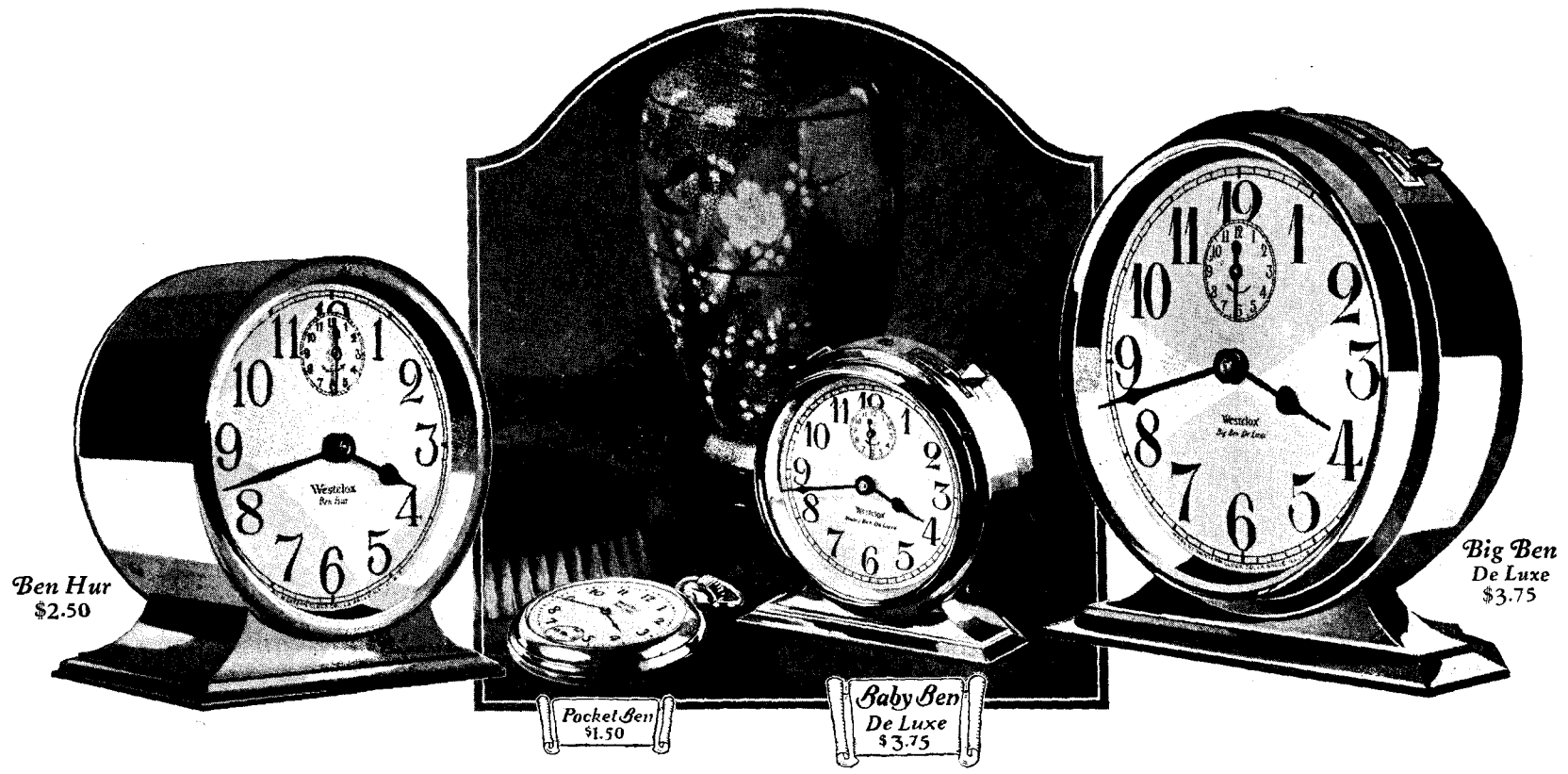

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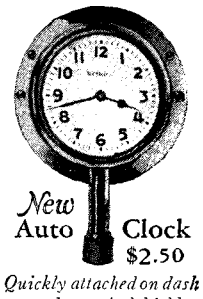

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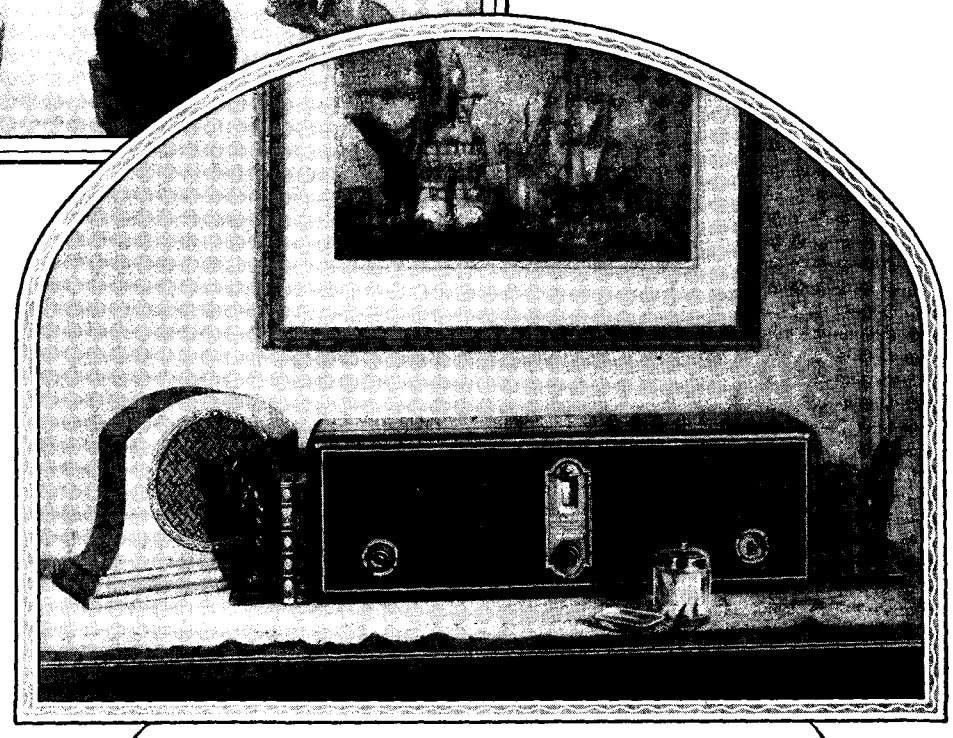

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio. Additional entry as second-class matter at Albany, N. Y.; New York, N. Y.; Harrisburg, Pa., and Galesburg, Ill.

Published weekly by P. F. Collier & Son Company at Springfield, Ohio. Executive and Editorial Offices at 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. London: 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C. 2. Copyright, 1928, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.

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Volume Eighty-one
Number Nine

March 3, 1928

Price: 5 cents a copy, $2.00 a year in the United States and Canada; $4.00 a year in foreign countries

The Lady Assists

What had been a heap of mud in a shell crater was transformed into a figure of radiant hues

In which a mighty general swallows his pride and a pair of very gay pajamas helps to win the war

By LAURIE YORK ERSKINE

IT WAS said of the general that he had a cool head. It was said that he thrived upon adversity; that the fortunes of war were greeted by him, whether good or bad, with the same imperturbable, handsome countenance which he turned from time to time toward the cameras of the illustrated press. But not many generals manage to impress the illustrated weeklies and the officers of their staff at the same time; and the general preferred to impress the illustrated weeklies. Thus in the weeks when his picture appeared—trim, impassive and not a little supercilious—above a caption which explained that British General Declares England Is Still Top Dog Despite Rumored Losses, his staff languished beneath his savage onslaughts and remarked to one another that the old man had botched up the show and swallowed his own bile.

The particular show which caused the mischief, however, was a show which had been dear to the hearts of officers who stood even higher among the powers which dictated the terms of slaughter than did the general himself, and they cut up such a shindy about the mess he'd made of things that the general did the unheard of. He visited the front lines.

It was by way of a general strafe. He made his way through the trenches accompanied by a platoon of brass hats and encouraged all and sundry to die a bit more willingly by revealing to them the species of commander they had drawn. Of course the field officers recognized at once that the thing to do was to "pass it along," so they called the general's attention to the artillery.

"If we'd had something a bit more effective in the way of a barrage," they pointed out, "it would never have occurred."

THE general thereupon visited various dugouts and picked his way daintily through communication trenches. The gunners took all they could stand from him and then they, in their turn, "passed it on."

"You see," said they, "Fritz has got sausages up all along the line, and their planes come over something not quite nice. As long as they hold control of the air, our guns'll work under a nasty handicap."

Wherefore, in the wee hours of the morning, the general pounced upon the airdrome of Squadron Sixty-three R. F. C. with blood in his eye and a carful of brass hats. As luck would have it, he chose the morning following the day when Lieutenant Johnston Tolliver McBryde received a box from home and received also, and at the same time, in that box from home, a pair of pajamas.

Now, that pair of pajamas had been made by hand, and the hands were, in the opinion of Lieutenant McBryde, the fairest hands in all the land of Britain: the hands, as a matter of fact, of Her. And because, with her own hands, she had chosen the silken fabric of which those pajamas were fashioned, the pajamas were like no other pajamas which had yet been seen upon the western front. They were of a heavy silk, which was woven in many wondrous colors, and none of the colors was retiring.

They were neatly worked, with pockets which were roomy and well-designed, a sash which girded the coat nicely at the waist and a tailored fitness of leg and sleeve which did the wearer proud—such a pair of pajamas as a man might wear in public, as a man would be proud to have on were he shot down in enemy territory during an early morning patrol; such pajamas as she would be proud to have him wear in such an eventuality. Which is the reason why the pajamas were made and packed and sent in that box from home to Lieutenant Johnston Tolliver McBryde.

It was inevitable, therefore, that when the general and all his brass hats drove pompously into the airdrome of Squadron Sixty-three, and demanded that the flyers about to go up on early patrol be paraded for inspection before him, Lieutenant McBryde should have fallen into line with the guilty knowledge that beneath his flying coat and boots were hidden that glorious and, in a manner, that sacred suit of silk pajamas.

The general was tall and trig and excessively the soldier. The men in the trenches had noticed that, and not a few proud young officers had remarked to themselves upon how much more soldierly became one's appearance as one withdrew farther and farther from the front.

THE general had much red and gold about his person. His leathers were as polished mahogany and his brasses gleaming jewels in the dim morning light. His clean-shaven features—he had gone to bed at nine the night before and caused his batman to awaken him at three with a skilled barber in attendance—shone with the cold and impassive purpose of features carved in cameo. He advanced upon the flyers from the orderly-room with Collet respectfully at his side and his staff behind him. From time to time he

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He passed along the line as the coats were opened. "Abominable!" he muttered through expensive teeth

Illustrated by FRANK GODWIN

glanced aside from his godlike survey of planes and buildings to bestow a look of bleak and distasteful appraisal upon the greasy tunic and unshaven face of the squadron commander. Then he was upon the tarmac where twelve pilots stood at attention while fifty mechanics emulated ramrods at their positions beside the twelve planes which waited apathetically for flight.

The general passed the first two pilots in silence. He was striving for some knowledge of what scout pilots should be wearing for battles in the air before breakfast—that comprising his criterion of efficiency. But the Flying Corps was somewhat beyond his experience. Leather flying coats, that seemed correct enough; a bit greasy, perhaps. . . . Better give a strafe on that. Surely they ought to keep their flying coats clean. . . . And boots —filthy. Still, better go easy. . . . What else?

And then the inspiration. Uniforms! Of course. Regulation Air Service uniforms. He'd see about this. . . .

HE STOPPED with soldierly suddenness in front of a startled youth who was wondering what the proper posture was for such occasions. A man felt so silly staring into vacancy like this. . . . And when were they going to get into the air?

"Open your coat, please." The general's voice sounded like icicles dropping upon slate. The general was very proud of the effect.

With fumbling fingers the embarrassed youth unstrapped his belt and unbuttoned his coat, revealing to the general's astonished gaze a suit of khaki flannel pajamas. A moment of silence followed during which one might imagine a new stock of icicles to be forming. They all fell at once.

"Will you please tell all your officers to open their flying coats?" said the general to Major Collet.

He passed along the line as the coats were opened. He maintained a frozen silence while Landry's black and white Viyellas were revealed, said nothing when Hurlburt's Indian print met his eye, and passed in dumb disapproval the sight of Locke's blue flannels, but when the effulgence of Lieutenant McBryde's glorious morning suit burst upon his startled gaze the general was no picture for the illustrated press.

"Abominable!" he muttered through expensive teeth.

For a moment he was a magnificent picture of the British general officer at his best, striving to best the grosser man within him. When he spoke again he was the soldier once more, icy, impassive, the commander of men. In voice carefully restrained, but pitched to carry many yards, he addressed the culprit before him.

"Are you aware of the regulations governing proper dress?" he asked.

"Yes, sir." McBryde wondered whether a salute was in order. He saluted, anyway, and the general's lip curled contemptuously in response.

"Very well, then, sir," he enunciated crisply. "You are a disgrace to the British arms, sir! This clownish masquerade you are wearing while pursuing your duty is a disgusting and degenerate display." He raised his voice slightly, as becomes a leader of men who seeks to arouse in his followers the loftier enthusiasms tempered with a sense of shame for their derelictions. "It has for weeks been the imperative demand of our headquarters that this army advance beyond the hills which overlook this valley and establish itself in a point of vantage. Instead of that the enemy has beaten back our advance and, counterattacking, has himself occupied those hills. It is a failure of the worst sort—a failure to respond to everything which has been expected of you. Upon investigation, I discover that the failure is due almost directly to the refusal of the Flying Corps to coöperate with our artillery. I come to this airdrome to investigate this charge and find that my officers are clothed for combat—in pajamas. Gentlemen, you have disgraced your service. I command you to go to your quarters and"—the cold fury of the official voice reached superb flights of contempt, menace, wrath and obloquy—"*and put some clothes on!*"

Deeming, apparently, that he had left nothing more to be said, the general, upon finishing this speech, turned smartly about and, ignoring the wrathful Collet, strode to his car and departed with such abruptness that three brass hats were last seen dangling from the running board. What part of Squadron Sixty-three had been privileged to hear his remarks then devoted itself to a rebuttal in language which was as violent as the color of McBryde's pajamas. The rebuttal was still in progress when, at Collet's suggestion, the twelve pilots plunged into their huts to don what the general falsely considered appropriate clothing. Ten minutes later they emerged and five minutes later had left the surface of the earth to fight in the clouds before breakfast.

Now, there may have been officers among that number who were so pusillanimous as to have obeyed the general's orders in that few moments of retirement to their huts. But not among these was Lieutenant McBryde. The general's remarks had been insulting. They had insulted the Flying Corps. They had insulted Lieutenant McBryde. They had insulted Lieutenant McBryde's pajamas; and, through those pajamas, the remarks of the general had insulted Her. As far as Lieutenant McBryde was concerned the pilots of Squadron Sixty-three might obey the general or they might not. For his part the general, his remarks and his orders could shin up the Eiffel Tower and jump off. The general was a low hound, a rotten sportsman, no gentleman and a washout. With which thoughts Lieutenant McBryde, clad beneath his flying coat in gorgeous pajamas, skimmed beneath the clouds of dawn into the realities of war.

THOSE realities were not, for the moment, ugly. The clouds were broken with gold-rimmed crevasses which showed the blue beyond, and the earth was green and gold below. The roar of the motors was sweet in its rhythm and reassuring in its perfect tune. Over the lines the air was apparently clear of danger. Far below the altitude at which he flew McBryde saw one and two and then three leisurely two-seaters with the tricolored target of the Flying Corps on their wings weaving about in tranquil pursuit of photographs. Still further below him he sighted the clumsy blobs of three enemy observation balloons which were arranged at intervals along the German lines. But there was no sign in the air of enemy aircraft behind the lines, and it looked as though the morning patrol was going to be a quiet one. Lieutenant McBryde relaxed in his seat and tranquilly surveyed the infinite distances about him, while his engine droned consolingly and the planes of his flight bobbed up and down in their uneven way.

No end of cheek, the general had. Fancy barging into a man's airdrome in the middle of the night and having at a fellow like that! It was an imposition, that's what it was! Roaring down on a squadron in his blasted Rolls-Royce and bubbling over about a man's clothes. Lot it had to do with him, what a man wore. Why didn't he come out and try an observation patrol himself before he had his kidney and bacon of a morning. Sweet sight he'd be then. Bet he'd lose his lunch before he left the ground. . . .

THE prospect was a pleasing one. Lieutenant McBryde, cozily conscious of the warm silk against his body and the beauty of the morning sky, played with the thought.

Like to have him up for a little joy ride. Do a few stunts and turn him green. . . . Fathead! . . . Those R. E.'s taking fairly wide chances down there: pretty drafty if Fritz got through and ragged them. . . . Glad I'm not flying R. E.'s. Rotten job. . . . Wonder what they're up to? Snaps, I suppose. Better keep an eye peeled or we'll be letting Fritz through to have a shot at 'em. That's what the general would call a disgrace to the British arms. "You're a disgrace to the British arms, sir! Clownish masquerade! Degenerate display." . . . Fat-headed blighter! Only wishes he might have a suit like it. Well, well, well. Here comes Fritz!

With a movement wholly reflex Lieutenant McBryde reacted to the sight of the distant approaching planes by setting the pressure for his synchronizing gears, glancing shrewdly at his machine-gun feed belt, hitching himself a little forward upon his seat, and tensing his every nerve and sinew for the morning's war.

Locke, the flight leader, aimed for a hole in the clouds, and McBryde grinned appreciatively, not losing sight of the enemy.

"They don't see us," he reflected; and

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he appraised shrewdly the German line of flight. They've spotted the R. E.'s and they're after 'em. What luck!

A bank of fluffy cloud stuff swept beneath him, obscuring the scene below. Then Locke was climbing into the sun and turning. As he banked over, turning almost upon his side, McBryde glanced down his wing and saw the ghostly forms of the enemy planes flit across the map of land and cloud which swung about beneath him. His grin broadened as Locke led them down to the battle.

There were twelve Albatros scouts sweeping down upon the two-seaters and spreading fanwise as they flew, and McBryde, with the sun behind him and the enemy between him and the lines, having the advantage of altitude, felt no fear of the outcome. He swooped down gleefully, confidently, full of a lust for fighting and the joy of battle. It was the way he fought; it was the spirit with which he went to war.

STILL the enemy was unaware of their presence. Nailed to the R. E. 8's; that was what attracted 'em. Eyes for nothing else. It was going to be the chance of a lifetime. Nothing to do but tip your nose down till you got all the speed your wings would stand and get your burst in before they let go at the R. E.'s. That was it. A hundred, a hundred and five, ten, twenty—a hundred and twenty m.p.h. Faster! Faster! They'd have the range of the 8's in a minute. A hundred and thirty miles an hour. . . . "Hope the wings don't crack. And the 8's have seen 'em. Getting into formation. Faith, what circles! Like maneuvering a Thames barge in the tideway. Ah! They're at it."

The German machine guns were delivering their first bursts at long range —scattering their shot. Not a chance. Now then! What luck?

With the wind shrieking in his wires, he was speeding down the air upon the unsuspecting enemy. He saw Locke and Cunningham in front of him move aside, choosing the wake of the planes they would attack. Lieutenant McBryde permitted himself a regret.

"Poor beggar!" he cried. "You'll never see Germany again!" And, picking his man, he pounced on the tail of an Albatros plane, steadied the flight of his Camel, and fired.

His machine-gun fire cracked and rattled in the morning, drowning out the motor's roar and the sound of the German guns. The Albatros he fired on bounced in the air and turned on its side as it veered away from him. He anticipated the turn and fired shrewdly into the air where the other's nose would be. The German flew into it, and fell out of his turn into a dead pilot's landing. Then McBryde was in the midst of it. With narrowed eyes and an exultant heart he carried into the battle a spirit which was the flashing blade of a hundred Irish ancestors. The R. E.'s were dark, slow-moving shapes below him, and while he lived there was no plane in the air which could bring them down. "It's the sorrow of me life!" he cried, as he made his gun to rattle once again and saw another gallant enemy plunge down without control. And he held his fire until he knew it could be lethal.

There was a rattling in the air behind his back, and the glass of his windshield was wiped away so that only stray splinters remained.

"Ah, no!" he cried. "I am not to die before breakfast!"

He zoomed up, and saw his enemy go beneath him; then down he swooped, and his gun rattled again just as the German turned out.

"Not with me best pajamas on!" cried Lieutenant McBryde as he pressed his trigger handle home. And, "That's three, for a wonder!" he reflected, as the black-crossed wings collapsed beneath his fire.

Then the R. E.'s were vanishing specters to the westward, and he was alone, pursuing three gray enemies who roared into the face of the sun.

"It's a shame," he grumbled to himself as he saw the spaces of the morning widen between him and his quarry, "that they should have engines like that. I must speak to the general about it . . . when I get me clothes on." And he turned back to buzz jauntily toward the trenches.

As he neared the lines he saw the R. E. 8's back at their post, continuing the business of the morning. It did his heart good to see the courage and tenacity of the poor wretches. Meat for the German scouts, that's what they were.

OBSOLETE hulks. . . . Must talk to the general about that. . . . He embarked in his mind on a lengthy and painstaking conversation with the general. The general would be a trifle stiff at first, not being accustomed to receiving advice from young officers of the Flying Corps and having a natural antipathy for the pajamas which Lieutenant McBryde would be wearing. But McBryde would win him over.

"You must remember the value of cooperation," he would say. "It is a big war, General, and we will not win it save by coöperation. You have your fine brass hat, I have me pajamas. Love and war, that's what it is, for you must know that these pajamas were made—" No, he wouldn't tell the general that.

The effulgence of Lieutenant McBryde's glorious morning suit burst upon the general's startled gaze

"All's fair in love and war, General." And at that the general would turn red, as they do. . . . There was that major at Amiens. He had wanted only to brush the dust off the major's coat, and how could he know that the sweet red wine they had served him would lend such vigor to his hand? Not to mention the matter of mistaken identity. He had told the major he had mistaken him for a brother in arms—and it wasn't altogether a lie. The man had looked so astonishingly like Lord Kitchener. . . .

"Hello!" Lieutenant McBryde, who had not for a moment forgotten his position over the German lines, sat up straight in his cockpit and reached for his pressure handle. Those beastly balloons were still hovering over the lines.

"It's indecent," said Lieutenant McBryde to his instrument board. "And the general said we must coöperate. Why, General, surely, now, you wouldn't have me go back without taking a shot at those balloons? It is no right whatever I have to consider the worth of me hide, for have I not killed three men already this morning?"

He frowned slightly, for he did not like to think about the men whom his bullets had prevented from getting back to Germany.

"But y'can giggle rapturously, now, poor beggars," he grinned as he threw over his plane to spiral down. "For I'm going to put a shot through those sausages, and will probably get a bullet through me head for me pains. Cooperation, General. Lack of coöperation is a disgrace to the British arms!"

He was gliding, waltzing, sliding, circling in his downward path; weaving the air with lovely, serpentine passages, marked by the thin smoke which he left in his wake; and as he swept downward his face became shadowed with that wistful regard for life which a man must feel who knows the dangers of downing sausages and tries it alone before breakfast.

There were thousands of upturned faces watching (*Continued on page 40*)

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A Good

Al Smith: he governs; he relaxes; he sways the crowd

Last week Collier's readers saw Mr. Dawes through the eyes of Clinton W. Gilbert, the famous Washington correspondent. This week Frank R. Kent considers Al Smith. In forthcoming issues outstanding Presidential possibilities will be dissected by the skillful fingers of Kathleen Norris, Ida M. Tarbell and William Allen White.

JUST what sort of man is Smith personally?
What is the basis of his extraordinary political success in New York?
What is his political philosophy?
What of his relations with Tammany?
What are his views on national issues?
Would he, if elected President, be able properly to uphold the dignity of the office.
Would the Catholic Church, of which he is a member, influence him as President?
What about his health?
What sort of President would he make if elected?

These are the questions you hear most frequently about the man who is now considered to have the best chance of winning the Democratic nomination for President. Frank R. Kent has answered them as fully as anyone can. Mr. Kent is a member of the staff of the Baltimore Sun, has written widely known books on practical politics and is one of the most competent journalists in America.

ONE of the interesting things about politics in America—and everywhere else, for that matter—is the extreme difficulty the people have in getting a clear view of their public men.

Often that is very fortunate for the public men, though not nearly so beneficial to the country. The game, however, is so rigged that once they begin to play it in a large way it is practically impossible to see the figures in politics as they actually are. Even on the lower levels, so far as the average man or woman is concerned, a certain haziness surrounds them. Quite naturally, the higher they climb the more blurred becomes the popular vision.

The climax, of course, is in the Presidency. Land a man in the White House and at once a glamour envelops him from which he is never for a second thereafter free. Politically, perhaps, he can be analyzed, dissected, denounced, praised, measured as to his strength and weakness with at least an approximate degree of accuracy. But personally he is lost to the world.

The real man may still be known to a few intimates and attachés, but so far as the people are concerned the personality of the President is concealed behind a screen, his actual proportions no longer visible. The picture they thereafter get of him depends upon the angle from which they look, their inherent and inherited prejudices and predilections, and the newspapers they read. It is never an accurate one.

Partly this is due to the great dignity, power and prestige of the office, which would make it hard for the press to reflect the President exactly as he is, even if he were not too hedged about to permit a view sufficiently close to reveal the actual man. Partly it is due to the propaganda that has grown to be a vital part of the Presidential equipment and which endows him with traits, tastes and characteristics calculated to promote popularity and political strength. Partly it is due to the fact that the job requires the incumbent to be on parade so much of the time—to do so much posturing, posing and pretending that the habit of relaxing and being himself is almost entirely lost.

And what is true of Presidents is, to a less degree of course, also true of Presidential candidates. As soon as they get in position for the White House race the propaganda and the posing inevitably begin and their personalities are lost in the political clouds. This being so, and the present being the Presidential year, it does seem that if a clear view of the men most likely to become candidates this summer is to be had at all it had better be had now. After next July it may be too late. Once nominate them and thereafter they move in a fog.

Now, unquestionably the most interesting and colorful of the Presidential possibilities of 1928 is Alfred Emanuel Smith, governor of New York. It is not proposed here to discuss Governor Smith's chances for the Presidency. There are far too many hurdles to take to make political prophecy at this time other than extremely silly. It is not possible, however, to deny that he is today closer to his party's nomination than anyone else—so close, indeed, that the inevitable propaganda is significantly springing up around him.

Already two Smith books have appeared. A third is in the making. Hardly a magazine in the country but has had its Smith article. The Sunday papers teem with character sketches and stories. His babyhood, boyhood, manhood are dealt with in detail. No phase of his life, public or private, escapes.

None of this is Governor Smith's work. He neither connives at it nor promotes it. It is the inevitable accompaniment of a political figure faced toward the White House, and its profusion is more truly indicative of progress along that path than any other sign in the political skies.

The purpose of this piece is (now while there is still time) to get out from under the gathering mists of Presidential political publicity and present as clearly as possible a picture of the real Smith and answer as simply, accurately and briefly as it can be done the pertinent questions about him.

Just What Sort of Man is Smith Personally?

Though he always dresses immaculately, he is not polished, cultured,

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Look at Al Smith By FRANK R. KENT

scholarly or refined. He was not born with these qualities, and he has not acquired them. On the other hand, he has courage, capacity and clear-headedness. Those he was born with, and those he has developed as he journeyed through life until he possesses them today in a degree so unusual as to compel their concession by his most implacable foes and severest critics.

The ideal public man is, of course, one who combines the qualities Smith lacks with those he has. But such men are not often found.

The truth about Smith's manners is this: in private among his friends or in a room with a small group, relaxed and natural, he is—not to put too fine a point on it—rough: loose as to his language, free as to his metaphors, informal to an unusual degree. But in public he is quite different.

In his official capacity as governor of New York, on any public occasion or at any public function, no one has ever had reason to criticize Governor Smith for lack of dignity or decorum. As governor he has an entirely adequate supply of both. As governor he measures fully up to every requirement of his office. As governor no one can recall a single instance in four terms in which he failed to act as a governor should, when he lapsed either in grace, grammar or the grand manner. It is a matter of intense pride with him to measure up in these respects.

Sometimes you hear a doubt expressed as to the way in which Smith, if he were President, would receive a foreign ambassador at the White House. The only persons who entertain such doubt are those who have no knowledge of Smith. Smith as President would receive foreign ambassadors in the way foreign ambassadors should be received by the President of the United States, and he would do everything else requiring dignity and form and ceremony in the way it should be done by a President.

Any other view of Smith than that is an unfounded view. It is in his private capacity he relaxes, not in his public capacity.

What is the Basis of His Extraordinary Political Success in New York?

Contrary to the widely held belief, it is due neither to the fact that he is a political and governmental genius nor to the extraordinary power of his personality. In the first place, he is a long way from being a genius, and, in the second place, there are far too many people in New York to be effectively reached by any personality, no matter how magnetic.

It is perfectly true that Governor Smith is an extraordinarily vibrant, vigorous, forceful fellow with a rare gift for pungent political phrases and a fine salty flavor to his speeches. These, coupled with an amazing ability to dramatize a situation and to use language and symbols that soak into the average mentality, are extremely effective in a campaign. If, however, there were no more to him than that, Smith would never in the world have made any such record in New York as he has—either in the remarkable triumphs achieved at the polls or the even more remarkable achievements in the way of legislation and reforms obtained in the face of uniformly and bitterly hostile Republican legislatures.

The fact is the Smith personality has been somewhat overplayed as the chief factor in his success. He says so himself. It isn't a question of magnetism at all. Smith isn't the sort of man anyone falls in love with on sight. There are times too when he is not in the least magnetic, but merely truculent. Not always is he attractive and engaging, and though he can be both he is by no means in a class by himself in these respects.

The basis of his success is far deeper than that, and failure to understand it is the real reason he has been able practically to ruin the Republican organization in New York, defeating it and defeating it with mortifying ease in practically every fight he has had in eight years. Under his system, even when he loses he wins.

They Take It Easy

THE essential facts can be outlined as follows: most men ambitious in politics fight, work and sweat until they are elected. Getting in, in most cases, completely satisfies ambition, and their disposition is then to take it easy. They had to work to get the job. It seems all wrong to work after they arrive—and very few do.

Smith happens to be one of the few. A really intelligent man, with a quick, clear, keen mind thirsty for facts, capable of comprehending any problem of finance and government and trained in legislative and political ways, he has not only worked at his job but worked much longer and harder than anyone else who ever had it. As a result he unquestionably knows more about the business of the state of New York, its finances, its machinery, assets, liabilities and problems, than anyone else in the state now knows or ever did know.

No posted person in New York will dispute either of those statements of fact. They simply happen to be so—and being so they explain a considerable part of the Smith success.

They explain, for example, why he can make intricate governmental questions not only intelligible but interesting to the people—why, for instance, he was able last fall to make them understand his viewpoint on the nine constitutional amendments and vote to sustain him on every one. The reason was not his personality—not at all.

The reason was that Smith knew what he was talking about—knew better than anyone else the situation that confronted the state, knew it backward, forward and sidewise; knew why the amendments were good or bad, what was behind them and what was in front of them. And, knowing these things better than anyone else, he could—and did—make them plainer than anyone else could or did.

The reason he knows is that he works—works all the time, or pretty nearly all the time. Beyond dispute he puts in more hours on the job than any other governor the state ever had. That's why he knows. The people respond to Smith in matters like these constitutional amendments, and in other things, not because of his personality—though that is, of course, an asset. It is primarily because they are convinced beyond question that Al is not only always on the level and talks straight, but that he knows what he is talking about when he talks about New York affairs.

He is the only governor who ever prepared and submitted a financial message to the legislature that anyone other than a deputy comptroller could understand. His messages are understood by the people because he understands them himself—understands them so well that when he rises to explain them over the radio or on the stump he does not have to read from a typewritten page figures prepared for him by some clerk in the comptroller's office. He has the whole business clearly in his head, and he got it there by work.

He does not read books, it is true. Novels and essays, history and poetry do not attract him. But his friends say he just "eats documents up." Messages and reports are his meat. Figures talk to him. He understands them without trouble and can handle them with confidence and speed. Facts he can analyze and arrange.

That's his real secret—he works. And the curious thing is that, though he groans and grumbles about the burden at times, actually he loves it.

What is His Political Philosophy?

He is, of course, practical in politics—and everything else—to his finger tips. He is a firm believer in organization and in parties. He knows that this is a government of laws, that we have so much law we can't get along without more. He knows that it is in the legislative bodies of the states and the nation that politics climaxes. He knows that in those bodies men do not act or get anywhere as individuals but collectively under leadership.

He is an organization man and a party man. His belief is that the function of the organization is to nominate party candidates, but not to frame party or executive policies. Those who know him best say he makes a distinction between the organization and the party. He does not, for instance, consider the organization the whole party. It is his view that the organization candidate for governor after election becomes the leader of his party, entitled to the support of the organization for his policies and in his fights. Only by such support can he make a good record, and only a good record in office promotes party chances for continuing in power through the support of the people.

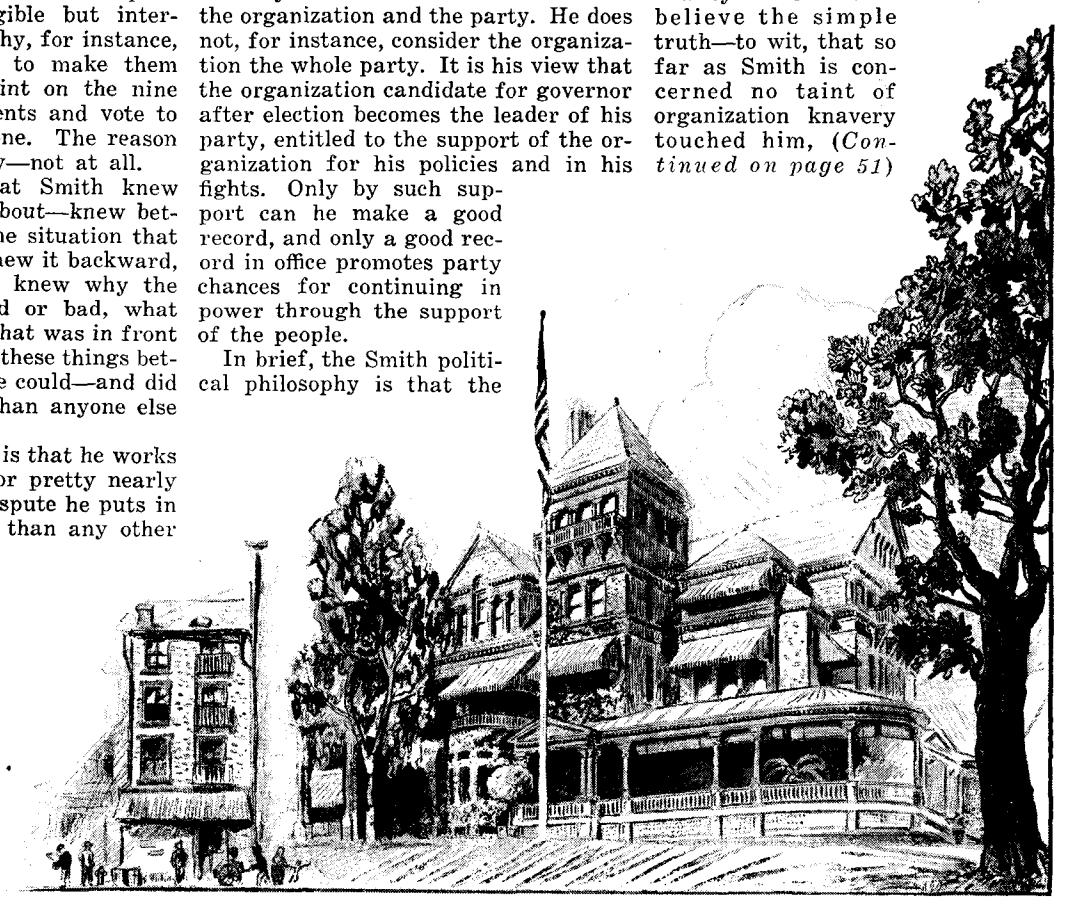
In brief, the Smith political philosophy is that the best possible government is the smartest possible politics: best not only for the people but best for the party and best for the organization. This is not piety with Smith, and he makes no pretenses that it is. It is enlightened and intelligent politics. And he is an enlightened and extremely intelligent politician.

Too Clever to Double-Cross Anyone

IT IS true that the unshakable probity of the man, his instinctive right-mindedness and decency, his inherent belief that the great common American people (of whom he is more completely one than any other public man in America we now have) are entitled to a square deal, make him naturally a proponent of cleanness and proficiency in government. Even if he were not intelligent, Smith's nature would keep him on the side of decency in politics. But his intelligence would suffice.

Complete failure to grasp these basic facts as to the man's mind and heart more than anything else accounts for the regular Republican collapse in front of his attack. Unable to understand that Smith is much too smart to lie in politics, far too clever not to keep his word, far too clever to do discreditable things, to enter into off-color political deals or to double-cross either the people or the politicians—unable to understand a Tammany politician (or any other sort of politician for that matter) not only too straight but too intelligent to do any of those things—the Republicans have spent most of their time in every campaign against Smith charging him with all sorts of political iniquity, trying to uncover him in some organization knavery, to catch him in some political obliquity. The net result has been to pretty well ruin the Republican machine and thoroughly to discredit Republican leadership in the state.

They never seem to believe the simple truth—to wit, that so far as Smith is concerned no taint of organization knavery touched him, (*Continued on page 51*)



Smith's progress: a South Street tenement; the Executive Mansion, Albany; the—

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By GRANTLAND RICE

Beating the Odds

Harris Turner, blind, plays golf. Eddie Hart, his neck fractured, is a great football star. They never give in

Turner plays golf by ear

Wide World

Marcus, bespectacled, wrecked Pennsylvania by two touchdowns

IT IS one thing to beat back a human opponent. It is another thing to face and beat fate at its worst. That is the last and highest test of gameness. The average person is fairly lucky. If he doesn't think so, he might check up on some of the rough breaks of luck which others stumble over, and in so doing learn what the true philosophy of living ought to be.

There's no finer inspiration in the game than the man or woman who can't be beaten by any fate. And the game is full of examples to prove the grit and stamina of the race at its best.

There is the case of Harris Turner of Saskatoon, Canada. Harris Turner enlisted with the Princess Pats in March, 1915. In June, 1916, he was badly wounded at Sanctuary Wood, where he lost the sight of both eyes. On his return to Canada he might have been content to do nothing. But he elected to carry on, even to playing his favorite game—golf—which offers its share of trouble to those who are physically fit and have two good eyes.

"The rising and the setting of the sun mean nothing to me," said Turner. "It is always night for me, but I must play golf."

He learned how to get the right direction from the caddie, place his club head against the ball, and then take his stance without moving the club head.

"A bad shot," he says, "is just as audible as it is visible. You can hit with your eyes shut and still tell whether you have sliced or hooked or flubbed or hit a good one." Which is true.

After the approach Mr. Turner had his caddie give him the right line to the green and then give the estimated distance—50 yards, 100 yards, 120 yards, etc. On the green the caddie would rattle the flag stick in the cup and the putt would be made toward the sound.

Now and then he could get his hole in par, now and then in one over par.

"If I am asked if it is possible for a blind person to enjoy the game as much as the player with perfect sight," he once said, "I reply that it is. I go through all the gamut of grueling sensations experienced by the man who treads the links with clear determined eyes. I get the same thrill out of the game that everybody else gets. I play golf by ear—but it is golf."

Some years ago a young student by the name of Neely entered Dartmouth. His favorite sport was football. Unfortunately, he had only one arm. There were good men with two good arms who couldn't make the big Green team. But Neely stuck to the job and not only made the team but proved to be one of the best guards of the year.

The football colony still recalls the recent case of Brick Marcus of the University of California. Marcus had weak eyes and had to wear glasses. Now, weak eyes are no great barriers to baseball, as Spec Meadows and others have proved. But glasses in a football game are something quite different. They were not enough to stop the Californian.

Marcus had a special type of glass arrangement fitted into his headgear, and it was a bespectacled halfback who wrecked Pennsylvania by taking the ball across the Red-and-Blue line for two touchdowns.

There is another type of courage in facing some sudden situation which comes upon a competitor unexpectedly. For example: when Tom Sharkey and Jim Corbett met in New York many years ago, Sharkey nailed Corbett with a right hand early in the fight and knocked him down.

Ruth, Tilden and Hagen Outshone

CORBETT got back to his feet but found his right ankle had been badly sprained, so badly hurt that he could no longer step around.

"I had to do the quickest thinking of my life," Corbett said, "so I decided to make a bluff of standing up and swapping punches with Sharkey. He thought there was a trick in it because I never let him know I had been hurt in the slightest.

"Every move I made was agony, but I had to carry the bluff through for about seven rounds before one of my seconds stepped in, thereby giving the fight to Sharkey."

But finer than even such a deed as that is a continuous battle year after year that beats a lifetime handicap.

J. Edmund Dowd of Cortlandt, N. Y., had his right leg taken off at the hip. Golf was his game and he decided to keep on playing. He decided also to battle his way back to a good game. As a result he has learned a system of balance on one leg where he can still take a full swing with correct form.

Today Dowd can drop his crutches, balance himself on one foot and then make a perfect pivot with a swing good enough to drive well over 200 yards. He can make an approach or a bunker shot and maintain his balance perfectly through the stroke.

The average golfer doesn't achieve the finest balance in the world with two legs. Yet after the war Ernest Jones, now professional at the Women's National, proved again that one can beat the one-leg handicap. He had lost a leg in France, and within a few months after returning, walking around on crutches and holding his balance on one foot, he played St. Andrews in 73.

His physical disability came to his help in a clearer and closer study of balance. As a result, he is regarded today as one of the best teachers in golf—a first-class player capable of 71's and 72's.

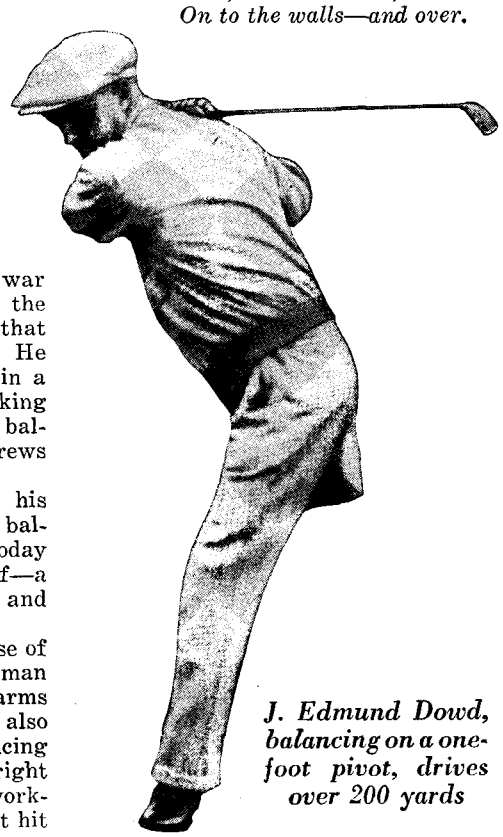
Probably the most remarkable case of the entire lot was that of a Buffalo man named McAuliffe who had both arms taken off at the shoulder. Yet he also continued to play golf by practicing with the club held between his right shoulder and his neck and finally working out a true pendulum motion that hit the ball a respectable distance. He broke no course records, but he got his thrill out of a game after fate had practically removed him from the list of golfers.

Only a few years ago Eddie Hart of Princeton fractured his neck. But he wasn't through with football. He had a harness made which protected the injured sector, and there was no greater tackle on the field when he went into action. He tackled and blocked with everything he had.

Instead of sitting on the side lines or looking out across the field as a spectator, Hart was one of the main actors in the game from which he had seemed to be absolutely barred.

When fate has landed heavily on a human being, there is a tendency to feel that one must take to the side lines for life. But there have been any number who were able to prove the contrary. No one has yet improved the situation by quitting at the barrier or by indulging in a flood of self-pity. It is something to know that men have lost eyes, arms and legs to the tune of "What of it?" as they kept on, losing not more than a step or two. The only big part of life is a fight against odds. Those who can accomplish this are heroes above all the Ruths, Cobbs, Tildens and Hagens that sport has ever produced. They can say, largely in the words of Herman Hagedorn:

Ours be the triumph, however fate falls,
Life is no dream in clover;
On to the walls, on to the walls,
On to the walls—and over.



J. Edmund Dowd, balancing on a one-foot pivot, drives over 200 yards

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Double Double

A Short Short Story By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

Morning, noon and night she was studying the great Anna

Illustrated by AUSTIN EUGENE BRIGGS

IT'S a cinch to figure out what a woman is going to do. Only trouble is that she don't usually do it.

I'm speaking of Anna Yeatman. She was a tall, sleepy-eyed blonde who brought to the flicker kingdom a ten-thousand-ton displacement of It. From her very first picture everyone knew that Deluxart had grabbed itself a dame who could make inhibitions and repressions fly out of the window. The very young, the middle-aged and the very old of our two most prominent sexes went wild about Anna. The only drawback was that the enthusiasm didn't stop with them. Anna also got it.

Me, I'm just a poor, lowly assistant director, than which there ain't anything more wormlike, but I couldn't any more keep my eyes off that frail than I could off my boss—only for a different reason. I watch my chief like a hawk. When I see his forehead wrinkle, I know it's a symptom that he's trying to think, and then I do the thinking for him. It saves him a heap of useless trouble.

Up to the time Anna started uplifting the inflammable drammer, she had done odd jobs of modeling in New York studios. She trekked to Hollywood for a fling at the movies and was the one in a million who clicked. Her screen tests were 900-proof and she played a small part clear across the silver sheet. Then we signed her up to a long-term contract and gave her a lead. She was a wow, and our legal department held a celebration because it had brains enough to include in her contract a lot of trick clauses that protected us against every contingency except plague and a foreign war.

Anna was beautiful. She overflowed with the well-known Appeal. Dumb as she was, she could act. Boy, I'll say she could! And how! But, lacking in brain what she more than made up in pulchritude—and knowing that she was the riot of the fillums—she took unto herself an allopathic dose of temperament.

That female could think up more ways of delaying production and costing us money than our studio manager. She arrived when she pleased, went ditto, threw large fits of hysteria all over the lot and generally informed the world that she was the Grrrreat Anna Yeatman and that she had a soul.

That was where I came in. Our assistant production manager, who does all the work of his chief and gets one tenth the salary, showed me Anna's contract.

I let out a howl and made a suggestion to my director. He accepted credit for it later, but that didn't fling any surprise into me.

There was a clause in Anna's contract which provided, to wit, that in the event of ill health, dissatisfaction, temperament or inability to work, Deluxart should have the privilege of using a double for her in her pictures and under her name. In other words, we had the right, if Anna was too ritzy, of putting another woman in her place and photographing her under the name of Anna Yeatman, which name we were then spending a million dollars to popularize.

Did we do it? Boy, I'll say we did! We found the girl registered among the extras and brought her in. I happened to be present when the old man and the casting director interviewed her. When she walked into the room I'd have sworn it was Anna Yeatman herself except that she didn't have a Russian wolf-hound along.

She gave her name as Frances Jones and stated that she had ambitions to act in the movies. They explained the situation. She was to be put on a flat salary of fifty dollars a week for a year, contract renewable from year to year at a slightly increased weekly stipend. She was to devote her life to studying Anna Yeatman: her style, carriage, mannerisms and what have you—to the end that when and if Anna flung a fit which couldn't be handled we were to slip Frances into the cast and proceed with the shooting. We agreed that if we used her as an actorine, her salary was to become a hundred and fifty a week for the period during which she was acting.

She was apparently an intelligent dame . . . in which she was nine up on Anna, and she almost broke the point off the pen signing her name, she was so eager. Next day the chief took her on the set and introduced her to Anna, explaining why.

After we had replaced the roof we convinced Anna that there wasn't anything she could do about it, and within a week even the big blonde had come to take Frances for granted.

And us—we knew pretty quick that we had made a ten strike. That Frances Jones was all eyes, ears and ability! Morning, noon and night she was on the set, studying the great Anna. Inside a month she got to dressing like Anna, walking like Anna, using her eyes like Anna, and, by golly, even talking like our great star! Miss Anna Yeatman had become thoughtful herself, which was just what we wanted.

Time went by, as some great title writer once remarked, and we swung into the middle of a great special starring Anna. Just before we hit the biggest scene the blow-up came. Anna had been quiet so long that I think a volcano had been smoldering. When it busted loose, you could hear it clear to Salt Lake. She cussed everybody in the organization and threatened to walk off the lot. The chief, who was twice as mad as she was, gave a real deep bow:

"Go ahead," he invited, "and see whether we care. We're simply going to use Frances Jones to finish the picture under your name."

But Anna wasn't bluffing. She swept off the lot like a haughty comet, and the chief sent me to tell Frances she was to get into costume.

Fine and dandy! The end of our trouble! Here was this dame who knew every gesture and expression of Anna's and could use 'em more naturally than Anna herself.

It didn't take long for Frances to prove that she knew her stuff. For six months she had studied Anna so closely that she was Anna herself.

I'll say she was! And how!

Within a week we were shedding sad, salt tears. Our scheme had been perfect—entirely too perfect.

The reason we busted—the reason we had to go crawling to Anna's palatial bungalow and beg her to return. . . .

The reason for that was that the part of Anna which Frances had absorbed most thoroughly was Miss Yeatman's temperament!

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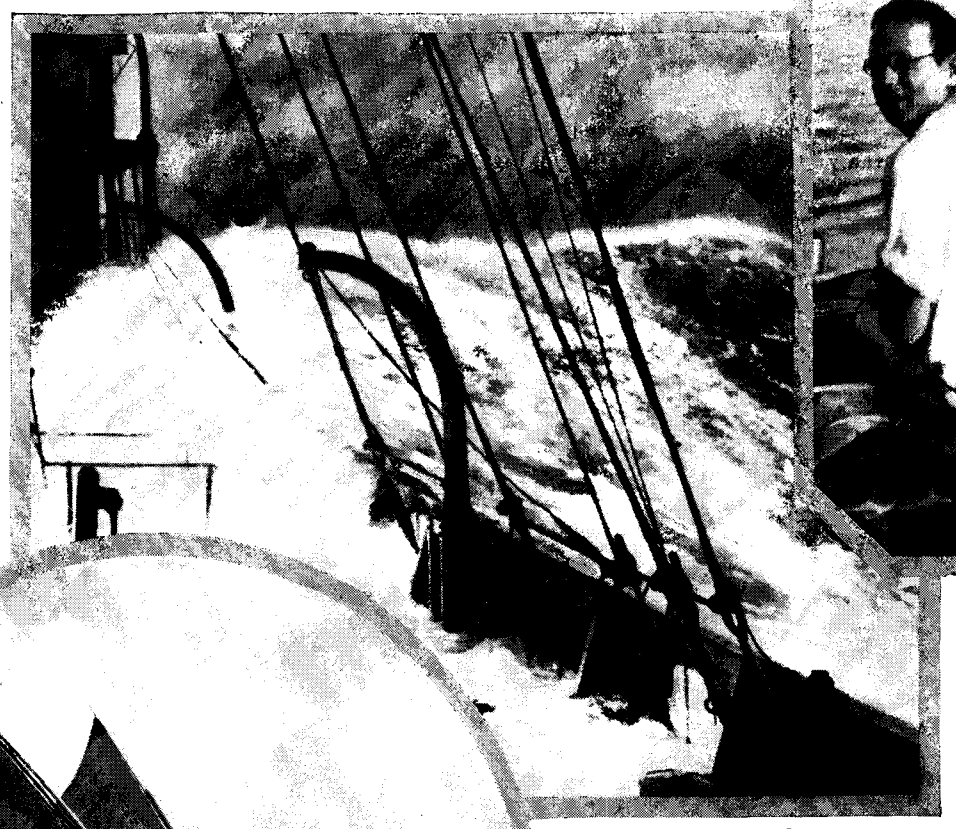
Here Comes a Breeze

International Newsreel

Above: If ever there was a real reason for using an outboard motor, this is it. Because if you had to put the motor inside this remarkable boat you wouldn't have any room for the elegant trivialities

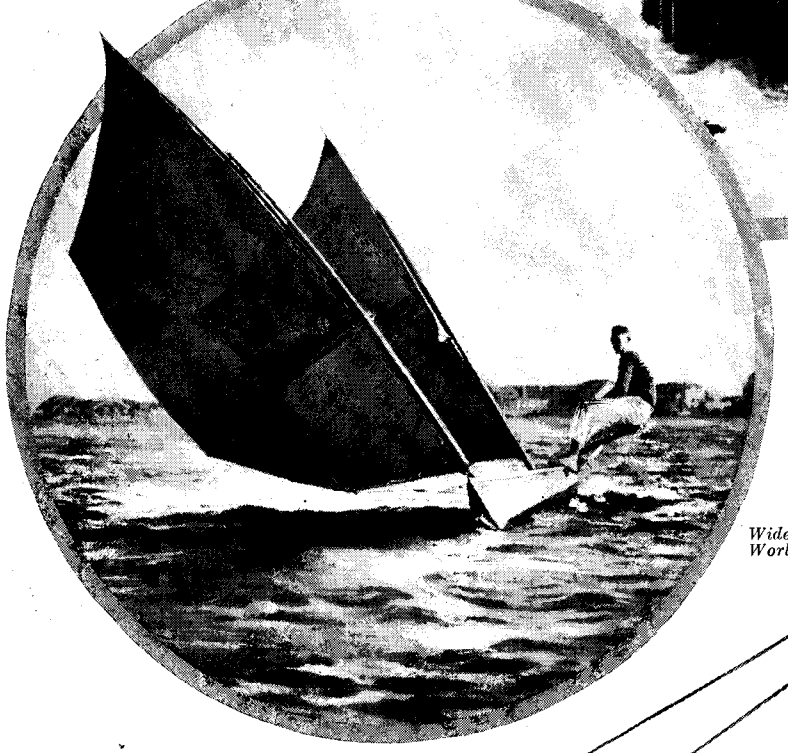
"But when the breezes blow, I generally go below, and seek the seclusion that a cabin grants. . . ." Well, if that's the kind of sailor you are, this is a swell moment to do it

Wide World

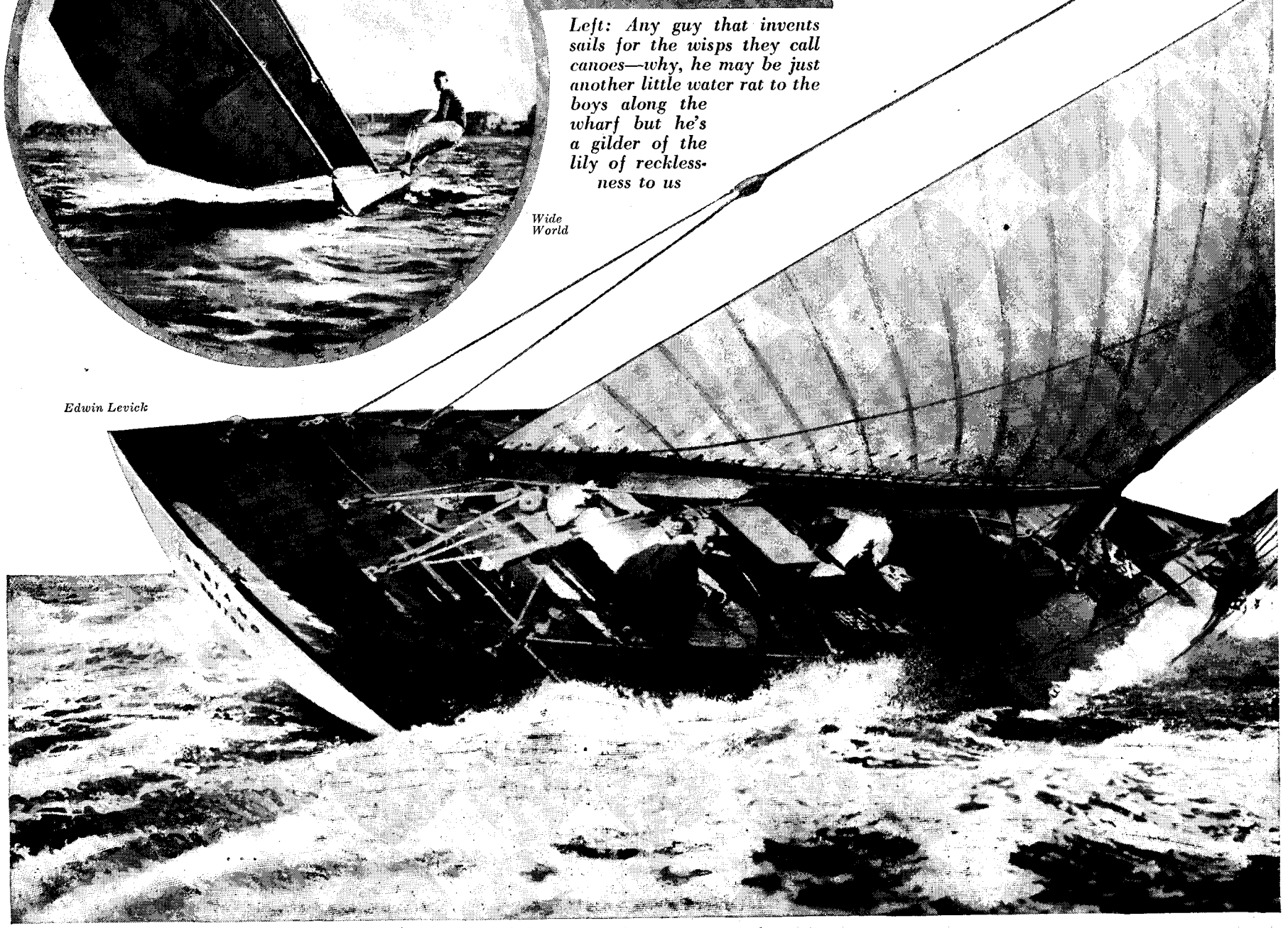


Left: Any guy that invents sails for the wisps they call canoes—why, he may be just another little water rat to the boys along the wharf but he's a gilder of the lily of recklessness to us

Wide World



Edwin Levick



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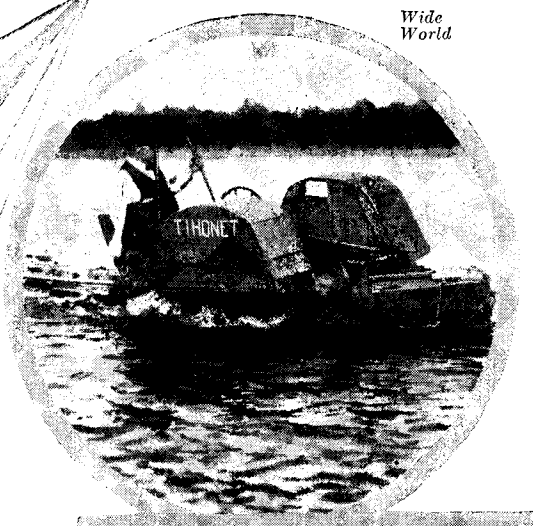
Big One Headlines

Avast! Belay, and all that sort of thing! Come aboard, matey, we're off

Ah-h, that one missed us! Here's a picture (athwart) that needs no caption. Just a bit of imagination and—hold your breath

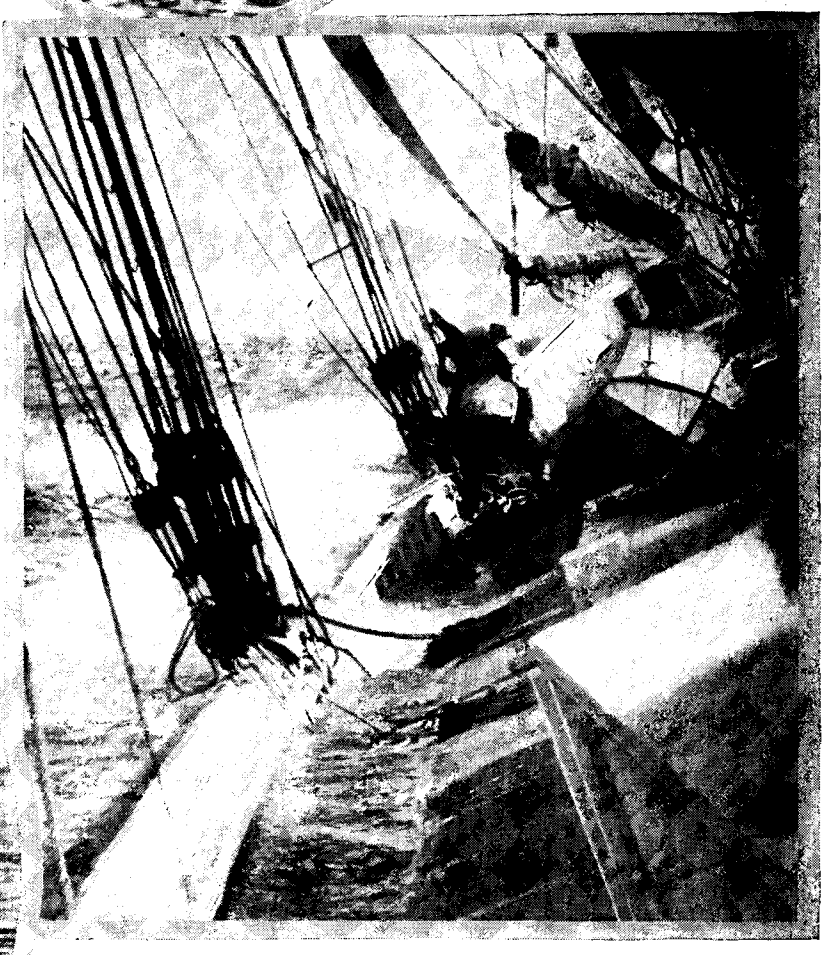
Wide World



The loss of an arm couldn't keep Capt. James Marvelle of Wareham, Mass., off the waterways. He built himself a trick craft that can be propelled by one hand or by foot

Below: Her lee scuppers are awash—and if you're of a mind to, this is an elegant time to fire salutes with the captain's boots in the teeth of the booming g-a-a-a-l-e

Wide World

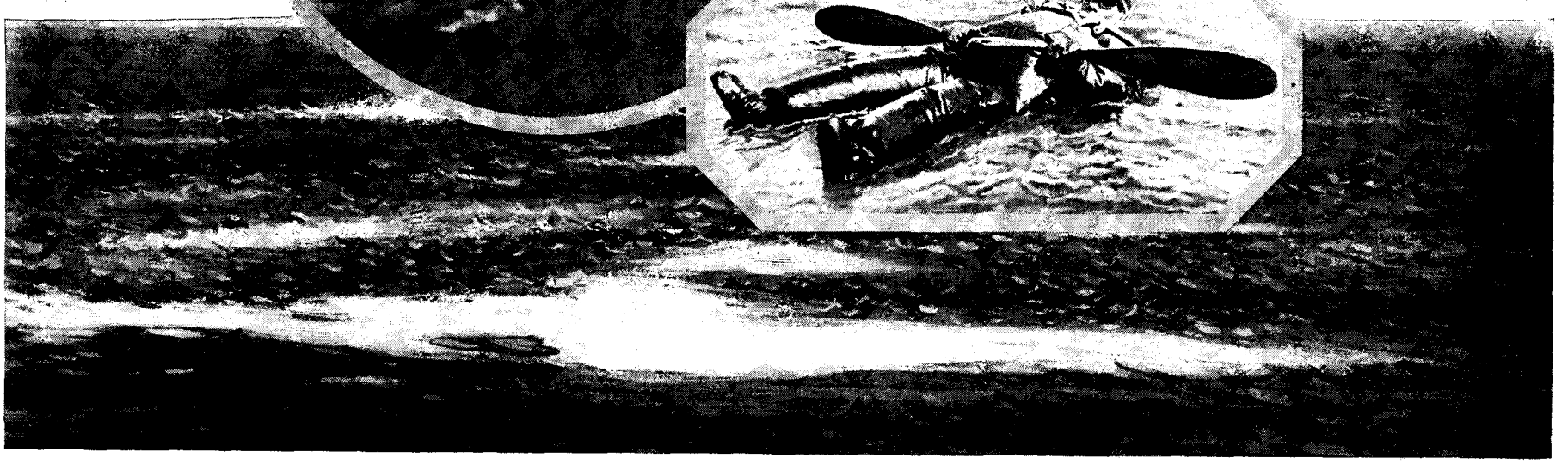


Below: "Never mind those ancient mariners: it takes a skilled salt like myself"—isn't that what the wink says?

Herbert Photos

Below: Capt. Vin Taylor has invented a rubber suit for —for—well, for just this sort of thing, whatever it is

Wide World



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The Green Periwig

He tried to shake memories of her from his mind

By
LOIS SEYSTER MONTROSS

IT OCCURRED to Philip Grenoble that it was spring. The valley and the mountains across the river were drenched with golden light, and the young birches caught and held this golden color so that their new green leaves seemed to tremble with a yellow radiance. Trilliums, red and white, had flowered among the feathery bracken below the spruce trees, and the grass was untidily strewn with violets as if a piece of Wedgwood had been shattered.

It also occurred to Philip Grenoble that it could be spring; he didn't care. He was not unhappy but sad with a dull wonder that Beauty could pass so close he felt her breath upon his face but none of her warmth within his heart. Deliberately he reached into his mind and took out the thought of Joan. He would marry Joan in August. He pictured the fair hair, the brown eyes, the sweet, confident mouth . . . but somehow this delicate miniature seemed to have nothing to do with spring quivering in the birch trees.

He sat with his back to the cabin door—the rude cabin where he had come to be alone a little while—and stared at the river. Tapping his dark mustache with a gesture grown habitual, he noticed idly that a woman was paddling a canoe in the middle of the stream. His eye was caught a moment by the bright color of her blouse; then he took to watching the fascinating plunge and rise of the pulpwood logs swirling in the current. As suddenly as if a lamp had been blown out somewhere, the sunlight vanished and it began whimsically to rain. When the downpour grew earnest he relaxed his hunched shoulders, rather enjoying the savage beat upon his leather coat and bare head.

But in the river the canoe was tossing about like one of the drifting logs, and the woman in her bright blouse was bending furiously to her paddle. the wind was against her; still, she was gaining slowly over the tossed water and as she came nearer Dr. Grenoble saw the strength of her brown, bare arms and how her short hair fell wet and glistening across her forehead. He stood up, not knowing quite what to do. It seemed improbable that she would make the shore in face of the wind. He hated to swim out to her . . . The water would be very cold . . . but he supposed he ought. An eddy caught the prow and whirled the canoe almost about. She paddled angrily with her chin thrust against the whipping rain, but the wind held her back with an obstinate hand.

Hastily Grenoble threw off his leather coat and began unbuttoning the tweed jacket beneath. Now with a splendidly powerful stroke she shot beyond the eddy closer to his shore. And, seeing him fumbling at his jacket, she shook her head with a pleasantly scornful smile.

He stood on the bank feeling awkward until the canoe grated triumphantly against the flat stones. "Well!" she said, sweeping back her hair with one hand and steadying herself with the other. Her teeth flashed again, very white and strong, in a wide smile. "I'm glad I made it," she said violently as they hurried to the cabin. "What if you'd had to swim for me! Awful! You'd have hated me. We always hate people we have to swim for. Did you ever think about that?"

Now to Philip Grenoble's mind there was something not quite appropriate about the cheerful violence of this speech. It seemed to him that she should have been shaken or at least breathless. At any rate, he was surprised at being asked if he had thought about a thing. So many people in his village took it for granted that he had thought about nearly everything. This assumption was a sort of reward he received for having done the right things, especially if they were difficult or unpleasant. At thirty-five it gave him some satisfaction to remember that he had always fought against life's current. Even as a youth he had studied solid geometry out of school hours and chopped terrific piles of kindling for his mother while Fatty Barlow beckoned with a can of worms and a fishing rod.

NOW, as a successful doctor in the small town of his birth, he could look back at the unflinching struggle against the current and know that he had never drifted for a moment.

"My hair is ruined," she said, shaking it out in front of the grate fire.

"Never mind. Don't worry. It will dry."

She looked up at him through the wet strands and her eyes were so extraordinarily bright—so much of her self stood candidly and unconsciously revealed in them for the merest observer to read—that he glanced away, feeling startled and vaguely uneasy. She sank into an old armchair and stretched her feet out to the fire.

"If you could only have seen my hair at the Periwig Ball," she said with pensive regret.

"How was it dressed?" he asked cautiously.

"A high pompadour here, do you see?" She gesticulated, looking rapt. "A great mound of puffs there—an unimaginable comb on this side—and the little green curls below the left ear." She gazed at him absently, lost in the delicious memory while a smile faintly touched the corners of her mouth.

He frowned. "Green curls?"

She nodded. "A green wig, of course. Colored hair is a high adventure. It was the first time I had ever worn green hair. But at the Periwig Ball—no! Perhaps I mean periwinkle. What *is* a periwinkle?"

"A small marine gastropod," he said helpfully.

"Then I do mean periwig. Of course, for we all wore wigs, not gastropods . . . but how would one look in a green gastropod?"

"Like a univalve mollusk."

SHE laughed delightedly as if he had indeed said something clever. Without reason he felt a trifle vain.

"That would be such a good name for a cabaret. Can you imagine the sign—in New York, perhaps—*The Univalve Gastropod, Dancing and Dinner, No Cover Charge.*"

"I have never been in New York."

"In Paris, then—"

"I have never been in Paris." He was moved by a doggedly defiant impulse.

She looked abashed as if she had crowded him discourteously into a corner. "I was born in Paris," she said in an apologetic voice, "but I have lived all my life in New York."

He saw now that a certain gentleness and sad wisdom lay upon her face, as if she had known many kinds of people and said at the last, shutting a door quietly upon bitterness, "Shall we forget these things and be merry?" . . .

In the silence the rain upon the low roof faltered and was still. She rose and moved to the cabin door. As she walked she sang a snatch of a song to herself. He caught only a word.

When they were outside she turned suddenly with her hand outstretched. "Good-by." She smiled with candid friendliness and waved once from the canoe. Then he watched the preoccupied intensity with which she paddled toward the Aldens' white summer house across the river . . . the earnest vigor of her bare brown arms as they flashed with the sweeping rhythm. He smiled. Little fragments of her speech wove an amusing pattern in his mind. . . . "Colored hair is a high adventure.". . . "Perhaps I mean periwinkle.". . . "Not gastropods.". . . "All my life in New York.". . .

He tried to shake these trivial memories from his mind as he watched her disappear. But all the way home and while he sat on the veranda with Joan a single word of a song tormented him and he was angry because it was a foolish word with nothing explicable about it.

Joan was pretending to pout because he had returned so late from his office. She had come from Lakeledge to stay a few weeks with his mother. They were very fond of each other. Already Mrs. Grenoble called Joan "my daughter," with a proud beaming smile. All day long they sewed upon great piles of white and pink orchid things and chat-

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The story of a girl who gave both her hands to destiny

tered softly about the wedding in August.

It was easy to imagine Joan in a bungalow apron, her cheeks flushed, moving about some white and blue kitchen with gingham curtains at the window—singing as she worked and carefully drying the sherbet cups on the towel marked "Glass."

NOW on the neat gray veranda—a place of white wicker, cretonne pillows, grass rugs and tidy vines—she turned her face away from him and tried to frown. "No, Phil—you needn't kiss me. You *could* have come home sooner. You left the office at four. I know because I telephoned!"

He said nothing about going to the camp at the edge of town. For some reason he did not mention the woman in the canoe. She saw by a glance at his somber, disinterested face that his thoughts were far from her. At once she nestled against him with a perplexed sigh and began to twist her little finger in and out of the top buttonhole of his coat. He stroked her fine, fair hair with a tender touch. Yet all the time he was wondering why his heart was so strangely heavy—a curious pain, muffled and persistent . . . why it had come, or when, he could not say. He had always scoffed at maladies of the spirit. "I must be hungry," he thought skeptically. "Certainly that's it. I'm hungry." He tried to think about things he liked to eat, but could remember only one thing of which he was particularly fond.

"Joan," he said, "I've absolutely got to have a shrimp cocktail for dinner."

She jumped up, elated by the opportunity to please him. He felt somehow guilty and miserable in the face of her devotion, although by no conscious thought or action had he ever been disloyal to her in the slightest way. He adored Joan. As she ran to the door he thought she was the loveliest little thing on earth . . . like a golden fawn with her dancing feet and soft, flying hair. . . . How strange that it had seemed to him this afternoon that she had nothing to do with spring!

When she had gone he went to the edge of the veranda and stared at the river, which ran past the farthest slope of the broad lawn. The stream was still swollen with the winter snows. It ran fiercely, making a loud, almost husky sound of primitive exultation as it leaped and lashed its path around the great fuliginous rocks sullenly standing their ground against the derisive spray.

With the water came the pulpwood; beautifully white and glistening, the logs rose and fell with the turbulent cadence, plunging deep beneath the surface and tossing high again in a tangle of dappled foam. The unresisting submission of the logs to the river's exultant power allured Philip Grenoble with a passionate fascination. He found himself breathing rapidly in a kind of vicarious excitement. As he watched the oppression left his heart and he felt almost care-free.

Joan came out and stood beside him with both hands clasped about his arm. She said nothing; she gazed thoughtfully at the river, and for a while it seemed to him that she was caught by the same enchantment. Then out of her meditation she inquired:

"Are the Aldens very ritzy?" He laughed and looked down at her.

"But are they?"

"Ritzy? I suppose so. I don't doctor 'em. I'm not fashionable enough to be called in for toe aches and gout and neuroses. Why?"

"Somebody said Francine Tavernais was there."

His heart contracted curiously. "Who's she?" he said brusquely.

"I don't know, but I saw her picture once in the rotogravure," said Joan, with her serene vagueness about facts. "Or maybe it was a cold-cream advertisement. Anyway, she was a dancer or a singer or a society woman, or something. . . . They must be ritzy," she concluded cheerfully.

He scowled at the river and did not answer.

He knew now that all his thoughts had been dominated by the peculiar charm of the woman in the canoe. . . . Far back in his ancestry there had been a great-great-greatuncle, Francis Grenoble, who believed in the philosophy of duality and chastised the flesh for the sake of the spirit. Francis Grenoble had been a French-Irish monk and he lived in a monastery near Cork. . . . Now Philip Grenoble in a New England village chastised the spirit for the sake of the flesh.

He knew that Joan was a symbol of the earth—the earth with which man struggles and which he conquers by the sweat of his brow.

But of this other beckoning force he was less sure. He was ashamed to call it spirit. It was too frivolous, too disguised in a cloak which the senses might comprehend. And so he chastised it more from principle than conviction. The punishment consisted of keeping to his office all afternoon and not going to the cabin where he perhaps might catch a glimpse of Francine Tavernais or, he appended sulkily, whatever she called herself.

AT ABOUT five o'clock he answered the telephone and found that his services were desired at the Aldens' summer house. At first he was frightened and abashed. Very, very quietly and slowly he hung up the receiver, and he was angry because his heart was pounding so heavily. To see her . . . to speak to her. . . . Was it possible that he could summon the courage to go up to that house by the river? And then in his anger at himself he became angry with her, and he decided that his imagination had duped him and that she was likely a common, vulgar person if you really knew her. He went to the Aldens' in a belligerent mood, sneering at the shrubs and the lily pond as he circled the driveway in his shabby, rather mean and stodgy sedan; at the same time he wished he had washed the car and regretted the frayed upholstery and battered fender.

There were a number of people sitting on the wide veranda, sipping a cool liquid from cool green glasses—a scene typical of idleness and gayety.

A pale, red-lipped girl, with blond hair winging away from her thin cheeks, threw her cards down upon a bridge table and came toward him. "I'm Sophia Alden," she said, without smiling, but warmly offering her hand. "Dr. Grenoble, I think?" . . . Mrs. Alden. He had somehow expected an old war horse—a dowager. She spent two months of the summer (*Continued on page 49*)

Illustrated by R. F. JAMES

She paddled with sweeping rhythm toward the Aldens' house across the river

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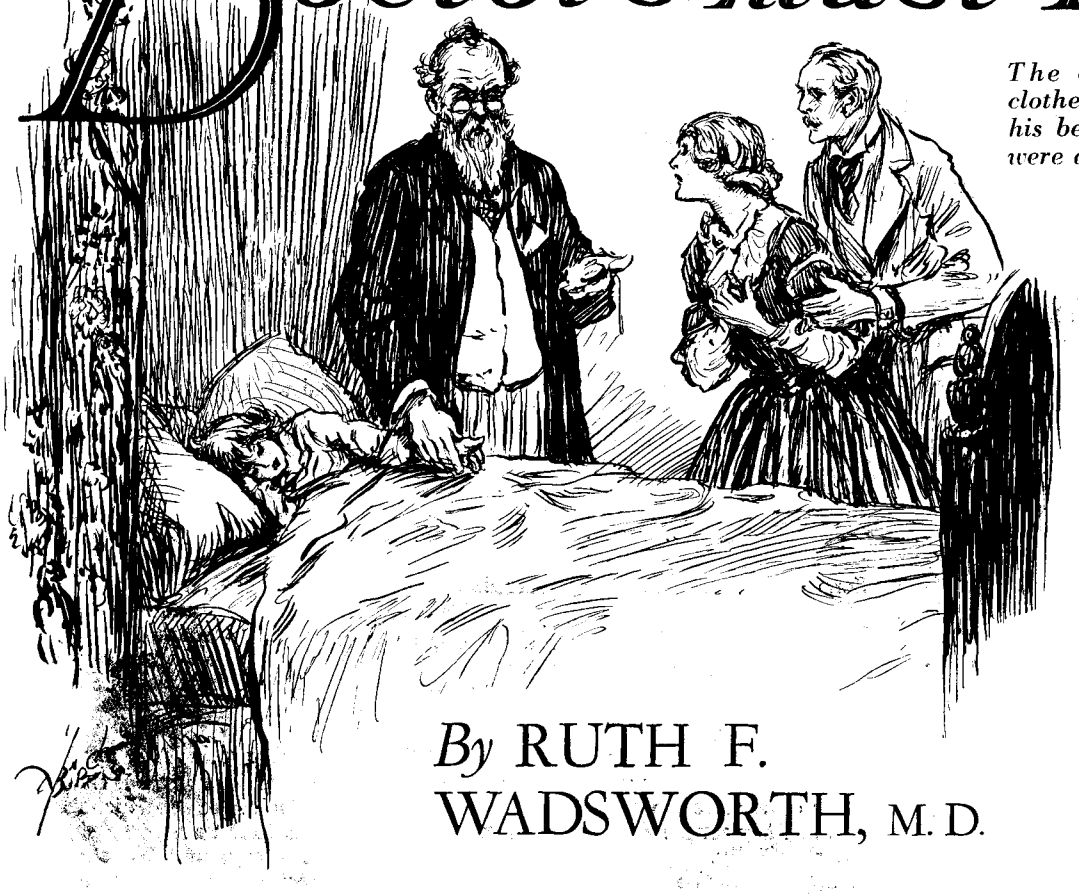
Doctors must Tell



The old doctor's clothes, his outfit, his bedside manner were carefully cultivated

MOST of us don't like to hear the truth about our illnesses — but modern physicians tell it, anyway. For mumbo-jumboism went out of medicine with pink pills and doctors' whiskers. Nowadays physicians are scientists who debunk the sickroom and tell us the truth in order to win our help, says Dr. Wadsworth.

By RUTH F. WADSWORTH, M. D.

WHY a doctor should be exempt from the moral obligation that binds other people to tell the truth is not quite obvious. It would seem that when a man studies a branch of science and hangs out his shingle to practice his chosen profession he has qualified as an expert and tacitly bound himself to tell the truth concerning his subject so far as it is possible.

Yet there has been considerable arguing on the subject lately—noted physicians have written articles for the lay press justifying, even pleading for, the professional lie; fiction writers have based their plots on the heinous results of doctor's truth-telling. Even the law has concerned itself with the matter, in most states forbidding doctors to give birth-control information or to reveal a diagnosis of venereal diseases (except where required by board of health records) under penalty of fine or imprisonment.

I don't pretend to have the experience of years which probably actuates my fellow physicians in their argument. Nor do I attempt to defy the law. But I have the effrontery to hold views on the subject which do not coincide with either.

I have always had a prejudice in favor of fact, and practicing medicine has only strengthened that prejudice. Telling the truth in medicine may not shame the devil, and it may lose you patients, but it leaves your conscience and your professional integrity clear.

From the patient's point of view the truth may be unpleasant to hear; it may be impossible to believe; it may be hard to understand, but it is generally easier to bear than the fear which has sent him to the doctor's office.

Of course there are certain rules which a physician must keep in mind when he expresses opinion or gives out information. The old days when the doctor gave you six months to live are gone forever, for which the Lord be praised. There has never been a habit of the profession that so opened it to ridicule as that one.

Every doctor who reads his journals and keeps up with medical research knows that before a patient has time to die a new discovery may make his death unnecessary.

In fact you, the patient, are the offender in the foretelling field nowadays, because you still harbor certain beliefs that used to be common knowledge in medicine.

Knowledge is Better Than Fear

FOR instance, you believe that one "stroke," or cerebral hemorrhage, is followed inevitably by two others, the second of which is fatal; you believe that cancer is incurable; that tuberculosis is hereditary; that scarlet fever makes you deaf eventually; that blood poisoning follows vaccination; that heart disease "runs in families," and that rheumatism is the result of repeated colds and exposure.

It is one's friends, not one's doctor, who implant the fear of disease in the lay breast.

There are two parts to the rule observed by the average physician in the matter of prognosis:

1. He does not foretell TO THE PATIENT the outcome of the disease; if the patient asks him outright, he need not lie; he can say quite truthfully, "I do not know—and nobody knows."

2. He expresses his fears, if he has any, to the family or guardians or close friends of his patient —to anyone who is responsible for the care of the future of that patient, in such a way that they will prepare for a fatality without alarming the patient. This practice protects the doctor from the reproaches of the family in case of sudden death and enables them to give that patient what all people want to give those who have not long to live—the best that there is in life—and it allows the family the privilege of calling in further medical assistance.

Where there is no question of life and death in the near future, but where the doctor must face the giving of a diagnosis of serious disease—disease which limits activity or causes pain or discomfort, or, worst of all, disease about which the public knows too much or has fears—there are again two rules which the wise physician follows:

1. He does not make a diagnosis without corroboration from at least one other physician, preferably one in the field of consultation.

2. He prepares the way for his diagnosis, which means that he educates his patient to receive the unpleasant information.

I can think of none of the more disabling diseases where the KNOWLEDGE of one's trouble is not easier to bear than the FEAR of it.

Time was when the sufferer from tuberculosis, diabetes, cancer, and even typhoid and pneumonia and heart trouble was carefully shielded from a knowledge of what was the matter with him.

Nowadays the average man not only knows what is the matter with him but he has a surprisingly wide and accurate knowledge of his disease, what causes it, how it is treated, what he may expect if he behaves himself, and what he may expect if he doesn't.

There is a great fascination in pathology even to the person who suffers from some of its manifestations, and the clever and humane doctor can make his patient interesting to himself with amazingly little effort.

There are, to be sure, a certain number of people who cannot face the truth; they are the poor soldiers of this world. They will go from one doctor to another until they find one who tells them what they want to believe, and they will die cheerfully untreated rather than believe the truth and be treated properly.

But I cannot believe that this minority is worth sacrificing the principle of truth for.

On the other hand, there are the people who want to be told that there is something the matter with them when there isn't. No doctor worth his salt will varnish the truth to please this class of malingerers. The world is full of cults and healers created for them.

One Way to Save Trouble

I KNOW a doctor who has on his desk a neatly lettered motto, "God save me from the patient who doesn't *want* to be well."

It has saved him a lot of trouble in getting rid of the insincere patients who have besieged him because he is famous.

The relation between doctor and patient has changed greatly in the last thirty years. The old-time family physician was the best friend of his patient-families, but he also maintained a secrecy and mystery about his technical knowledge which did not assist in the spread of helpful medical or physiological information.

Most people never dreamed of asking for a diagnosis, and if they did they got an indefinite and general answer which was not illuminating. Medicine was dispensed from the doctor's cabinet, and no one dared ask (*Continued on page 43*)

Illustrated by REGINALD BIRCH

For every symptom the old cabinet held a dose which none dared ask about

Prescriptions, if any, were in an abbreviated Latin that puzzled even the chemist

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Free, White and Female

Another Bundy decides to have a taste of the big, wicked city

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

"Ask Marty if I've got a single moral," said Jerry

The Story Thus Far:

MR. TIMOLEON BUNDY and his four sons (two pairs of twins) come up against a difficult problem when their sister, Martha, comes home from college and announces that she is through with Family and is going to live her own life and earn her own living.

They let her go, promising one another to keep an eye on her. They go into Long Island real estate in order to make more money.

The Blades, enemies of several generations' standing because Mortimer Blade's great-great-grandfather seduced the Bundy boys' great-great-grandaunt and was shot for it, live next door to the Bundys; that is, the father and Mortimer. The Bundys do not know the whereabouts of the other brother.

Marty goes to New York, starts an artists' agency with Jerry Breen, a young artists' model, and meets all sorts of people, among them Mortimer Blade and a young man by the name of Richard Lame, whose last name translated means blade and who strongly resembles Mortimer.

Marty goes to Miss Patty's, a speak-easy, with Mortimer, and Gelon and Theron, two of the twins, arrive, beat Mortimer up and take Marty home. Marty is furious.

"BUT what I can't understand," said Jerry Breen, "is why your brothers should object so hard to Mr. Blade when they stand for your playing around with almost anybody else."

"Because," said Martha snappishly, "his father's great-grandfather seduced my great-great-grandfather's sister."

Jerry smiled that big-eyed smile which might mean so much or so little. "I've heard of worse reasons. . . I never did like the way Mr. Blade wears his eyes," she said inconsequently.

"I'm through with my family," Martha said. "I warned them. If they don't stop spying on me I'll be hard to find. It's nobody's business what I do."

Jerry threw her slender legs over the arm of her chair and hurled the remnant of a cigarette out of the window. "Regular lone wolf," she said, and then: "I don't know. It's not so good. I've tried it for three or four years, and what's it got me?"

"Independence," said Martha.

"Not worth a thin dime," said Jerry, "unless it gets you something. What's it gotten me?"

"I don't see you giving it up."

"No," said Jerry with a grimace, "but I'd trade it for something."

"What?"

"I don't know, but I'm window shopping." . . .

The telephone rang, and Jerry answered. "It's me. . . . Lame," she said.

"Tell him I'll be right down," said Martha.

"He's a queer egg," Jerry said, "but I like him. Ever ask him why he looks so much like Mr. Blade?"

"No," said Martha.

"I think," said Jerry, "he's a square shooter. I asked Prouty about him, but he didn't know much. Nobody seems to. He sure can paint, though."

Martha slipped on her dress, appraised herself in the mirror and paused before the door.

"Bye-bye," said Jerry. "May see you somewhere this evening. Have a good time."

"I'm going to try," said Martha, and went out into the corridor, petite, graceful, lovely in her eager, questing youth.

Richard Lame awaited her at the desk, so strangely like Mortimer Blade, yet so different. There was slight difference in their features, save that Lame's eyes did not impinge so closely upon his nose. It was rather a matter of expression, of spirit. Blade was purely material. That was advertised by his countenance. Lame dealt with the immaterial and imponderable. There was not a little touch of the ascetic, but more of the dreamer of dreams. . . . A dreamer of dreams which were sometimes humorous. When he was serious he was quizzical, and when he was in sprightly humor he sometimes surprised by his sudden gravity. One did not get all of him at a first casual meeting.

"I hope I didn't keep you waiting," Martha said, advancing and holding out her hand. Young folks always seem to find it necessary to touch hands.

"I've waited longer for less charming people," he said. "What's your humor tonight? Noise and confusion or quiet and high-class conversation?"

"Quiet, I think," Martha chose. "I'm not so happy, for some reason."

"Asking yourself questions when the answers aren't in the back of the book?"

"Something like that."

"Then you may spend the evening asking me. Maybe you'll pick a gobbet of truth out of the great mass of misinformation I've collected. . . . Here's a cab. Do you usually hold hands in a cab or do you prefer your own corner?" His eyes twinkled. "One aims to please."

"I've never felt any great urge to hold hands—so far," said Martha.

"Be patient. It comes to everybody, I understand. How is business? Somehow I can't see you as a hard-headed business woman."

"If I held hands more," she said, "I think business would be better."

His eyes were grave, though his voice was gay. "And so she came at last to the Land of Things as They Are," he said.

"Why won't men ever be impersonal? Why can't I be just an individual? Why must I always be a girl?"

"During business hours?" He chuckled. "There's no power to declare a moratorium on sex. No method has been discovered of being neuter from nine till five. Whatever first cause created the institution failed to foresee the present generation, and most specially the girl who has ambitions to be a captain of finance."

"It's unfair."

"EVERYTHING is unfair. Why should it be fair? And, you know, you young 'uns who howl most about it do very little by way of alleviation."

"What do you mean?"

"You rig yourselves up to make yourselves as desirable as possible. You emphasize your lips with red and expect beholders to forget that lips were created for kissing before they took on the job of selling life insurance. You wear the most entertaining silk stockings and make no secret whatever of your knees—and expect us to think of you as we would of a bony old gentleman in knickers. In short you put on all the lure in the box and then kick because it catches fish."

"But I don't dress for men. I dress for myself. I like to look nice. I don't care if a man never looks at me."

"Which, of course, closes the argument," said Lame.

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Illustrated by T. D. SKIDMORE

"Am I to be presented to your companion?" he asked

The car stopped before an unpromising exterior, and Lame helped Martha to alight. "You may not care for this," he said with a trace of irony in his voice. "It is neither expensive nor noisy. But a gentleman may eat here without insulting the memory of his mother's cook."

"Do I appear to demand expense?" Martha asked.

"It's one of the rules, isn't it?" he asked, not unpleasantly. "We men must pay for our privileges."

"Doesn't that," she asked, "depend upon the man? It's even thinkable that I might dine in Childs' with someone I liked."

"That," he said, "sounds to me like a low form of flattery."

They settled themselves, and Martha looked about her curiously.

Then, smiling a little, Lame said, "Now we may speak of deep and holy things and smooth the ice and paint the lily."

"No," said Martha, "it's my day for doing puzzles."

"I thought you girls had solved all of them," said Lame.

"No," said Martha, "all we have done is to demand the right to find out the answers for ourselves."

"And the puzzles remain as puzzling as ever?" he asked curiously. "I've wondered about that. You all seem to know where you are going with such relentless certainty."

"They say we're a great deal more knowing than our grandmothers," said Martha. "I wonder."

"I've known some wise grandmothers," said Lame.

"But," objected Martha, "were they wise before they got to be grandmothers?"

"An idea, that! What you children want is to know at twenty all your grandmothers have found out at seventy?"

"And why not?"

"It seems to leave an aching void beyond. What do you do with the remaining fifty years? If you crowd the Biblical threescore and ten into the first score, what, if one may ask, is left?"

"Time," said Martha, "to use one's education. . . . There's a man scowling at you."

"Jealous, probably," said Lame. "I can imagine myself scowling at any man I saw dining with you."

"One thing I rather like about you," said Martha, "is that you say things like that without seeming to mean them."

"Oh," said Lame, "it is my theory to make love most casually. It's my line, as the college boys say."

"He's rather handsome," said Martha, "and somehow familiar." She wrinkled her brows. "I feel as if I should remember him."

"How," asked Lame, "can you expect to remember all of us? The modern girl needs a memory like the doorman of a club."

"He's coming over here," said Martha in a low voice.

It was true; the gentleman approached. He was verging upon the elderly, was exceptionally well groomed and handsome in that précieuse sort of way which seems to descend upon elderly gentlemen who have not wholly laid aside youthful things. Just at present his face was not altogether agreeable.

NOW he stood beside the table, and Lame raised his eyes. Martha glanced quickly at her companion's face, sensing that this was no ordinary meeting of acquaintances, but his face did not change, not even as to the cool, somewhat quizzical expression of his eyes. And he did not speak.

"You are in this country," said the elderly gentleman.

"Quite obviously," said Lame, and added the respectful, "sir."

"For how long?"

"The sentence," said Lame, "is indeterminate."

"When did you return?"

"It may have been a year ago, sir."

"Does Mortimer know it?"

"If he does, sir, it is evident he failed to confide in you. Therefore I am discreet."

"He knows," said the gentleman, and frowned darkly. "How long has he known?"

"I wouldn't attempt to guess, sir. Mortimer is a secretive person."

The elderly gentleman turned his eyes upon Martha, and they lighted unpleasantly. "Am I to be presented to your companion?" he asked.

"The circumstances," said Lame coolly, "do not seem to require it, sir. One does not like to say it, especially to you, but you are not precisely one I would care to vouch for to a young lady."

"Lady?" asked the gentleman, lifting his brows.

Martha flushed, but Lame's color remained unchanged. "Let me retain my admiration for your manners, sir," he said. "It's something to cling to."

"My apologies. One cannot tell in this day. The distinctions between débutantes and matrons and chorus girls and cabaret habitués have grown indistinguishable." He lifted his shoulders. "I want to talk to you."

"Is it necessary? I think all has been said that can be said."

"You declared," said the gentleman, "you never would return to this country."

"One should never make unqualified statements."

"When can we talk?"

"I think not at all, sir."

"It's necessary, imperative. The situation is impossible."

"I find it satisfactory."

"IS THAT because you have reached a working agreement with Mortimer? . . . Of course he would try to double-cross me."

"While you, sir, would be watchful to protect his interests."

"What are you doing in America?"

"Painting."

"Ah. . . . And what name do you sign to your canvases?"

"My own."

"Not—"

"I do not imitate Mortimer—I am not secretive. The name is Lame."

"I shall find you. I tell you"—his voice became suddenly tense—"it is necessary. We've got to come to terms." A vindictive light came into his eyes. "Perhaps you have interviewed Mortimer. He is remaining invisible for a time with a darkened eye and certain contusions and abrasions."

"I have not laid hands on him," said Lame.

"Then," said the gentleman, "I'll guess it was some of those droll Bundy boys. I warned him. They take that sister of theirs seriously. Probably they remonstrated with him." He turned away. "You have a studio?" he asked over his shoulder.

"I have."

"Expect me tomorrow."

"It will be useless, sir."

"Nevertheless—expect me." With that the elderly gentleman walked to the exit and disappeared. Lame remained silent: Martha studied his face uneasily. She was, she felt uncomfortably, close to some vortex of events, was even concerned in them: Mortimer Blade, the elderly gentleman, Lame! She wondered for an instant if there were such a thing as fate which threw together certain people in the furtherance of certain larger but hidden purposes.

"I'm sorry," Lame said gravely.

"I was entertained," said Martha. "I think I identified the gentleman."

"A neighbor of your family," said Lame.

She pressed together her lips. "What do you know about my family? I have no family. I am alone."

He smiled. "Not if tradition speaks the truth of the Bundys," he said.

To this she made no reply, but asked presently. "That was Mr. Roswell Blade, was it not?"

"It was," said Lame.

She took her courage in her hands. "And may (*Continued on page 32*)

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The Perfect Fool

By JOHN B. KENNEDY

The inventor of the soup-spoon silencer, the eye shield for grapefruit consumers and other invaluable devices talks about his business of making you laugh

A FOOL there is who repudiates any relationship with Kipling's impulsive sap who succumbed to "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair." Early in life this fool, Edwin Leopold, son of a respected millinery manufacturer in Philadelphia, began to follow in his father's footsteps. But he soon got off the trail. He got off because he discovered that a feminine hat on a male head is one of the few simple and sure recipes for laughter.

After barnstorming with a 10-20-30 troupe and doing vocal wonders substituting for an old-soak villain in End of the Trail he returned to Philadelphia with $200 in his jeans, dreaming dreams and seeing visions.

"I felt I had been kissed by the tragic muse," says he. Which is a usual delusion among the clowns that are born and not made. Dan Leno, England's most popular rib tickler, longed to become a great King Lear, and Charles Chaplin, according to rumor, has coveted for years the laurels of all the notable Hamlets.

Leopold, Sr., had something to say. Through decades of hard and intelligent work he had gained widespread good will as a manufacturer and wholesaler of millinery. Son Edwin had a glib tongue and a bookish background that gave him personal attraction.

"You're cut out for a millinery salesman," said old Leopold. "As an actor you could be worse—but not much. Why not try selling millinery?"

Edwin tried. First he enrolled in the University of Pennsylvania to equip himself seriously for commercial pursuits. Then he packed a trunk with picture hats and tried the road. Wherever he went the memory of laughter followed in his wake. Definitely the ambition to stride in buskin and mouth sonorous sadness had been abandoned.

King Leopold Enters His Life

BUT he could no more thrust histrionic proclivities behind him than forego any of his fairly regular meals. His gags lived months beyond the echo of his voice. In Harrisburg, York, Pittsburgh and the jovial towns of the Pennsylvania beer belt, young Edwin Leopold and his jests and antics formed the stock of reminiscence when haberdashers and specialty storekeepers met to talk over trade.

Two dear, elderly things in Allentown touched the truth that renewed his stage ambitions—but in another and more effective direction.

"We don't really need more hats," said they. "But we'll take a dozen of the Anna Held boaters if you'll tell us that one about the two sailors from Halifax."

Accompanied by gurgles and titterings, he told the one about the two sailors from Halifax who went hunting moose and hung their clothes on the antlers of a bull whose curious head was thrust through their open window by night. He encored with an imitation of a college boy puzzled as to which fraternity he had been initiated into—both ending in Pi.

"You're so original, Mr. Leopold," chorused the ladies.

And although their verdict had a tang of flattery, Mr. Leopold bethought him that laughs from customers pleased him more than orders. He took that hat trunk empty back to Philadelphia. Leopold the elder was delighted. He offered to expand his son's territory and to raise his commission.

"You can sell hats, Edwin," he said. "The business will some day be yours."

"But I like doing something else better," Edwin replied. And he did it.

Coming to the Broadway front with better than the average would-be's arsenal of munitions of war, he sought employment as a comedian. He appeared at some of the cheaper variety houses hospitable to try-outs who could brave catcalls and duck missiles. It didn't work. So he paired with Jack Lewis, whose voice reminds one of an anvil chorus composed entirely of police-desk sergeants.

Ed Wynn, the apostle of folly, brightens the world with a big bagful of tricks and trappings

They played the subway circuit without arousing Hammerstein from his reveries or disturbing Albee at his golf. Indeed, they became accustomed to things worse than indifference in their more or less hackneyed cross-talk act.

At an uptown theatre they introduced fresh material, dubbing themselves the two college boys, appearing in peg-top trousers, deep-dish hats and semicircular shoes. The act scored. When they finished in a burlesque dance and clip-clopped to the wings wild sounds broke from the audience. While frantically packing to make their getaway they were hauled back for an encore.

"But Leopold of Belgium was beating me to the headlines," said Edwin Leopold. "So I took a stage name by converting my first name into a bicellular entity." (Yes, Mr. Leopold can talk like that.) "I called myself Ed Wynn."

Within a year Ed Wynn found himself being favorably noted.

Foreshortening his career, we find him climbing from ham-sandwich vaudeville to big-time, still paired with Jack Lewis; then striking out alone for the greater glories and emoluments of musical comedy and revue.

The transition embraces years during each of which he migrated to Philadelphia for Thanksgiving. On one of these feast days the family repaired to a matinée to pass a verdict on the son who would not be a millinery salesman.

"I liked the show," said the comedian's father. "But, Ed, you're a perfect fool."

Fun's a Serious Business

AN ARTIST less wise than Ed Wynn might have interpreted this as a slight. He took it for a trade-mark. Thenceforward The Perfect Fool went up in print and electric lights wherever his name appeared. Indeed, he turned playwright himself.

"Musical plays," he says, "were based on the familiar pattern of a thin plot padded with pretty girls and a comic part thrown in to balance sentimental passages between hero and heroine. Clowning was subordinated to music and songs and dancing—thrown in to lighten the load.

"I took my job of being funny quite seriously. I determined that fun was to be more than incidental in whatever show I appeared in. When the public paid to see musical comedy that I had anything to do with they were, I resolved, going to get comedy and music with no admixture of sentiment or watered story."

The "fool" in a lucid interval

To achieve his aim he wasted no time parading his laurels when, before the mid-thirties, his fame was fairly well established and he had won for a wife a charming diva of comic opera. Ed Wynn, breaking through the conventions of clown parts established by a long line of comedians including Wilson, Daniels, Hitchcock, Foy and Stone, made no compromise with logic. He relied upon no snappy lines or broad lyrics. His stock in trade was nonsense pure—or at least rationally clean—and undefiled, but nonsense absolute.

The producers kept him busy. At the Winter Garden he found himself suddenly called on (*Continued on page 31*)

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The Woman Hunters

I realized this was the man who had made boasts about Vonny Candace

The Story Thus Far:

ALLEN GORHAM, after five years' absence, returns to New York, goes to a party given by some new-rich friends, the Candaces, for their daughter, Yvonne, and overhearing Kenneth Runyon, a rotter, boast that he is out to get Yvonne and her thirty millions, cancels his passage back to France and decides to stick around and champion the Candaces.

Ostracized from polite society because of an unfair accusation of cheating at cards and still in love with Anita Gorham, who married his cousin Fred, Allen has been earning his living at cards. He has tea with Anita the day after the Candace party, admits that he is still in love with her and feels that she is in love with him. He learns from her that everyone thinks he is in love with Vonny Candace.

Allen tries to find out from Morgan, a detective friend of his, information about Runyon and learns instead that Runyon is out after him. Morgan advises him to leave the country but when Allen refuses, Morgan decides to stick to him.

Upon his return to his hotel after dinner at the home of Erica Loosich, a society leader who has taken him up again, he finds a telephone message from Vonny to meet her at a night club. He goes but finds instead a woman who claims to have known him. He is lured to her apartment and is discovered in her bedroom by the husband and two detectives. Allen discovers that it is a put-up job, extricates himself finally but realizes that he is up against a difficult opponent who works in devious ways.

I PAUSED at the desk in the Regent long enough to get my key and inquire if I had had any more visitors during my second absence of the evening. But no one else had come to see me, and I went to my room convinced that that chapter of bizarre incidents had closed for this night. But it needed no second sight to know that tomorrow would take up where today left off. And as I lay in bed, smoking too many cigarettes, I tried to analyze the situation and find out what it all meant.

Obviously Vonny Candace was supposed to be in love with me. This may have been an ungallant thought for me to hold, but it was inescapable. Now, people may arrive at an opinion on the flimsiest of evidence, but they do not act upon that opinion, if the matter is important, until it has been reënforced by strong proof. Runyon and his crowd would hardly go to the length of today's performance merely because Vonny danced with me or lunched with me or had spoken pleasantly of me. Runyon had more to go upon than such trivialities, or at least he thought he had.

What could have made him think he had more to go upon? Vonny had colored at mention of his name today; she had indicated an interest in him that amounted to more than ordinary acquaintance. Could it be that Vonny, desperately in love with Runyon, had been spurring him on by intimations that I was a potential and potent rival?

I dismissed this idea. Vonny Candace would use, I suppose, in her love affairs, all the weapons in the armory of coquetry. But she wouldn't cheapen herself by using me or any other man whom she knew so slightly. Now, Runyon, considering the acute interest he had been showing in me, must be perfectly well aware that I had seen little or nothing of Vonny since my arrival in America. Neither Vonny's coquetries nor my own actions could have lent any color to his flattering belief in my attraction for Vonny.

But men do not set in motion the things that Runyon had started without something which they consider good and sufficient reason. I must look outside of Vonny and myself for the basis of Runyon's belief in the relations existing between Sam Candace's daughter and myself.

I SHRUGGED as I came to this conclusion. Where on earth would I look?

Mack Morgan entered my thoughts. Had I been utterly mistaken in my estimate of his character? Had he gone to Runyon, told of my interest in that young man, and so caused Runyon to look upon me as a rival? But even if Morgan had done this, it would not explain why Runyon had had me followed by private detectives for weeks before I had engaged a detective to make inquiries about him.

There was another matter that puzzled me. Why had Runyon, after some weeks of shadowing, so suddenly decided that I must leave America at once? Morgan had strongly urged me to leave on the Majestic. Whether or not he had told Runyon that he would so urge me I didn't know.

I wanted to believe that Morgan served only one employer at a time.

But Runyon had not relied solely on the hope that I would follow Morgan's advice if he had known that Morgan would offer such advice. He had set in operation a plot whose very childishness made it, in retrospect, seem the more dangerous.

We are wont, if our security is menaced in some fashion that seems hastily conceived, to disregard it. But the more childish the threat against us, the more deadly it is apt to be. There is nothing more primitive than a direct assault, but who will maintain that the gunman is not dangerous because his mentality is childish?

I had swept aside tonight's plot. I had discovered its weak point almost instantly. I had been able to guess that its object had not been to extract money from me, but had rather been to drive me out of town.

I didn't know how much Runyon knew about me, but it was apparent, from Mack Morgan's words, that Runyon was aware of the manner in which I added to my income. He must have known that I possessed brains enough to get to the bottom of tonight's affair. It was a childish plot that could have succeeded only against a man with a child's brain.

Then why had Runyon adopted a plan which he should have known was foredoomed to failure? The answer was as obvious as the question: as a drowning man snatches at a straw, so Runyon snatched at anything which might possibly be successful. And the reason that he snatched at anything was that time entered into his calculations.

I had earlier this evening realized that Runyon was in a hurry and wondered why. As I arrived at the realization for the second time I laughed exasperatedly. Good Lord, did he think that Yvonne and I were to be married in the morning?

The idea was so ridiculous that I began to wonder if I were on the wrong track. Men, in these days, do not go to such melodramatic lengths against rivals in love. At any rate, they do not do so until the rivals are definitely in the lists. Runyon's procedure savored more of medieval times than of these modern days. He acted as our reading of history teaches us that aspirants for the hand of a tenth-century princess might have acted.

But, when you came right down to it, Vonny Candace was prospective owner of a fortune greater than any tenth-century royalty owned. As bandit barons conspired in ancient times to wrest a kingdom from a feudal overlord, so the great fortunes of today are targets for all the schemers in the world.

IN THE eighties and nineties the starved nobility of Europe cast longing glances at American fortunes. They set forth, as their ancestors had done, to enrich themselves at the expense of others. They bore back to Europe their captives, won in the fields of love rather than the fields of battle. Europe still looked our way and prayed for international marriage to restore shattered fortunes, but titles had declined in the marriage mart. All American heiresses were no longer pointed for titles. The avarice of the Europeans had been so exploited in the press, and Americans had become so convinced that their own

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By ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE

Allen comes face to face with his opponent and more trouble ensues

I rose from our table and without a word I knocked him down

Illustrated by R. V. CULTER

society had merit and needed no foreign indorsement, that the chance of an American had become equal to that of a foreigner when husbands were being considered.

An American dancer had married three women of tremendous wealth. A notorious gambler had eloped with an heiress. With the settlement wrung from her harassed parents he had set himself up in business in Paris and after the divorce had reversed the usual procedure by marrying a title. An older generation had sheltered its young women so that they met only persons who by reason of money or position were considered eligible.

BUT the girls of today disdain protection. They know all classes of men, and it was not to be wondered at that a man like Runyon, noting the success of other men, should confidently hope to win Vonny Candace.

European money lenders for a generation had advanced money to aristocrats on the bare chance that the debtor would make a marriage which would enable him to repay the advances with exorbitant interest. Was it strange that an American should have obtained similar backing?

For unquestionably Runyon had backing. Well, why not? Thirty million dollars could be cut up several ways: there would be plenty for all.

No, I wasn't on the wrong track. As I lay in bed I went over all of my life, it seemed to me. Nothing that I had done could have inspired this past day's events except the belief that I threatened the acquisition of the Candace millions. I had injured no one so that the injured party could not bear to have me in the same country. I stood in no one's way, unless in Kenneth Runyon's.

That was certain, and something else was equally certain. This was that today's events would be followed by other happenings equally bizarre and perhaps more dangerous. I was in for trouble if I remained in America. And as I went to sleep upon this thought another thought crowded itself into my mind. Anita Gorham might prove just as dangerous to me as Kenneth Runyon. Well, I assured myself, I could avoid her, and I could seek out Runyon, two dissimilar ways of ending trouble. Yet, weak as I was, I knew that while I might do the latter I could never do the former.

To feel the need of action, and yet not to know what form that action ought to take, is to be in an unpleasant predicament. As I breakfasted on the following morning I decided that it was up to me to cease speculation as to the motives and people behind Runyon and to plan my own operations. Last night's impulse—to confront Runyon and have it out with him—was reborn in me. But I determined not to act too hastily. Runyon would make another move and perhaps might unguard himself in the making.

Meantime there was always the faint chance that I had been mistaken in my reasoning. So I telephoned to Vonny.

"Did you ring me up last night?" I asked.

"No. What made you think I had?"

"Somebody did, and the telephone girl wrote down a name that I didn't recognize—misspelled it or something—and I hoped it was you." I didn't think that the Recording Angel would take my fib too seriously.

"Sorry to disappoint you," Vonny laughed: "that is, if it really is a disappointment."

"When a man has thought something flattering has happened and learns that it hasn't, of course it's a disappointment," I told her.

"If a telephone message from me is a flattery, I'll ring you up every half hour," she mocked.

"You've condemned me to imprisonment in my room," I said.

"Well, sometimes I'll ask you to take me out somewhere, and that will give you a breath of fresh air. I just couldn't let you waste away staring at the phone."

WE EXCHANGED further trivialities before I hung up. I happened to glance in my mirror and was surprised at the smile I saw reflected there. The smile faded in quick wrath against those who thought to use this girl as a means of profit.

Dear little Vonny, with her sturdy honesty and candor, whom any man should have been happy to win were she penniless! I felt in my resolution that I would save her from Runyon, as though I were some knightly rescuer of damosels in distress. Then my mood changed again, this time to one of self-contempt.

If Vonny knew exactly what I was, perhaps she would not think that the man who wished to rescue her was superior to the man who plotted to win her. I myself can see no moral wrong in gambling. The stock market, the wheat pit, real estate—all these things resemble gambling to me. I have never taken any advantage at the card table save my use of my knowledge of human nature. Nevertheless there are millions of worthy people who would shun me, if they knew my profession, exactly as they would shun a criminal. Sam Candace himself, who won or lost thousands at the French casinos, doubtless excused himself on the grounds that he could easily afford his losses and engaged in the games merely as a pastime. A recreation that was innocent became a vice when it was a means of livelihood. I knew his honest Middle-Western outlook.

My telephone rang as I was in the midst of the unpleasant reflections.

"Mr. Allen Gorham?" It was Sam Candace's secretary, and a moment later he was on the wire. I grimaced at the patness of the call, breaking in, as it did, on thought of him and his daughter.

"Busy?" he asked.

"Not at all," I replied.

"You millionaire idlers, whose only worry is if you'll be in time to get a bet down on the third race!" he laughed. "Well, if you've got nothing on your mind, drop down and see me around lunch time, will you?"

"Delighted," I assured him.

I wondered vaguely what was on Candace's mind, but there was too much on my own for me to give myself over to speculation about his mental processes. Things had been done to me last night which could not be ignored. It was about time that I came face to face with Runyon and asked a few pertinent questions. The place to meet trouble is in trouble's abiding place. To wait for trouble to seek one out is to give it the advantage of surprise and position. I am a firm believer in that old military axiom that a good offense is the best defense. Runyon had unquestionably taken my measure and decided that such attempts as Tony Sporelli and his wife made last night fitted me. Of course the outcome of last evening's events had made him change his mind, and probably he was now, over his coffee, planning something else that would fit a man of my size.

But if he learned that I was not of any size—mental, physical or moral—with which he was acquainted, he might decide to abandon his tailoring in my behalf. I laughed to myself as I pictured him going through an imaginary style book, picking out the garments labeled "Scare" or "Threat" or "Blackmail" for me.

But I didn't laugh long. He had shown me last night that this picture which I evoked of him was not too imaginary. A man who could act as swiftly as he had acted yesterday would not be at a loss for further action today.

There was no Kenneth Runyon in the telephone book. I could no more hope for success in a search of the streets for him this morning than I could have hoped to locate him last night. So I went to see Mack Morgan.

I don't know whether or not I was followed as I walked from my hotel to Morgan's office. As a matter of fact, I didn't care, and cast no glances over my shoulder.

I GOT right down to cases with Morgan. "I want to meet Kenneth Runyon," I said to him.

"You still think the climate over here is healthy?" he asked.

"Know a man named Sporelli?" I countered.

Morgan grinned. "Al, I know everybody and everything. But before we go any further, let me tell you something. They don't decide prize fights at the end of the first round unless there is a knockout. If a team scores a run in the first inning, it hasn't necessarily won the ball game. Now, just because Sporelli didn't run you out of town, don't get the idea in your head that Runyon hasn't got any other pacemakers."

"You heard about last night?" I asked.

His grin (*Continued on page 38*)

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A Bungalow by Mail

And it looked like a good joke on almost everybody

"Was it anything special?" I asked, pressing her hand openly

By H. THOMPSON RICH

WHENEVER I tell this one I have to laugh, but it was no laughing matter then, and if the truth was known back in Mayville it wouldn't be any now, and I would probably have to leave town. Only I have left, anyway, as Mayville is a sort of slow town, even if it is "the fastest growing city in America," and I have decided to see something more of the world than California while I am still young enough to enjoy it. Besides, if this is a good joke on me it is a good joke on the town too, and if I can stand it I guess they can.

It all started the day I answered an ad of the Ready-Cut Building Corp. of Chicago, offering to send me free their beautiful illustrated catalogue, which if you are familiar with you will know that you can select any building you want, from a bungalow to a factory, and have it delivered complete and ready to put up, including the nails.

Well, this catalogue made a strong impression on me, and I began thinking how nice it would be if I should take some of the little nest egg I had inherited and should order one of those cute Spanish bungalows for the Mammoth Acres view lot I was buying for my Little Queen. The more I thought about it the more enthused I became, and finally I picked out an attractive five-room model with patio and mailed in my order.

Alas, had I taken my future wife into my confidence all would have been well, but I couldn't do that because at the time Elsie was unaware she had won my heart and did not dream I was buying the lot for her. You see, I had given up my job at the Arcade Soda Bar because of her and she had obtained for me my present position with her father, T. Norton Todd, one of Mayville's leading realtors and the man behind Mammoth Acres.

It was one of Mr. Todd's theories that his salesmen should be vitally interested in the thing they were selling.

THAT is how I had come to buy the lot, paying for it out of commissions from other sales. As Mr. Todd was known to the force as T. N. T. because of certain strong qualities in his character and as T. N. T. is something like dynamite, I had kept my secret very carefully, all the while trying to create a favorable impression on my Little Queen's father, for her sake.

Another thing that held me back was that Elsie was more or less keeping company with Lon Burgess, Mr. Todd's high-pressure sales manager and crack closer. As I was working directly under Mr. Burgess in the Mammoth Acres development, I thought it best not to offend him until things had progressed somewhat both in a business and in a social way. So I just went ahead and ordered the bungalow without saying anything to anyone, my idea being that when it was finished I would present this beautiful home to my Little Queen in exchange for her hand.

In due course of time came an answer from the company saying they were gratified to receive my order, which would be filled without delay, and should they send out a corps of skilled workmen to erect the structure at cost? To which I replied thanking them but declining the offer as I did not see why they had to go to all that bother, as we had plenty of carpenters out of work in Mayville too, even if it was growing so fast.

Besides, I had decided to give the job to old Sam Warren, who was handy with tools and had done several odd jobs for me about the tract. The way I figured, all you had to do to put up a ready-cut bungalow was to nail the pieces together according to the furnished diagram, so why should I spend a lot of extra money on fancy workmen?

One morning as I was sitting at the office, wondering if it wasn't about time for my bungalow to arrive, the phone rang.

"Is this Waldo Hunt?" came over the wire.

"Yes, sir, it is," I replied. "Can I sell you a choice lot this morning in the Mammoth Acres tract? There are only a few lots left, and they are going—"

"This is the freight office," the gentleman interrupted, "and we have a carload of cement here, consigned to you from the Ready-Cut Building Corp. of Chicago. When are you prepared to unload same?"

"Heavens!" I gasped. "Does it take a whole carload of cement to build a five-room bungalow?"

"We cannot answer that question, Mr. Hunt," replied the gentleman, "as we are not in that line of business. The consignment will be held here subject to our usual rates, and we suggest you make arrangements to unload it from the car without delay."

"Yes, sir, I will," I stammered. "T-thank you."

And I hung up in a sort of daze.

A CARLOAD of cement! It seemed an awful lot—but, then, perhaps those Spanish bungalows take a lot more cement than ordinary houses.

While I was still sitting there thinking, a long, fat letter arrived from the company, full of blue prints and plans. Though I studied them for a half hour I couldn't make head or tail of them, as they were much more complicated than I had expected. "But of course Sam will know what they mean," I thought.

So that noon I hunted up Sam and asked him how he would like to do a little work for me in his spare time, and he said fine, so I handed him the plans, telling him it was a Spanish bungalow I had bought ready-cut, and all he would have to do was put it together.

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For some time he puffed his pipe and studied, and finally he said:

"Where are the rest of the plans?"

"Why, that is all there are," I replied. "It is only a five-room bungalow."

At that he puffed his pipe and studied some more.

"As far as I can make out, Mr. Hunt," he said at last, "these are only the ground plans, but I will go ahead if you say so, and perhaps some more plans will come along later."

"That will be fine," I agreed, "and whenever I have any time off I can help you some."

Then I told him about the carload of cement, and he said he would arrange to have it delivered on the lot and would send the bills to me, to which I agreed.

"And do you expect to live in this bungalow when it is completed, Mr. Hunt?" Sam asked. "And if so, who is the fortunate little lady?"

"That," I replied with dignity, "is a dark secret," giving him to understand clearly that such matters were not to be discussed between us.

Well, after I left Sam I went back to the office, but I hadn't been there long when in came Sam, kind of excited and waving the plans around in the air.

"Mr. Hunt, I have been pacing off the distance on your lot," he began, "and it won't fit!"

"Won't fit?" I gasped. "W-why, what do you mean?"

"I mean that your bungalow is too large for your lot, and either you will have to get a smaller bungalow or a larger lot."

"But, Sam, I can't get a smaller bungalow," I pleaded, "as I have already bought this one, and I can't send it back."

"Then you will have to get a larger lot," he said, "because I have to go by the plans. How about getting that small corner lot next to yours and using both of them?"

"But that would add a great deal to the cost of the property," I protested.

"Yes, I suppose it would, Mr. Hunt, but judging from the ground plans you are going to have a very fine bungalow, and in my opinion it would be worth it."

That set me thinking, and I told Sam to hold off until tomorrow and I would see what I could do. So when he had gone I went to Mr. Todd and told him frankly I was building a bungalow on my lot and asked him if he would sell me the corner lot too.

I HAD no idea he would, but much to my surprise he agreed at once, saying:

"Waldo, I admire your spirit, and I will do anything I can to help you. The lot is yours, my boy, and you can pay me for it on easy terms."

"That is very generous of you, Mr. Todd," I replied, "and I appreciate it very much."

"And might I inquire what you propose to do with this bungalow when it is up?" He asked.

For a moment I was tempted to tell him the truth, but decided that, after all, perhaps it would be better to wait. So I simply said:

"I am building for speculative purposes, Mr. Todd."

Which in a way I was.

"Well, go to it, young man!" he said. "I only wish I had more salesmen with your spirit."

After that it soon became known around the office that I was building in the Mammoth Acres tract, and I enjoyed a marked increase in the respect of my fellow salesmen, to say nothing of making some nice sales.

One day Elsie came in, and after chatting a while with Lon Burgess she sauntered over to me and said, with that sweet smile of hers:

"Waldo, I hear you are building a lovely bungalow on your lot and that you have bought the corner lot as well. How thrilling! Do tell me all about it."

How I wished at that moment that I might have told my Little Queen it was all for her and that it was to be our future home! She looked so pretty in her little white sport suit, with her blue eyes flashing and her dark bobbed hair so close to my face as she bent over my desk. Some gentlemen may prefer blondes, but not me.

Well, it was on the tip of my tongue to tell her my secret then and there, but I determined not to be rash, so I replied:

"*It is simply a business venture.*"

And Mr. Burgess added, in that sarcastic way of his:

"Yes, Mr. Hunt is becoming a regular man of affairs."

"At least I prefer to invest my money in property, rather than in automobiles," I replied pointedly, as Mr. Burgess had just bought a new car, much more expensive than he could afford, even if he was Mr. Todd's sales manager.

"Speaking of cars," he said to Elsie, "I've got a prospect over in Alhambra. Want to take a run over with me?"

"I'd love to!" she said, adding to me, "You don't mind, do you, Waldo?"

Which, of course, I said I didn't, feeling that until we were actually engaged I should allow her to do exactly as she chose.

When they had gone I slipped out of the office and went over to the tract to have a look at my bungalow. Sam was sitting on an upturned barrel, with a pleasant smile on his face, and when he saw me he said:

"Well, Mr. Hunt, the foundation is finished, and if I do say so myself it is some foundation."

And it was. It covered most of both lots and looked very solid and substantial.

"A bungalow built on a foundation like that ought to last a long while," I said. "I am very well pleased with your work, Sam, and you are to be congratulated, even if you did have to hire a lot more help than I had expected."

"What pleases me most is that there was just exactly enough cement to finish the job," he said.

"My goodness, Sam!" I exclaimed, "you don't mean to tell me you used a whole carload of cement in the foundation alone? Why, I thought that would be enough cement for the entire bungalow."

"Oh, no," he said. "I followed the specifications exactly."

"But where will we get the rest of the material if you have used everything in the foundation?" I asked.

"Why, I suppose there'll be another consignment arriving soon."

"Well, let's hope so," I said. "I hope you haven't made any mistake, Sam."

BUT Sam was right, as I learned two days later when I was notified by the freight office that a carload of lumber had arrived from the Ready-Cut Building Corp. And, as before, in the mail that day came another set of blue prints and plans.

It is certainly wonderful what a lot you get for your money when you order a bungalow by mail, I thought as I glanced through these plans.

That afternoon Sam and I went over them together, and he puffed his pipe longer than ever and finally he looked at me and said:

"How many rooms did you say this bungalow had?"

"Five," I answered. "Why?"

"Well, I may be wrong," he replied, "but it looks like a lot of space for five rooms."

"Maybe the extra space is for the patio," I suggested.

At this he thought a while and studied the plans some more.

"Maybe it is," he said at length, "but I don't see anything here about the roof."

"Perhaps the roof will come in another shipment."

"That's right. Perhaps it will. At any rate, if you say so I'll go ahead and put it up. We can tell more about it when we see what it looks like."

"Of course, Sam, go ahead and put it up," I said. "I want you to feel that I have perfect confidence in you. Only try and be as economical as you can, and don't hire any more help than possible."

Already my bungalow had cost somewhat more than I had anticipated, and while I still had a nice bank balance I didn't want it to get much lower, as I had planned that my Little Queen and myself would spend our honeymoon in Hawaii before moving into our beautiful home. Still, I was selling lots faster than ever, as my clients figured that if Mammoth Acres was good enough for me it was good enough for them, so I wasn't very much worried. However, I felt it was a good thing to keep Sam impressed with the idea that I wasn't rolling in money, which I wasn't, though I doubt if there were many fellows of my age doing any better, in Mayville or elsewhere.

While Sam was still at work on the second shipment a third carload arrived. "At last," I thought, "the roof has come! Now my bungalow will soon be finished and the glad hour will be at hand when I can open my heart to my Little Queen."

Rushing over to Sam with the new set of plans, I said:

"Here, Sam, here is the roof!" adding: "How long do you think it will take you to put it on?"

But when Sam had puffed his pipe and studied the plans for some time he turned to me and said: "Roof nothing. This is (*Continued on page 44*)

Illustrated by JOHN ALAN MAXWELL

For some time he puffed at his pipe and finally said: "Where are the rest of the plans?"

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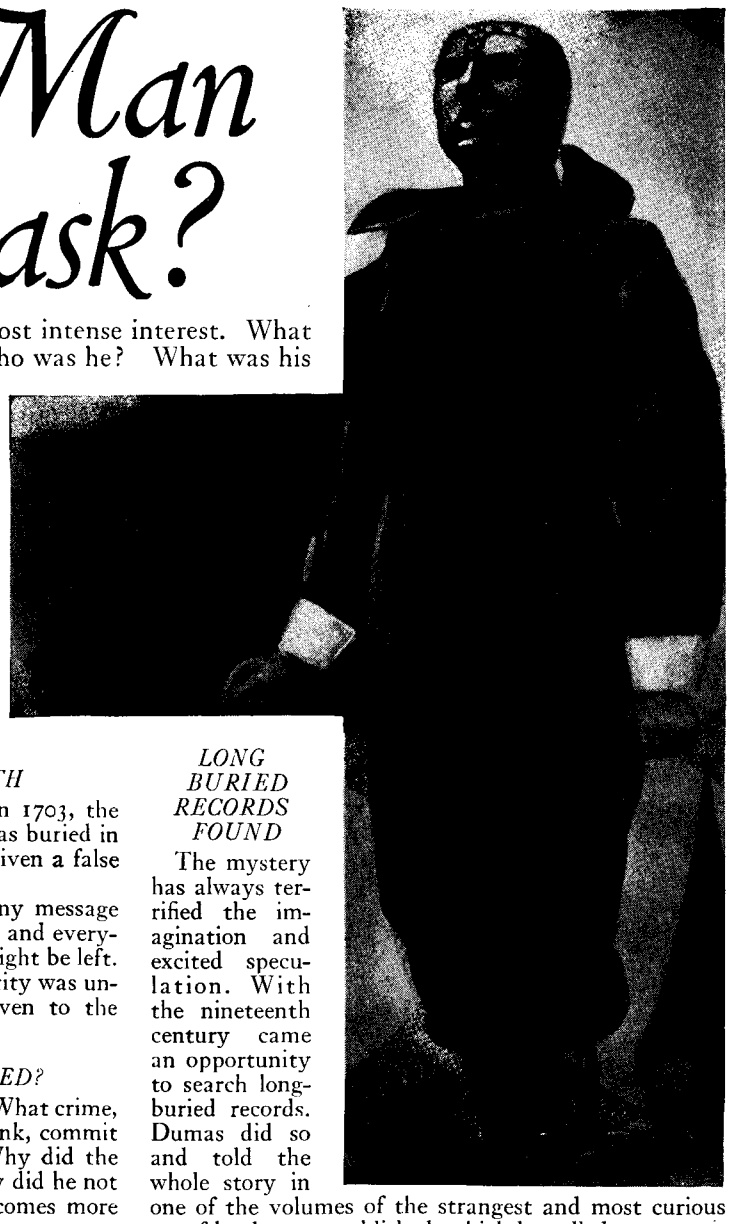
Who was the Man in the Iron Mask?



THIS mysterious prisoner on the ramparts of an island prison has always excited the most intense interest. What was the life which he exchanged for one silent as the grave? What had he done? Who was he? What was his past? The dissolute life of a courtier? Or the devious ways of an intriguing diplomat? Had some fair one in the hallowed circle of royalty loved not wisely but too well? Why during all these years has he remained the greatest of all mysteries?

NONE DARED TELL SECRET

Some believe that he was a twin or even elder brother of Louis XIV, a true heir to the crown hidden from the time of his birth. Others think that he was the elder illegitimate son of Charles II; or that he, and not Louis XIII, was the actual father of Louis XIV. Some have thought that he was the son of Buckingham and the Queen of France; others, that he was the son of Louis XIV and De la Vallière. To have revealed it would have cost anyone his life. The regent admitted when drunk that the prisoner was a son of Anne of Austria and Mazarin. Louis XV refused to tell Madame de Pompadour. Madame Campan stated that Louis XVI did not know the secret. De Chamillart on his deathbed declined to reveal the secret.

MASKED—HIS FACE HIS SECRET

In 1669 there was hurried across France a masked man whose identity was shrouded in mystery. Never has a prisoner been guarded with such vigilance and with such fear of his story becoming known. He was taken to an island prison where the governor carried his food to him; a confessor saw him once a year, but no other visitor ever laid eyes on him. *He was always masked—his face alone would tell his secret.*

He was well treated; supplied with fine clothing, books, and served from silver dishes. The governor stood before him uncovered, and addressed him as *Mon prince*. When the prisoner wrote messages on his white linen he was supplied only with black.

He is not a myth, as is proven by letters between Louvois, the minister, and Saint-Mars, the governor of the prison. These are all written in veiled language; never once is he given a name. No letter mentions his crime or whether he had committed one.

SECRET EVEN AFTER DEATH

This horrible punishment ended when, in 1703, the most mysterious of all prisoners died and was buried in the dead of night, under a false name, and given a false age.

His cell was carefully painted so that any message he might have written would be covered up, and everything he used was destroyed lest any clew might be left. Thus vanished a man whose name and identity was unknown even to his gaoler—some think even to the prisoner himself.

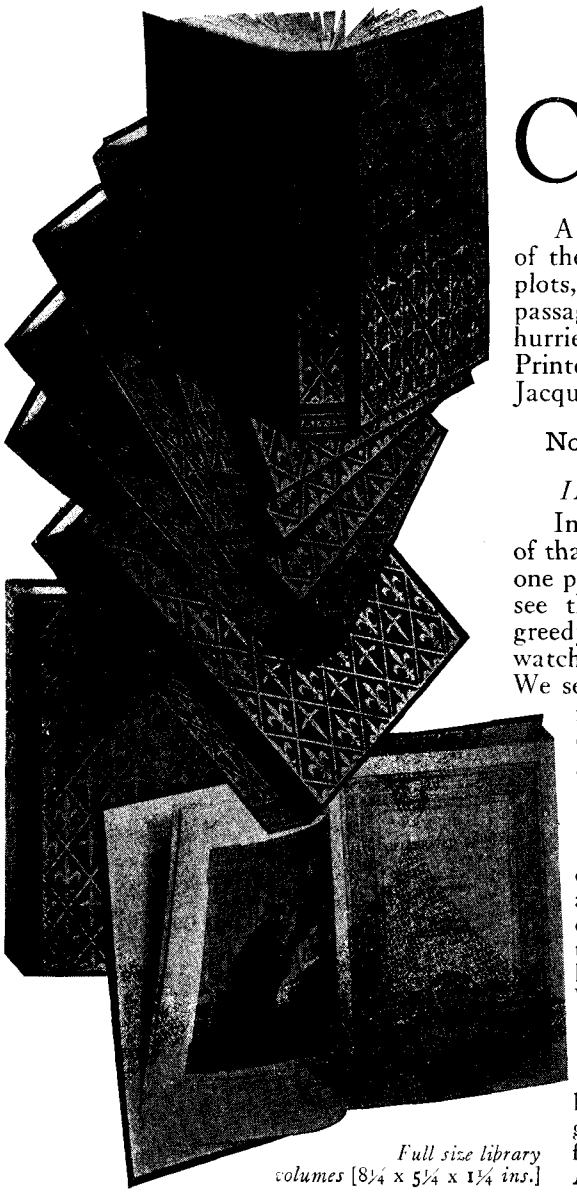
WHY WAS HIS LIFE PRESERVED?

What was the reason for all this secrecy? What crime, if any, did this man, evidently of exalted rank, commit that he should be buried alive for life? Why did the king preserve the life of this prisoner? Why did he not have him put to death? The subject becomes more mysterious as we investigate.

LONG BURIED RECORDS FOUND

The mystery has always terrified the imagination and excited speculation. With the nineteenth century came an opportunity to search long-buried records. Dumas did so and told the whole story in one of the volumes of the strangest and most curious set of books ever published, which he called

CELEBRATED CRIMES



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Let Dumas tell you about the beautiful but indiscreet Mary Stuart as Queen of France and Scotland, her amours, her barbarous imprisonment and murderous execution, one of the greatest crimes of history. You learn to know intimately the men and women whose crimes have contributed the tragedy to the history of the Old World.

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The Red Room

By
MARK O'NEIL

Illustrated by
GUS EDSON

An expert locksmith supplies the keys to some of the mysteries of Paris

MORTIMER had no idea where the girl was taking him. The cab whirled in and out of narrow streets, dark, but furtively alive with the lurid fascination of a Paris night. His mind, distorted by an excess of champagne, was vaguely aware of danger, but zest for adventure routed all misgivings. The girl's seductive perfume; her eyes, dark and glowing, set in a face like a pale flower; the caress of her soft white hand on his and the piquant salutation she attached to every question—"mon Américain;" her immediate presence, combined with memories of the gay and brilliant scene where he had met her—an after-theatre dance at the Café de l'Opéra—thrust haunting shadows of a Westchester suburb into dim background. For one bright hour he was fancy-free, unencumbered of family and social place—a knight errant seeking love where he would, and finding it.

The car brushed to a standstill at a curb. Mortimer followed the girl into a stone-faced building. Broad stone steps curved upward between vaultlike walls, poorly illumined. Her shadow danced ahead, and when she came before a door on the third floor she turned as she slipped a key into the lock and stirred his pulses with a swift smile of alluring promise.

In a long mirror, hung between red velvet curtains that seemed to fill the vestibule with a subtle fragrance, he caught a glimpse of the girl. Soft damask light showed her standing beside him, hands outheld for his cane and hat. Only then did he observe her slim figure, draped almost in mock prudery with a black gown that covered arms and bosom, ending in a white, lacy collar at her throat.

She murmured in French of course, and his blood tingled at the rustle of her skirt as she led him down a long passageway. Parting a heavy arras, she nodded, rather solemnly, for him to enter. Her gesture seemed to Mortimer, at the time, a preliminary rite.

WHISPERING that she would return in a moment, she left him, and for a while he stood, laughing sheepishly at himself, gradually perceiving, through mists of physical and mental intoxication, the strangeness of the room. Its walls were deep red, a rich wine red. A cluster of lights in a red-shelled chandelier above a table covered by red damask showed chairs upholstered in red. The rug he trod was red, and red curtains were drawn across the windows in loose, deceiving folds that excluded every scintilla of light, within and without.

Objects glinted on a sideboard fringed with red tassels. Startled, he saw a black-handled revolver, with a blunt, blue-steeled snout, lying beside the cut stopper of a brandy decanter. He stiffened, glanced apprehensively about him, and waited for a sound. Only the bark of a scurrying cab penetrated the windows. The atmosphere of the room oppressed him. He became aware of a tall mahogany table in a corner to his left. The thing seemed menacing.

"Look out," he warned himself, "this is a plant!"

In a second Mortimer had stepped to the sideboard and grasped the revolver. It felt warm. And then he grinned in self-mockery as he considered how unlikely it was that any adventuress framing a man would leave a deadly weapon within reach. He put down the gun, and the soft tinkle of its barrel against the decanter stopper unnerved him. He cried out, "Mamselle!" and again mocked himself with a laugh at the inadequacy of the word. There was no reply: his shout smote the face of the cabinet and died.

THOUGHTS and impulses raced through Mortimer's mind. He poised his body like the effective tackle he had been, and with three strides was at the cabinet door. He flung it open and stepped back, aghast. Propped upright against the rear wall was a young man, in dinner clothes, like his own. But this man's face was deathly pale, his eyelids closed in leaden slumber, and on his white shirt bosom was a splotch of thickening red.

As Mortimer clutched the table behind him for support, staring transfixed, the figure seemed to slump gradually. The cabinet door groaned on its hinges, oscillating from the force of its sudden opening.

Mortimer uttered a cry of horror. A pale patch appeared in a parting of the red arras, eyes flashed like dark flames, and the curtains closed. He charged at them, to grapple with slippery velvet, nothing more. Panic-stricken, he hurled himself at the outer door. The lock catch defied him. It was one of the French kind, opened both outside and inside by a key. He raced down the passageway, shouting against the stuffy walls. He came to a dimly lit bedchamber, and recoiled; then he stumbled through a kitchen lit fitfully by a blinking arc light in the street below. He shouted again, and cursed the silence.

He stood in a sobering sweat of fear, to get grips on himself.

"I'm tricked!" he repeated as stabbing pictures of disgrace flared through his mind. Police would come; arrest: headlines in Paris, sensational cables in newspapers at home. The best he could get out of this would be a smear of tawdry night adventure with a demimondaine. And the worst? What couldn't happen to a stranger in a strange country under such circumstances? He pictured his wife and two children, shocked and ashamed, his friends amazed, his prospects ruined. And he cursed the lure of bubbling wine and a soft face.

By instinct he acted. He would be first to inform the police. He peered into the bedroom. There was no telephone. Emboldened, he looked in another room, a room perfumed like a boudoir. No telephone there. He strode briskly back to the passageway for the red room, (*Continued on page 48*)

Mortimer followed the girl up stone steps and between vaultlike walls poorly illumined

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H A V E A C A M E L

One of life's great pleasures is smoking

Camels give you all of the enjoyment of choice tobaccos. Is enjoyment good for you? You just bet it is.

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THIS trail in the snow—how much it says of Goodyear traction! See how every sharp-edged block of the All-Weather Tread leaves clean-cut evidence of its power to grip and hold. This superior *safety,* coupled with *longer, slower wear* and *greater freedom from trouble,* has given the new Goodyear balloon its outstanding position as "THE WORLD'S GREATEST TIRE"!

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Laundry-washing Saves Money

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. . . because of the economies resulting from its ever-increasing volume of business, the modern laundry is able to offer a superior quality of work at prices considerably less than home-washing costs ⚜ Damp Wash Service—exactly what home washing gives you—averages about half the cost of home washing . . . . counting laundress hire, meals, carfare, soap, powders, bluing, starch, gas, water, repairs and depreciation on equipment, interest on investment, etc. ⚜ It is this substantial difference in cost that is daily prompting new thousands of women to patronize the laundry—many of whom are thrifty home-makers who formerly imagined they could not possibly afford laundry service ⚜ If you will make a comparison between laundry and home-washing costs, you, too, will discover that it is now possible to obtain from the laundry a better quality of work *for less* ⚜

The LAUNDRY does it best

—and Laundry washing is better

Modern laundries not only save you money on the actual washing—they also save money by lessening wear on clothes. Cylinder washers cleanse your clothes by gentle sousing and rinsing—eliminating all vigorous rubbing. Wringing is done by ingenious spinning baskets that extract water without damage to fabric. And in addition to these revolutionary advancements, the laundryowners of today employ only the most scientific washing formulas—the result of years of research by the corps of scientists maintained at the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research and the proving station at the American Institute of Laundering.

The inside surfaces of this washer are smooth as glass.

Clothes are dried to ironing dampness in these water extractors—without displacing a single fibre

Skilled scientists determine exacting washing formulas used in modern laundries

Modern laundries offer a variety of services to suit every family need. All-ironed work, partially-ironed work, and work which returns clothes damp for ironing, are but a few of the many individualized services available at laundries today. Phone a modern laundry now—let them help you decide which service is best suited to your needs.

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The Perfect Fool

Continued from page 19

to rescue another show running simultaneously. To expedite matters he arranged for a special running entrance through the front of the other house, taking the main aisle, hopping through a startled audience and leaping over the orchestra pit to make his bow.

The second theatre changed doormen, and one night, when Ed Wynn arrived breathless to make his entrance at the proper cue, the audience waited for a time in vain. The doorman had held up this weird figure wearing an Alpine hat, reënforced nose and flapping shoes.

Dropping the lighted cigar he invariably smokes when performing, and dropping it neatly into the ticket hopper, Wynn took advantage of the doorman's diverted attention to break through the line and run down the center aisle. An impatient audience applauded him. But almost instantly growls and oaths followed: two large policemen appeared, and that night's audience chaffed and giggled at a scene unpremeditated—a principal comic being jerked from the footlights by irate cops. The doorkeeper recognized him after that.

His Inventions Go Over Big

THE full flavor of his genius for nonsense was not to be found in his Winter Garden offerings. He had easily mastered the orthodox rites of revue comedy. In its simplest elements the technique is eccentric attire, brisk speech and an ability to kick other comics who are caught bending. During his apprenticeship to stardom, Ed Wynn studied the methods of other comics and read whatever he could of older comedians—not to find a pattern but to avoid one. . . . He searched for a vein of humor original and unmined.

"One can always buy or invent verbal gags," he explains. "They vary in laugh power, but they are always adaptations of the seven primal jokes. It is far more difficult to get objective gags: fun in action.

"If I tell you the story of two actors one of whom told the other his father was ill and about to be operated on, then asked what the surgeon did after operating and the other replied: 'Sews your old man'—if I tell you something like that, we have a verbal gag, built on a pun. But if, on the stage, one actor meets another and they burlesque a sharpshooting scene—one stands with a biscuit in his mouth; the other shoulders a rifle to shoot backward from a mirror; when the trigger snaps one actor bites the biscuit, which drops from his mouth, and both bow for applause as if a daring stunt had been accomplished—that's an action gag."

He demonstrated his theory by writing a show, book, lyrics and music, producing it and even painting some of the scenes and devising some of the costumes. He repeated the experiment twice. It worked, and it works.

The Grab Bag rolled around the country on waves of laughter. His prolific inventions made this possible.

"Now, those inventions," he said, "are not fantastic, although they must be extravagant to be amusing. They are true nonsense because each has its base in logical necessity.

"I entertained some friends at dinner one night and served a favorite dish—corn on the cob. One of my guests had amusing difficulties with his ears (of corn). The idea occurred that if somebody could invent a device to keep butter out of one's own ears when eating an ear of corn, that somebody would be a benefactor of the race.

"I planned the invention. It was simple. As the butter melted a small electric fan, attached to the eater's ear, drove it back. When the cob traveled to the other side of the mouth the electric fan was switched to the other ear. Or, better still, fans were attached to both the consumer's ears."

Solving this problem, Wynn went out to benefit the race on a large scale. His silent soup was a substantial contribution to table etiquette. The principle was, first, a muffler attached to the soup spoon. This was improved, and in its latest form the silent soup device was a musical soup spoon that diverted the soup drinker's energy through a fluted column so that he had with his meals the music he made. If the music was not boisterous enough to drown the sounds of soup consuming, the soup consumer was whacked over the head with a rubber mallet. This made the invention thoroughly effective.

Likewise his non-spraying grapefruit proves a boon to the American breakfast table. The grapefruit fiend equips himself and his friends with eye shields and windshield wipers. Energy to propel the wipers is derived from the grapefruit eater's jaw motions.

There is also Ed Wynn's amazing research into the uses of ham. You can use a ham as a war club, as a rest to prevent your car rolling downhill on a grade, as a pillow when traveling by day coach, as a seat cushion at a baseball park or football stadium. There are scores of similar uses. And, finally, when these are exhausted, you can eat the ham.

He has devised a neat system by which men with unusually large feet can put their trousers on over their heads, of distinguishing between a rubber cigar and a real one by seeing how far each stretches, and a device for eliminating long-distance after-dinner speeches by having the speaker stand on a trapdoor.

"These and similar inventions," he complains, "are dismissed as whimsies. Really they are meant to meet human needs. Vast fortunes will some day be made by somebody who exploits them, for all are mechanically simple and socially useful."

A Minneapolis genius sought to enjoin him by law from exploiting his self-lifting hat. This hat was designed by Ed Wynn to enable a man carrying parcels in both hands to salute whatever lady or ladies he should happen to meet. It is operated by a series of pulleys, motive power coming from a spring in a rubber heel worn by the man wearing the self-lifting hat.

To come up fresh each year with a new series of inventions supported by fresh gags; to master, as a mere side play, the protean art, changing rapidly from a cowboy to a waiter and vice versa in his new vehicle, Manhattan Mary, and to be constantly planning for a future stock of original fun, is exhausting if a man who relies so much on sheer inventiveness fails to keep fit.

"I take care of my diet and exercise religiously," Ed Wynn maintains. "Long walks around Great Neck where I live, handball in New York and an occasional wrestling match keep me in good shape.

"Physical fitness is necessary if you want to survive the ordeal of being funny every day of your life."

There's Only One Thing to Do

THE Perfect Fool hurried on stage arrayed in a coat halfway up his spine under a feathered fedora topped by a green umbrella that produced its own rain from a squirt manipulated by a rubber ball held in his hand. His huge shoes flip-flopped through the wings. When he returned a Japanese valet had an unhooked telephone receiver awaiting him.

"Hello," he snapped. "Is this the nurse? How is the little fellow?"

The knobbed nose and smeared brows could not screen taut anxiety. He had his answer and turned to me.

"My little boy hasn't been well," he explained. "It's worried me all day. But when you can't help him and he's in good hands there's only one thing to do—that's work."

So saying, he removed the knob of paint from his nose; the eyebrows vanished, and in a candid mirror the Perfect Fool regarded his serious self.

How would you play it?

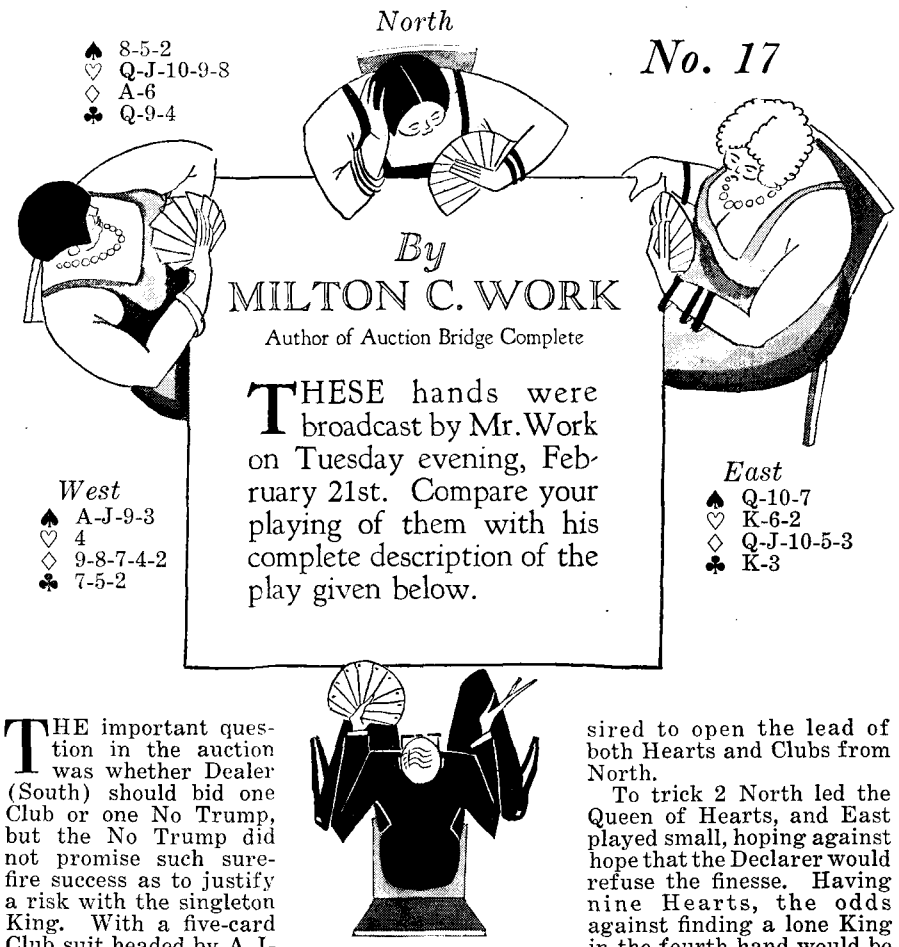
No. 17

North
♠ 8-5-2
♡ Q-J-10-9-8
◇ A-6
♣ Q-9-4

West
♠ A-J-9-3
♡ 4
◇ 9-8-7-4-2
♣ 7-5-2

East
♠ Q-10-7
♡ K-6-2
◇ Q-J-10-5-3
♣ K-3

South
♠ K-6-4
♡ A-7-5-3
◇ K
♣ A-J-10-8-6



By
MILTON C. WORK
Author of Auction Bridge Complete

THESE hands were broadcast by Mr. Work on Tuesday evening, February 21st. Compare your playing of them with his complete description of the play given below.

THE important question in the auction was whether Dealer (South) should bid one Club or one No Trump, but the No Trump did not promise such sure-fire success as to justify a risk with the singleton King. With a five-card Club suit headed by A-J-10, a side Ace and two side Kings, a very attractive Club bid was presented and it was undoubtedly safer than the No Trump.

West, of course, had nothing to say, but North quite correctly bid one Heart. At a love score comparatively few games are made with Minor trumps, and therefore the partner of a Minor bidder who has a Major bid, or who has justification for a No Trump declaration, should make it; even with more than normal support for the Minor, a higher-valued bid is not a denial of a Minor.

East had to decide whether to bid two Diamonds or pass North's Heart. She appreciated that there could be little hope of game when her partner did not have the strength to overcall South's one Club; and if North and South could make game at Hearts, they surely would rebid the Hearts if East called two Diamonds. She had no reason to put in a lead-director, so she passed.

The Play

EAST'S opening lead was the Queen of Diamonds, on which Dummy's lone King fell, and then North could see that her game was assured unless East led through and captured Dummy's King of Spades.

Should the Declarer permit Dummy's King of Diamonds to hold the first trick, the lead would have to come from that hand, and regardless of whether a Heart or Club were chosen, East might obtain the lead on the second trick of that suit, lead a Spade, and enable East and West to save the game by taking in three Spade tricks. Declarer was anxious to exhaust the adverse trumps, but leading the Heart from Dummy (South) would make the odds against capturing the King very great, whereas there would be an even chance of doing so if the trumps were led from Closed Hand.

Clearly it was essential for Declarer to overtake Dummy's King of Diamonds with the Ace, although doing so left the Closed Hand with a worthless Diamond instead of the winner. The worthless Diamond, however, could be trumped by Dummy, and it was essential for the best development of the two hands that the lead to trick 2 come from North and not from South. The Declarer desired to open the lead of both Hearts and Clubs from North.

To trick 2 North led the Queen of Hearts, and East played small, hoping against hope that the Declarer would refuse the finesse. Having nine Hearts, the odds against finding a lone King in the fourth hand would be very great, and the chance of catching a King in the second hand an even one; so the finesse was Declarer's play.

When the Queen of Hearts won, North continued with the Jack, and East knew that all hope of taking a trump trick had vanished. However, she appreciated that in view of Dummy's Clubs it was advisable to have the lead in Dummy rather than in Closed Hand. So she once again played small on North's trump lead, not expecting Declarer to play Dummy's Ace, but hoping that she would immediately lead one more round to exhaust the trumps and place the lead in Dummy, where East wanted it. When West did not follow to the second lead of trumps, the Declarer grasped the situation. Should she lead a third trump for the immediate capture of East's King, the lead once more would be in Dummy, and while it could be put back in Closed Hand by the lead of the fourth trump, North would be left with a losing Diamond which she was planning that Dummy should trump.

To trick 4 the Declarer therefore switched from the trump suit, feeling that she would have no difficulty in capturing East's lone King in due season, and tried the Club finesse, leading the Queen of Clubs from Closed Hand. This lead put East in a hopeless position. She knew perfectly well that North would finesse should she not cover with the King, and her only chance was that West held four clubs headed by the Nine. She therefore covered, and the rest became easy for the Declarer. Winning this trick with the Ace of Clubs, she led the Ace of trumps, ran the Clubs on which she obtained two Spade discards from Closed Hand, and, with the aid of the ruff of Closed Hand's losing Diamond, made a Small Slam.

In next week's issue Mr. Work will play the Collier's Radio Bridge Hands, to be broadcast Tuesday evening, February 28th, at ten o'clock Eastern Standard Time, through the following stations:

WEAF, New York; WEEI, Boston; WJAR, Providence; WTAG, Worcester; WTIC, Hartford; WGR, Buffalo; WFI, Philadelphia; WRC, Washington; WCSH, Portland, Me.; WSM, Nashville; WHAS, Louisville; WGY, Schenectady; WDAF, Kansas City; WCCO, Minneapolis-St. Paul; WCAE, Pittsburgh; WTAM, Cleveland; WWJ, Detroit; WSAI, Cincinnati; WGN, Chicago; KSD, St. Louis; WOC, Davenport; WSB, Atlanta; WMC, Memphis; WHO, Des Moines; WOW, Omaha; WTMJ, Milwaukee.

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Free, White and Female

Continued from page 18

one ask," she ventured, "who you are—why you and Mortimer Blade look enough alike to be twins."

"My name," he said simply, "is Lame. I am a painter more admired by artists than by purchasers. . . . And I am not proud of my resemblance to Mortimer."

She addressed herself to her food, but spoke presently with a little drawing together of her shoulders as if a sudden chill had blown upon her. "Let us eat quickly," she said. "My mood has changed. I'm restless. I want music and heaps of action and excitement. I *can't sit still tonight.*"

"Very good," he said amiably and paused to regard her with eyes whose meaning she could not fathom. "But let's not have our restlessness turn to recklessness."

"I don't mind saying," said Martha, "that I am considering that very thing."

JUNE had turned over its interest in the world to July, which surrendered to August. Before September was done with its transactions the Bundy family had talked itself into, as Mr. Bundy said, going the whole hog.

Even in those short months the city had shrugged its shoulders outward, requiring more room for its bulk. Things were developing; farms were ceasing to be farms; homes were arising here and there; business was crawling out along the turnpike. . . . The future was sure. Everything depended upon how far in the future that certainty lay.

A million dollars in profits was now the Bundy goal, and it was a logical, reasonable goal. But to reach it required the spending of money, much money. They could have closed out with a handsome profit a month ago, but this very fact set them the more determinedly to persist in their adventure. A syndicate had offered them fifty thousand dollars for their bargain and then had come up to seventy-five thousand. Their refusal was peremptory.

"If those birds," said Damon, "are willing to pay us so much money for our chance, it's worth hanging onto."

So it appeared to all, though Mr. Bundy, compelled by his self-assumed position as balance wheel to the family, registered his opposition.

"A bird in the hand," he said.

"A sparrow in the hand," said Pythias, "isn't worth a turkey in the bush—"

"Not if you have your eye on him and are a good shot," said Gelon.

"His heart would break if we agreed with him," said Theron. "He's just doing his duty like a man."

"I guess we all know Pa," said Damon.

"We admire him," said Gelon.

"It's because he's so steady," said Pythias.

"But he's awful covetous of money," said Theron.

"It's his one defect," said Damon.

"You boys shut up," said Mr. Bundy. "How do you expect a body to think with this clatter? If we slap a mortgage on the Bundy land, somebody's got to pay it."

"He means us," said Gelon.

"We've already hocked everything we've got to hock," said Mr. Bundy. "Somehow I despise the thoughts of that mortgage."

"Then let's not do it," said Theron solemnly.

"I'm with you," said Gelon. "Never mortgage the old place."

"It would be a mistake," said Damon.

"The trouble with you boys is lack of experience," said Mr. Bundy. "A mortgage ain't going to bite you. I'm going to the bank to see about it. Now."

"He hits while the iron's hot," said Pythias.

"Just a nice little tame mortgage," advised Gelon.

"One the children can have in the parlor," said Theron.

"I got my mind made up what it'll be," said Mr. Bundy. "It'll be short-term, that's what. No long, lingering mortgage for me. Six months. We ought to be some place in six months."

"Then we can sign contracts," said Theron.

"For sidewalks and sewers and water," said Pythias.

"But we really don't need them," said Damon. "Pa's so headstrong."

"Your Pa," said Mr. Bundy, "knew his vegetables when you were all wearing didies."

The boys stared at each other aghast. "He's going in for modern slang," said Gelon.

"Sign of something," said Theron.

"I know what of," said Damon. "He's been tying his ties straight ever since he met that buddy of Martha's. Brothers, our father has fell for a flapper."

"She was a likely girl," said Mr. Bundy composedly, "and she talked sense. You boys went at things all wrong. You got Martha's back up, and now she's disinherited the lot of us. What did you have to go smashing up that beau of hers for? This Jerry girl says it just made Martha more obstinate."

"There's two men she runs around with a lot," said Theron.

"This Blade fellow and an artist by the name of Lame," said Pythias, "and he looks enough like Mortimer to be his twin—only kind of different."

"I'd hate to look like Blade," said Theron.

"He probably does," said Gelon. "It's funny we can't find out anything about him. French name."

"What," asked Damon, "if she should up and *marry* this Blade?"

"When he marries," said Pythias, "it'll be a pot of money."

"The Lord help him," said Mr. Bundy, "if he comes any funny business over Martha."

"He's had his warning," said Gelon.

"It's just contrariness," said Mr. Bundy. "She's doing it to spite us."

"Can't say. This Mortimer's got a way with the wimmin," said Theron.

"A man is so doggone helpless where his womenfolks are concerned," complained Mr. Bundy. "Come along and stop deafening a body."

The transaction was completed without great difficulty, and a considerable cash credit was placed to the family name in the bank. Forthwith they set about the matter of obtaining bids and making contracts. It was a busy time. They obligated themselves in largish sums and set about the difficult task of speeding the work.

Which activity Roswell Blade and his son noted and discussed with an eye both to profit and the luxury of satisfying an ancient enmity and a very modern desire, on the part of young Mortimer, to keep his given word that he would do damage to the Bundy family if it required a lifetime of effort. He was excessively bitter. His thrashing in Miss Patty's speak-easy rankled and would rankle until he found a poultice for the wound.

"This is once," he told his father, "that you and I have got to pull together."

"I've been thinking things over," said Mr. Blade, "and keeping an eye on developments. It looks to me as if neighbor Bundy was getting out of his depth."

"But they may pull the thing off," said Mortimer.

"More than a chance—if they're allowed. Somehow it would irk me tremendously if they made a million out of it."

"Then," said Mortimer, "suppose we busy ourselves."

"I," said Mr. Blade, "have already done so. Yesterday I bought James Bailey's stock in the bank. He is a director. I shall be elected to his place."

"I don't follow you."

"Time is the most precious ingredient in the Bundy plans," said Mr. Blade. "They must have the improvement work done and the property on the market at the nearest possible day. . . . Before the mortgage falls due."

"They've mortgaged the place! I didn't believe they would do that."

"Nor I, but you never can tell about a Bundy. . . . Personally I should take some delight in cutting up that estate into cheap building lots. It would lacerate the Bundy sensibilities."

"It would," said Mortimer.

"So," said Mr. Blade, "while I tinker with high finance, you will see that work does not speed. Our socialist or anarchist friends have invented a weapon called sabotage. Why not? You, my son, will perpetrate a quantity of high-class sabotage."

"As how?"

"I note an elaborate trenching machine, an efficient modern method of digging ditches in which to lay pipes and the like. One with some knowledge of mechanics could keep that machine in a state of paralysis. That is a sample. There will be concrete mixers and the like—and men to operate them. . . . Then there is the delicate business of spreading rumors. Oh, don't worry that you will lack pleasant employment. And remember that every day of delay will cost them an ample sum. Enough days of delay will spell ruin."

Mortimer nodded. "But I don't understand this bank move of yours."

"Possibly not. But a bank is a source of money. It holds, for instance, the Bundy mortgage. Suppose the thing comes to maturity and the Bundys must have a renewal. And suppose it is not renewed. A charming speculation. . . . Or, as an official of the bank, suppose I was to *buy* the mortgage. I fancy the Bundy clan would experience some agitation at news that I held the mortgage on their land."

"And we standing ready to gather up the ruins for a song," said Mortimer.

"My thoughts precisely," said Mr. Blade.

"A square division, though," said Mortimer.

"IN THIS thing," said Mr. Blade, "we cannot afford to bicker. For once we must emulate the family solidity of the Bundys. The loyalty of all to one and of one to all. A noble attribute!"

"And there's the girl," said Mortimer.

"I think I would not pursue that angle of the matter too far," said Mr. Blade. "You might not be extant to enjoy the Bundy debacle. They're medieval, you know."

"I'll take care of myself," said Mortimer, "and, by the way, I commence now. When you take over that Bundy mortgage—if you do—it must be in our names jointly. Yours and mine."

"How we Blades do trust each other!" said his father.

"That," said Mortimer, "is how it lies. Does it go?"

"I suppose it must," said Mr. Blade thoughtfully. He was silent a moment. "But there's one fly in the amber," he said.

"What's that?"

"A young man," said Mr. Blade, "by the name of Lame—a Frenchman, I understand, and a painter—with a studio on West Sixty-seventh Street."

Mortimer's mouth opened—his jaws seemed to drop.

"You know?" he demanded.

"For some several weeks. A chance meeting and not wholly satisfactory. . . . An arrival in America about which you did not take me into your confidence."

"What does he mean to do?"

"Upon that point he was reticent. Did you have any better luck with him? I understand you have made several attempts."

(*Continued on page 34*)

About Nameographs

IF COLLIER'S were to contain nothing but Nameographs for the next year it would be impossible to print all those we now have in the office.

More than 150,000 letters containing Nameographs have been received and Collier's readers send them in now at the rate of 15,000 a week.

Evidently it *is* the new indoor sport of America, as we hopefully suggested, last October, that it might be.

Of course, the task of examining them and selecting the best, or what we think are the best, is responsible for our stooped shoulders and a new touch of grayness just under the hatband.

But we shall continue to look at *all* the Nameographs no matter how many you send us. And those we publish each week will be still the fruit of very careful culling.

So send them in. We are glad that Nameographs have interested so many thousands of our readers. May your tribe increase.

THE EDITOR.

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NASH LUXURY AT NASH PRICE

Gives you the utmost in motor car value

THOSE who love fine motor cars are attracted invariably to Nash, because Nash invariably shows them style and luxury quite unusual among moderately priced motor cars.

Finer materials, charming taste, more exacting care in workmanship, all these contribute to lend charm to your motoring, when you drive a Nash.

Looms famous for fine fabrics originate the unusual upholsteries employed in Nash interior dress. Body colors are applied by the Nash deep-lustre process which imparts depth and brilliancy to their beauty. Walnut and walnut finish paneling is liberally used to produce the fine-car atmosphere which surrounds you in a Nash.

And, when you find this perfect atmosphere in a car perfected in basic design, on a chassis every inch precision built, with a 7-bearing 6-cylinder motor of surpassing smoothness, it is easy to understand why so many people are enthusiastic about Nash.

Then, when you inquire the price and find it no higher than other cars much less desirable, it is easy to believe that *Nash leads the world in motor car value.*

STANDARD SIX $865 to $1085 — SPECIAL SIX $1135 to $1445 — ADVANCED SIX $1340 to $1990
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NASH

LEADS THE WORLD IN MOTOR CAR VALUE

Standard Six Sedan

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The Census of Intelligence

CATCHING UP WITH THE WORLD

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON
Director Science Service

LOOK out how you answer the census takers. They are really giving you an unconscious intelligence test as effective in its way as those employed by school and service examiners when they instruct the candidate to "Underline the third word in this sentence if air is heavier than water."

For when the statistician comes to compute the census returns from certain sections he is startled to discover that the children grow up by jerks. They seem to skip the odd years. More children are reported at the age of four than at three, more at six than at five, more at eight than at seven, more at ten than at nine, and especially more at twelve than at eleven, though in a population growing up gradually there should be fewer each successive year, since some are sure to die and none are known to be born at such advanced ages.

Yet such miracles would appear to be common among the Negroes of South Carolina, for, if we can believe the census, twelve-year-old children are 40 to 50 per cent more numerous than eleven-year-olds, and—what is still more astonishing—the twelve-year-olds outnumber the babies. In Mississippi even the native whites of native parentage report more children at ten and twelve than at any other age. That implies that a fifth of the children are not counted and that the ages of those reported are often given wrong.

Professor Huntington of Yale has used this test to draw a map of the United States showing the heights and depths of intelligence among native whites of native parentage, as altitude is depicted on relief maps. This map shows a strip of high intelligence and accuracy covering the northern tier of states from southern New England to Oregon. North Dakota and Minnesota stand highest. California and Florida have been brought up by the high character of their recent emigration into the second class along with New Hampshire and Vermont. On the other hand, Maine and Nevada appear to have lost in quality of population through emigration and now stand in the third class along with southern Missouri and Virginia. In the fourth class are Georgia and Alabama, while the lowest areas are in the lowland regions of South Carolina, Mississippi and Louisiana.

How much of this error is due to the ignorance and stupidity of the inhabitants and how much to the laziness and lying of the census taker it would be difficult to decide. But in either case it reflects the locality.

The Crime of Comfort

WHEN an American audience at the newest and rawest melodrama or moving picture applauds the homespun and hisses the sophisticated "city slicker," it is following one of the oldest and strangest traditions: the innate goodness of the simple life; the incurable contempt of the city for itself. We catch an echo of the scorn of the austere Roman historians denouncing the commercial Carthaginians and the cultured Hellenes—nay, even admitting that Rome herself was degenerate as compared with the hardy German barbarians. Rousseau, who could hardly breathe away from the artificial atmosphere of Parisian society, cheerfully admitted that this taste was as vicious as opium and even doubted if all the arts and sciences had not been means to degeneration.

Edward Carpenter put the matter yet more bluntly in his Civilization: Its Causes and Cure. In every age we find nobles and men of wealth playing at peasants, as did Marie Antoinette and Tolstoy, or in more uncompromising mood playing barbarian, as did Commodus in the Roman arena and Gauguin in Tahiti.

What is the explanation? Is civilization really a mistake or do we make a mistake in thinking it necessarily evil? Is crime more common in cities or only more concentrated and obvious? Has man been so long trained by hardship that he is spoiled by a touch of prosperity or has the change merely been a little too swift for him to adapt himself to his own inventions? If we could be sure of a correct answer to these questions, a true statesmanship might be possible after all!

Artificial Fright

WHAT would you say if you were to see a man suddenly flush and then turn pale?

His pupils dilate. His hair rises. Gooseflesh arises on his skin. Perspiration runs from his brow. His mouth is too dry to speak. His eyes fill with tears. His hands tremble. His knees shake.

You would say, "That man is badly scared."

Perhaps he is. A few years ago you would have been certain that he was. But now we cannot be so sure. Perhaps he is perfectly calm and has nothing to alarm or distress his mind. He may merely have got an overdose of epinephrin. This is an extract of the adrenal glands, the appropriate secretion in case of fright. But now that it can be made in the laboratory in a concentrated form it may be employed to produce by injection the similitude of strong emotion.

Such a state might be called "synthetic terror."

It bears the same relation to the natural fear as rayon does to silk or celluloid to ivory. The chemist is learning how to manufacture imitation emotions.

Free, White and Female

Continued from page 32

"I couldn't even find out if he knows anything or even suspects anything."

"One couldn't," said Mr. Blade. "He rather compels admiration—and gives rise to a certain total of apprehension."

"Why," demanded Mortimer, "didn't he stay in France?"

"Exactly," said Mr. Blade, "what I have been asking myself. Why?"

"You and I," said Mortimer, "would do well to step softly and peer around corners before we turn them."

"I have been doing so."

"And," said Mortimer, "he's fallen for Martha Bundy. At least he is seen with her a great deal."

"Fancy," said Mr. Blade, somewhat ironically, "your being rivals! A situation. Other important matters disposed of, I could derive amusement from it."

MARTHA BUNDY was in a state of mind. She was not happy; she was not satisfied. There was something vague, something very much craved by her, but she was unable to identify it. Freedom she had beyond the verge of license—if she cared to voyage that far—but mere freedom seemed altogether inadequate.

It was as if she stood on a noisy crowded corner day after day and day after day—jostled and shouldered about—waiting for someone or something to pass. It would have been less irritating if she knew what she hoped to become. She was intensely ambitious in an incoherent, formless way; and accused herself bitterly because she did not achieve. Nevertheless she had set no definite goal. It was simply that she wanted to achieve something—anything worth achieving. . . . Or to be achieved by something.

"Darn it!" she said.

"Darn what?"

"Everything," said Martha. "What's it all about?"

"Oh, *that* old question! Personally I don't think it's all about anything."

"What becomes of us eventually?"

"I suppose most of us end up by getting married. Some night when we're tight—or because we get sorry for some man—or for some darn reason. And end up with a husband to support." She widened her big eyes.

"It's unfair."

"To whom?"

"Women."

Jerry shook her head. "Nothing unfair. It hits the men just the same. A woman can't marry a man very handy without having him marry her back again. Both sides get gypped."

"There must be something else—something more to life than hanging around until you fall for a man, and then hanging around."

"Listen, Precious," said Jerry. "A woman has her choice of three things: to be married, to be kept, to be out of luck."

"What," asked Martha, "becomes of all the beauty, the poetry of life? Isn't there any?"

"I've had numbers of gentlemen guarantee it," said Jerry. "It's how they salve their consciences for being untrue to their wives! The divine right of every human being to grab off a verse of poetry or a beautiful experience!" She widened her eyes still further. "Why," she exclaimed, "I've even heard them mention love!"

"But there *is* love," Martha insisted. "There's got to be that. I know my mother and father loved each other."

"Family stuff!" said Jerry briskly.

Suddenly, without realizing it, Martha found herself on a side of the argument where technically, having severed her family ties and abjured all Bundys, she did not belong. It was not immediately that she detected it.

"Well," she said, "after all love is family stuff. That's the general idea of it, isn't it?"

"You've been reading a book. . . . Still, I guess we've got to admit love. It's a wonderful thing: people shoot themselves for it."

"You're being hard-boiled."

"I'm most awful soft-boiled and squzzy. You see," she went on in her businesslike, staccato little voice, "I'm in love—and it's cramping my style."

"In love! You! With whom, may I ask?"

"Banks Prouty, if the information is essential."

"But he's married!"

"Don't I know it? . . . And don't *he* know it?"

"But, my dear! What are you going to do?"

"I—I don't know. But one thing I'm not going to do—I'm not going to bust up any families."

"You were just crabbing families."

"So I was," Jerry said with an impish twinkle, "but that's because I haven't any." Suddenly her eyes darkened. "Do you think I'd be here living like *this*—if I had a family?"

"I have—and I am," said Martha shortly. "A girl today, educated and brought up as we are, can't give up her individuality to her family. She's got

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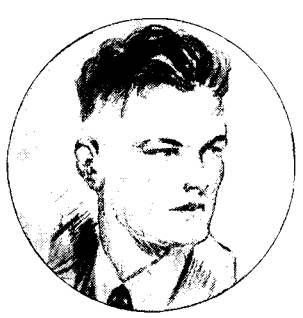
H. C. WITWER

gives us another reel of Bigger and Better under the title of

Daniels and the Lion



in which Jack King pulls a fast trigger.

In next week's COLLIER'S

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The Spirit of Service

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

IN JULY, 1926, lightning struck the Navy Arsenal at Denmark Lake, New Jersey. The explosion demolished the $80,000,000 plant, rocked the countryside, left thousands homeless and many dead. While the community fled in terror, fresh explosions hurled fragments of shell and debris far and wide.

High upon the roster of those who responded to the call of duty were the telephone workers. Operators in the danger zone stayed at their posts. Those who had left for the day and others on vacation, on their own initiative, hurried back to help handle the unprecedented volume of calls. Linemen and repairmen braved exploding shells to restore the service. Within a little over an hour emergency telephone service was established, invaluable in caring for the victims and in mobilizing forces to fight the fire which followed.

In spite of repeated warnings of danger still threatening, no telephone worker left the affected area.

Through each of the day's twenty-four hours, the spirit of service is the heritage of the thousands of men and women who have made American telephone service synonymous with dependability. In every emergency, it is this spirit that causes Bell System employees to set aside all thought of personal comfort and safety and, voluntarily, risk their lives to "Get the message through."

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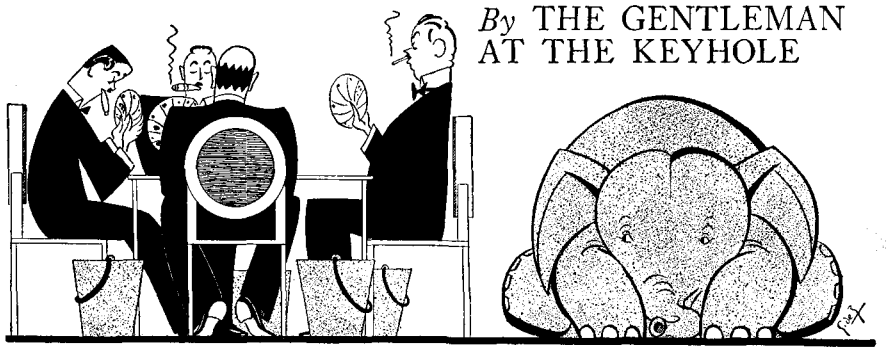

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

Who'll get the Breaks?

SECRETARY MELLON is, at this writing, likely soon to declare for Secretary Hoover for the Republican nomination for President. He may possibly reserve his decision until the Republican National Convention.

If he does, he will go to the convention with a delegation friendly to Mr. Hoover.

In other words, it is now clear that Mr. Mellon is not going to be a big factor in Republican politics in 1928, no bigger factor than Mr. Hilles of New York, Mr. Edge of New Jersey or Mr. Butler of Massachusetts.

So the man who was described recently as the "most powerful man in the world" becomes just another rather feeble state leader, acquiescing in the drift—it can hardly be termed anything but that—toward Mr. Hoover. He is not another Penrose. There is not another Penrose.

The reasons why Mr. Mellon will cut only a small figure in 1928 Republican politics are plain enough. He has no firm control upon the Republican party in his own state. Mr. Vare showed that two years ago by running against his candidate for senator and beating him. And he does not speak for big business in Republican affairs.

Nobody speaks for big business in Republican affairs. Big business does not know what it wants in 1928 or it is indifferent as to who is the Republican candidate for 1928. So the influence of big business in politics becomes a fiction, just like the fiction of great leaders like Penrose, Aldrich, Hanna, Platt and Quay.

Big Bosses Were a Good Sign

IT IS an odd and it may be a disquieting fact that nobody thinks it worth while to control the Republican party, which has governed the country for all except sixteen of the last sixty-seven years.

That party has just elected two Presidents in succession by over 7,000,000 plurality. Its present administration is enormously popular. It possesses vast assets of good will. It has the reputation of bringing prosperity to the people. Its chances of success next year are good.

Big business cannot find a candidate for the 1928 nomination, and while it is not enthusiastic over Mr. Hoover it does not care enough to work against him.

As for the state leaders, there is not one of them that you could not knock over with a straw.

In place of Platt in New York there is the elegant and ineffectual Mr. Hilles. In place of Murray Crane in Massachusetts you have the inept Butler. In place of Quay or Penrose in Pennsylvania you have Mr. Mellon and Mr. Vare, the one old and not much of a politician, and the other dull, with just enough capacity to run a municipal machine. In place of Hanna in Ohio you have a lot of squabbling local bosses, merely county leaders, all of them trembling before the Anti-Saloon League.

We used to deplore the bosses, but really they were a healthy sign. Their existence meant that ambitious and able men took enough interest in politics to devote their time and energies to it and to aim at the control of parties.

I know it is the fashion to say that we don't have bosses today because of the direct-primary system. But even the small bosses that we have never fail to have their way in the popular primaries.

No, we don't have bosses today, for the same reason that the most herculean efforts don't get out more than about 50 per cent of the voters—namely, because of the growing indifference to politics.

Make politics seem as important again as it seemed all the way up to the later nineties, and ambitious men would arise to control parties.

Not a Party at All

SURELY the Republican party, with all its opportunities for pelf and for power, ought to seem worth somebody's while.

But it doesn't. And the fact that it is no longer the object of somebody's ambitions works down the line to the ordinary voter. If it is not worth anyone's while to be the boss of a party it is not worth anyone's while to be a regular member of it. And that is the disquieting thing about the Republican party. It is not a party at all. It isn't even a habit of voting. It is the breaks in the election. They were for the Democrats in 1912 and 1916. They were for the Republicans in 1920 and 1924.

Now, here's a break in the 1928 election that may turn out badly for the Republicans. It is improbable that the Hon. William S. Vare will get himself fired out of the Senate in time to file in the regular Pennsylvania primaries as a candidate for the vacancy created by the chucking out. That may not seem important.

But don't forget that the failure of Hughes to shake Hiram Johnson's hand turned the election of 1916.

If Mr. Vare could get himself thrown down the Senate steps soon enough, he and Senator David Reed would both be running for the two Pennsylvania Senate vacancies. This would insure the Mellon support for Vare and the Vare support for Reed. Thus Vare would go on the same ticket with the Republican candidate for President. And the Vare machine would be interested in the success of that ticket.

Wet Weather Ahead in Philly

BUT the contest of William B. Wilson for Vare's seat in the Senate will have to be heard first, and that will take a long time. So Mr. Vare may not be on the ticket with the Republican candidate for President.

Good judges of Pennsylvania politics say that Al Smith (if he is nominated by the Democrats) will come down to Philadelphia with a majority. Even William B. Wilson, the Democrat who ran against Vare, carried all of Pennsylvania except Philadelphia. The Vare machine is wet. It is largely officered by men who, for religious reasons, will be friendly to the New York governor. Not having the job of putting Mr. Vare over for the Senate, it may do unexpected things.

Free, White and Female

Continued from page 34

to get away from them or die of cramp. . . ."

"What," asked Jerry practically, "has it got you to date?"

"It's kept me from being dominated."

"Personally," said Jerry, "I'd like to be dominated—and like it."

The telephone rang, and Martha answered. "Mr. Bundy to see you," said the switchboard operator.

"Which Mr. Bundy?" asked Martha.

"Mr. Timoleon Bundy," said the operator presently.

Martha turned to Jerry. "It's Pa," she said. "Now what's he *up* to?"

"He's an old duck, whatever he's up to. If you don't want to see him, I'll take him off your hands."

Martha directed shortly that her father should be sent up, and presently he entered, making no special point of his unexpected appearance and acting for all the world as if he dropped in every day. He kissed Martha, apparently oblivious to her reluctance to partake of this family fare and smiled at Jerry.

"HOW are you, Miss Geraldine?" he asked. "The boys said I better leave you alone on account of my inexperience. I talk a lot about you off and on. Guess they're kind of worried."

"I'm the one who would have to watch her step," said Jerry.

"I came in," said Mr. Bundy, "to get acquainted with speak-easies and night clubs and modern improvements. The boys were all against it. Said I wasn't adapted for it."

"I think you are," said Jerry, "and if you'll invite me I'll break all engagements and go along."

"I don't believe you're wicked enough," said Mr. Bundy. "I don't know if anybody is."

"I can be. Ask Martha if I've got a single moral."

"Look here, Pa," said Martha with subdued belligerence, "you're up to something. First you set the boys on me—to follow me around and thrash my friends. After that I thought I made myself clear. I won't be meddled with."

Mr. Bundy lifted his eyebrows. "You leave me alone, and I'll leave you alone. It's bad enough to have the boys on my coat-tail. I'm getting old. If I'm going to have any fun, I'm about due to start. Where'd you get the idea I was going to meddle with you?"

"You are," said Martha, "somehow."

"I got too many children," said Mr. Bundy to Jerry. "Five too many."

"Well, commencing now you can count one off," said Martha.

"That's a relief," said Mr. Bundy. "Only four left. Were you contemplating some special mischief, Martha, that you didn't want me to mix into? Because I won't. I'm getting a sight of vicarious pleasure out of you, Martha. Always wanted to take the bit in my teeth myself, but somehow I never got around to it. First off your ma kind of interfered with my freedom. Your ma and I were married twelve years and eighteen days, and during that time I never got to roam any at all." He turned to Jerry and nodded his head. "I was held down close, Miss Geraldine. In twelve years and eighteen days I never was away from my wife one night."

"That was pretty mean," said Jerry, but her eyes smarted.

"So it was. Don't know how a red-blooded man ever put up with it. And the boys are worse. If two of them aren't with me everywhere I go, they worry to death. They don't know how durable I am. I could go lots of places and see lots of thing—and I aim to from this on."

"Now, Pa—"

"You look here, Martha. I won't be meddled with. You can put that down in your book. I'm loose from the boys till they catch me, and I'll not put up with interfering from you. I really came to see Miss Geraldine."

"Jerry," corrected that young woman.

"Sounds much wickeder," said Mr. Bundy. "Do you like baseball?"

"I do," said Jerry, "but nobody ever takes me. Nobody ever takes you anywhere you can't get cocktails."

"I'd take you this afternoon," said Mr. Bundy, "if only they'd pass a law making it illegal. Or if it was déclassé. It ain't wicked enough to pay for going."

"You just crave evil, don't you, Mr. Bundy?"

"And," said Mr. Bundy, "lots of it." He sighed. "I wish you'd go away some place, Martha, and follow your destiny, or whatever you call it nowadays when you mean go to hell in a hand basket. You are—er—cramping my style. It's only the very advanced books where father and daughter go on a spree together. Next season's style, maybe, but a jump ahead of this year."

"Either," said Martha, "you've taken leave of your senses or you're working on some silly scheme to influence me."

Mr. Bundy ignored this. "Jerry," he asked, "do you drink a good deal?"

"I seldom get *tight*," said Jerry cautiously, "but I generally go to bed feeling my oats."

"And I," said Mr. Bundy, "hold my liquor like a gentleman. Even the boys admit it."

"It promises," said Jerry, "to be a large evening."

"Oversize, if anything. And Martha, if the boys come nosing around here, don't you tell them where I've gone."

"I don't know where you're going."

"The essence of modern freedom," said Mr. Bundy, "is to refuse to tell those who have a right to know where you are spending the evening. Have I asked you where you are going?"

"No."

"Well, observe that I shall not, and take example thereby. Do you know lots of good speak-easies, Jerry, where you won't go blind?"

"Heaps. The good ones don't sell bad liquor. They try to get and keep just a selected few customers, and they can't afford to kill them off."

"A comforting reflection," said Mr. Bundy. "Shall we make a day of it?"

"Yes."

"Jerry," said Martha, "don't you let him pump you."

"You," said Mr. Bundy, "are a vain little thing. Your movements, past or future, are of no importance to me. . . . Ready, Jerry."

"Yes, Mr. Bundy."

He coughed. "It's a shame my name is Timoleon," he said. "A girl would sound kind of ridiculous calling me Timoleon in a night club. Better stick to Mr. Bundy, I guess."

"She might call you sugar daddy," said Martha crossly, for she was not a little bewildered. It angered her to think she could be surprised or nonplused by her own father.

"Not," said Mr. Bundy, "a thin chance! I'm a wicked, preying old man. Not an easy mark for a gold digger. Sugar daddies are—um—I think *saps* is the technical term. . . . Good-by, my dear."

HE OPENED the door for Jerry, who stepped out, trig, supple, gracious of stockinged leg, cerulean as to lips. No sophisticate, seeing them on the street or in a café, could mistake them for other than they were; a very wicked old gentleman and a very designing young woman.

"Now," said Mr. Bundy, "where shall we start?"

"If you please," said Jerry, "I'd like a little bunch of flowers to wear, and then I'd like some roast beef and boiled potatoes. I never get a chance to order them any more. . . . And then I want to go to that ball game."

"We will," said Mr. Bundy, "hire us a closed hack and slink out to the Polo Grounds. . . . But not tonight. Speak-easies and blind pigs and other resorts of society. I must catch up on my education."

"You have," said Jerry, "come to the best little teacher in town."

(*To be continued next week*)

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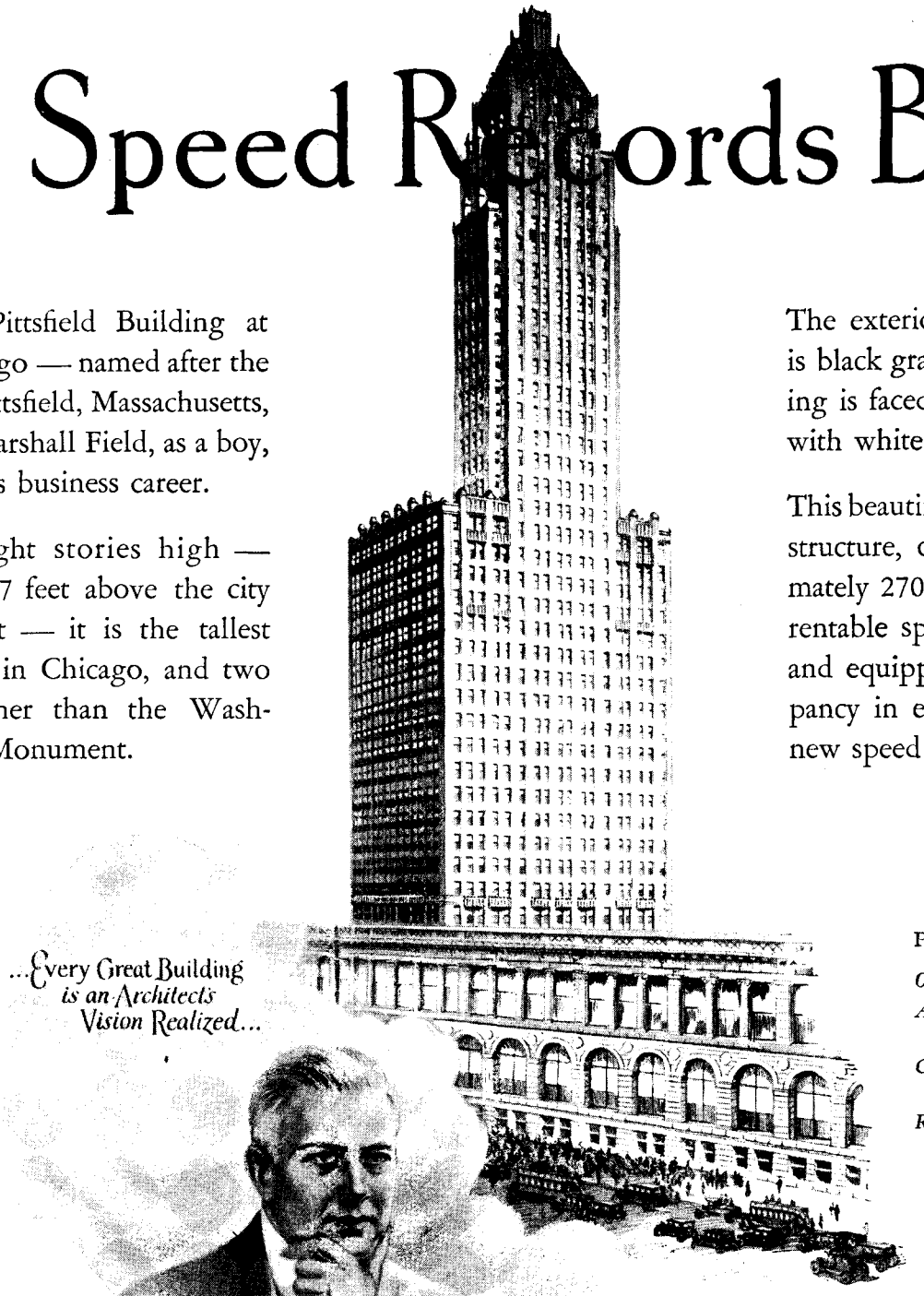
All Speed Records Broken

THE Pittsfield Building at Chicago — named after the city of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where Marshall Field, as a boy, began his business career.

Thirty-eight stories high — rising 557 feet above the city pavement — it is the tallest building in Chicago, and two feet higher than the Washington Monument.

The exterior of the first story is black granite, and the building is faced above on all sides with white terra cotta.

This beautiful and monumental structure, containing approximately 270,000 square feet of rentable space, was completed and equipped ready for occupancy in eleven months — a new speed record.



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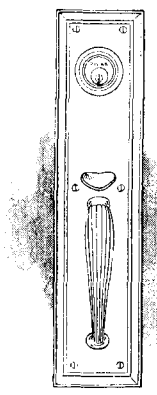

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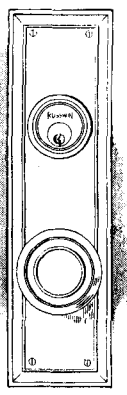

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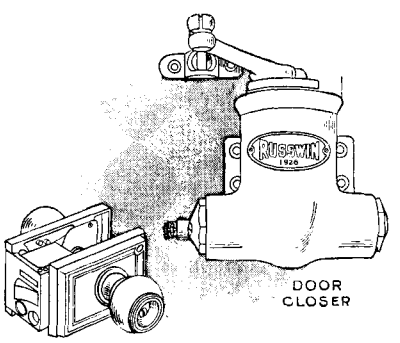

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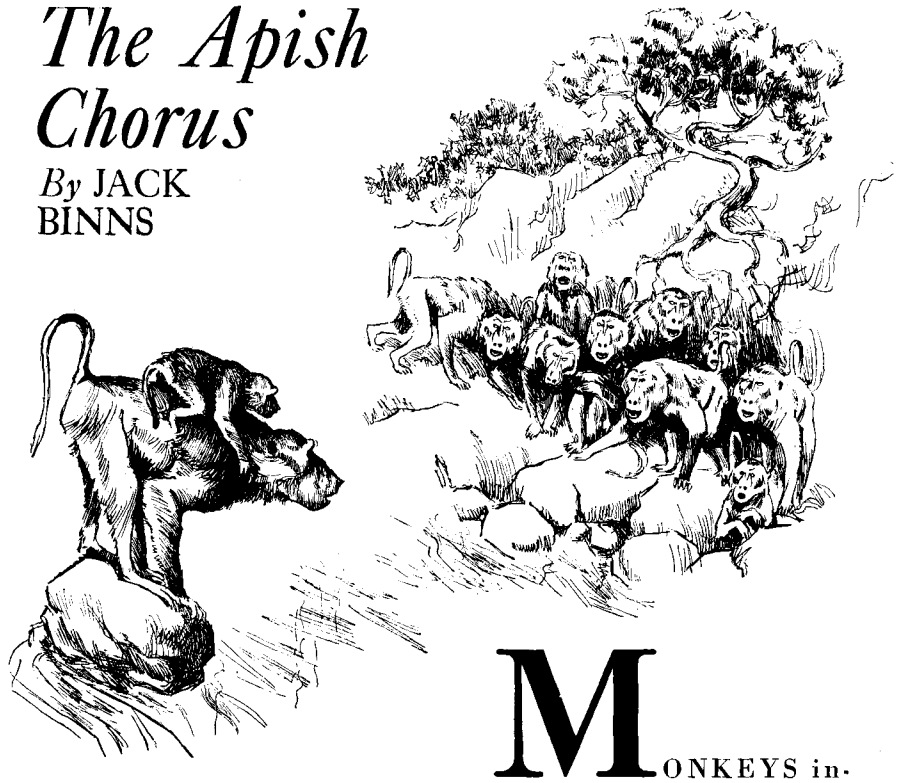
The Apish Chorus

By JACK BINNS



MONKEYS indulge in community singing according to an explorer who has just returned from the jungles. The anonymous adventurer is quoted as saying: "The leaders give a few rather low hoarse notes, then with one accord they all join in, their voices rising with a sort of humming, droning sound which is wild, weird and *indescribably fascinating*."

Also an Ajaklikenian

EDGAR H. FELIX, in his new book "Using Radio in Sales Promotion," lists all the musical instruments there are.

After reading the list I am hopeful sometime of lolling back and listening to a dreamy waltz come out of my loud speaker played by an orchestra consisting of Apollonion, Bandonion, Bathyphon, Abub, Bastardilla, Ocarina and Anemochord.

The Unseen Orator

THE champion orator of the world broadcast the peroration that won his title immediately after the conclusion of the contest at Washington. The sound of his voice in the loud speaker, well modulated though it was, could not be described as inspiring, particularly because one was not able to visualize his gesticulations, or "feel" his personality. The interesting event emphasized one of the serious drawbacks of radio that will not be overcome until television has been perfected.

Hot Music Did It

"A FRIEND of mine fixed my set up for a power tube a little while back," George Schloemilch of Detroit informs me, and then he adds, "Since then I have burnt out two loud-speaker coils. Why should it do that?"

It's a fair bet, George, that your friend did not install an output transformer. Such a transformer is fairly cheap and it keeps the high voltage and comparatively heavy current out of the speaker coils. The transformer is also better matched to the impedance of the tube than is your loud speaker, with the result that it will give you better results.

The Weakest Link

THE failure of the Federal Radio Commission to clean up the terrible mess to which it fell heir has been due to two things: Refusal to enact drastic regulations, and the assumption that broadcast stations can operate ten kilocycles apart from each other.

There is no excuse for the first. The commission has the power and should exert it. If the commissioners are afraid of shutting down stations, they should allot working hours on the air so that interference and heterodyning effects are eliminated.

With respect to station operation the commission has been building on a false premise. There is no receiver that can select between stations only ten kilocycles apart over the entire broadcast band. It is possible to do this at the long waves but not at the short. The average radio receiver in operation today cannot separate stations forty kilocycles apart at the short-wave end. On many of them four stations can be heard simultaneously down around the zero portion of the dial.

The reason for this is an engineering one, and so far as we can see it will not be remedied for several years.

Even the most expensive radio sets have broader tuning at the short end of the scale. This is a fundamental fact and the commission should no longer ignore it.

No Cause to Crab

ONE sees a great deal of criticism about the sameness of radio programs and the danger of public interest lagging because of monotony.

As a matter of fact the complaint is entirely unjustified. I know of no single form of entertainment that has undergone so many changes in so short a time.

In the last five years broadcasting has traversed all the territory that intervenes between faddish curiosity and first-class entertainment.

Aërial S O Esses

THE Third International Radio Convention, which completed its job of laying down world-wide regulations this winter in Washington, promulgated, for the first time, rules governing distress calls from aircraft.

When commercial aviation becomes more general the problem of distress calls will be really serious. Ships at sea can carry spark transmitters for this purpose so that their distress signals will penetrate the most selective radio receivers.

In aircraft, however, the weight of a spark set is too great for consideration. It will mean that operators with their feet on the ground will need acute hearing and delicate fingers to adjust dials.

Of course rushing assistance to aircraft in distress is a problem in itself. The duty of calling aid is up to radio, and, if past experience is any criterion, it will do its job whenever necessary.

The Woman Hunters

Continued from page 21

grew broader. "Sporelli's a hot-headed Wop, and when he's mad his tongue wags. You certainly bluffed him pretty last night. He happens to be stuck on that wife of his, and I guess you said something or other that didn't help his peace of mind. The two dicks that were with him gave Broadway a laugh last night. That is, a certain section of Broadway that always is wise to what is going on." The grin left his face. "But Sporelli is different from Runyon. Al, take my tip and beat it."

"After I've had a talk with Runyon, I may want to follow your advice, Mack," I answered. "But I've a few words to say to him."

"Meaning that you want me to make a date with him?" he asked. He shook his head. "Nothing doing. The people who tipped me off to what little I know don't know that you engaged me to look up Runyon. I told them that you dropped in socially. I said that you and I had done a little batting around Paris. If I framed a meeting between you and Runyon, they'd be hinting for me to leave town too."

"And you'd take the hint?" I inquired.

He eyed me soberly. "I'd take the first train," he said.

He meant it too. But the powers that could frighten Mack Morgan were not going to frighten me.

"Will you tell me where I can find Runyon?" I asked.

He shrugged. "I don't know where he lives. But I do know where he's going to be tonight."

"Tell me where," I demanded.

He leaned back in his chair. "Al, you're dead sure you're going to stick around?" He didn't wait for my answer. "Well, if you're going to stick I think I'll stick with you. I'll telephone you this afternoon, and we'll make a date for that dinner we talked about yesterday."

What doubts I had entertained of Mack Morgan left me. So I proceeded to Sam Candace's office, determined to say nothing to Candace of last night's events.

Candace greeted me with that bluff heartiness which so became his massive figure and rugged features.

"Didn't see you at the party the other night," he said after our handshake.

"I was there," I returned.

"So Vonny told me. Said you danced with her. But you couldn't have stayed long. Weren't you having a good time?"

"I was pretty tired," I evaded.

"Wasn't swell enough for you?" he persisted.

"I thought it was a delightful affair," I replied.

HE LEANED back in the great armchair before a huge desk. His shrewd gray eyes twinkled.

"Like hell you did, young feller," he chuckled. "You thought it was vulgar, ostentatious and common. Just a parvenu party of the nouveau rich. Am I right?"

I don't know just what impulse possessed me. I think it was because I liked and admired him so much that I told him the truth.

"You are," I said.

He tilted back in his chair and puffed at his cigar.

"That's what I like about you, Gorham: you're honest. You ain't afraid to speak your piece even if the audience is prepared to rotten-egg you. So you thought the party was vulgar?"

"Let's not talk about it," I pleaded.

"Why not? Young feller, you ain't afraid of hurting my feelings, are you? Listen, nothing that anyone can say or do to me will hurt my feelings as long as I know that I'm doing the right thing. That was a swell party. It was telegraphed to the newspapers all over the country. Pictures will be in all the Sunday rotogravures next week. Some of the swellest people in New York were at that party."

"Laughing," I told him.

He grinned at me. "I know that. But they were *there!* Want to bet a little dough that they won't come to the next party I give?"

"Have any of them asked you to their parties?" I retorted.

"That's a fair question." He had forced me to be rude, but his good humor was undisturbed by my manner. "No, there hasn't been a single invitation in the mail yet, but plenty will come."

"And then you'll be happy?" I couldn't keep the sneer out of my voice.

"Why shouldn't I be, with my Vonny meeting the finest people in America?" he countered.

"And you think that will make Vonny happy?" I asked.

"Why, sure," he laughed. "When a girl's daddy has as much money as I have, she wants to take up the right place in society."

"I wouldn't have thought that Vonny had any social ambition," I told him.

"You think I'm the one that has the social bee in his bonnet, eh?"

I HADN'T been in his office three minutes; he was a man whom I liked and admired and for whose daughter I felt a genuine tenderness. Yet we were on the verge of a nasty quarrel.

"What difference does it make what I think? I simply like Vonny, and I hope you'll be careful to do what makes her happy. I know you want her to be happy, but I'm not dead sure that you know exactly what she wants."

"Well, one thing she'd like, I'd like too. How'd you like to go to work for me?"

I smiled at him. He was a big man, Candace. For it takes a big man to ignore criticism of his ambitions.

Yet, without showing the faintest signs of resentment, he was offering me a place in his business.

"If I were going to work for anyone, I'd like it to be you," I told him.

"Meaning that you don't intend to go to work at all?" he asked.

I felt strangely upon the defensive as I replied, "I'm going back to Paris shortly."

"Vonny told me that you said you might go into business here," he said.

"I wasn't very serious when I said that," I replied.

"Why not be serious about it? You'll never find a chance in Europe like the chance I could give you."

"That's awfully nice of you," I said.

"Don't kid yourself. I didn't run a grocery store into Candace, Incorporated, by being nice to people. I've got working for me some mighty smart men, and I didn't hire them because I wanted to be nice. I hired them because I was pretty sure that they'd help me make more money."

"I'm afraid I'd not be of much use to you," I laughed.

"I'm willing to risk a little dough that you will be," he retorted.

"But I don't know the first thing about business," I protested.

"You used to be in a bond house here, didn't you?" he asked.

"I wasn't a very shining success," I parried.

"I heard different. I heard you were a swell salesman."

"But, you see, almost anyone can sell bonds that are indorsed by the right people."

"Anyone can sell sausages that are backed by Candace, Incorporated," he laughed. "How would fifteen thousand a year be for a starter?"

"Isn't that a large salary for a sausage salesman?" I inquired.

"You aren't going to sell sausages. I'm going to fit you into my organization. My concern has grown a little out of hand. There are jealousies in the organization. Now, I've never really had an executive secretary who has authority to act for me. And if I promote someone from the organization and give him the amount of power that I think

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my executive secretary ought to have, there'll be too much envy. But if I bring in an outsider no one will be sore.

"Once in a while I make a mistake in a brand of stuff I put on the shelves of our stores. I spend hundreds of thousands advertising an item, and finally have to admit that I can't shove it down the public's throat. But I don't make any mistake in men. You'll be the first mistake if you turn out that way. But I know you won't. Well, what do you say?"

"What can I say, except thank you?" I answered.

"You can say 'yes,' " he said. Then as I hesitated, he went on, "I don't know anything that would please Vonny more than to know you'd gone into business with me."

I looked at him. "I'd certainly like to please Vonny, Mr. Candace."

"She's a great girl," he said proudly.

"Too fine for most of the people she knows," I said.

"Don't I know that? That's why I'm seeing that she meets the best."

I took the opening his word afforded me.

"I was rude a while back, Mr. Candace," I began.

"No man is rude when he's trying to be honest and kind," he said.

"I want to be honest again," I said.

"Speak your piece, son," he laughed.

"I like Vonny," I said.

"She likes you," he smiled.

"She deserves the best," I told him.

"And the best is what I'm giving her," he declared.

"The best!" I blazed. "My God, if you'd scoured the city for its dregs you couldn't have produced a rottener crew than you had at your party the other night. You want to give Vonny the best, you say. Then why not let her choose what she thinks is the best?"

"Listen to me, son," he said grimly, "the finest in this country are going to receive my girl and make one hell of a fuss over her. I know what you think of that party. But Rome wasn't built in a day. I know the kind of people that were there. But when you're starting out you have to take what you can get and do your selecting later on. Watch our parties six months from now. The few of the finest who were at this last party will still be with us, but the rest will have their places taken by others of the finest."

He grinned at me. "Not often I boast like this. But it's off my chest now. I don't know why I should want to justify myself to you, Gorham. I guess it's because Vonny and I like you. Now what about that job?"

"Sorry, but I'm going back to Europe soon," I told him. "I'm terribly obliged, but I couldn't take it."

"Then that's that," he said. "Maybe you'll change your mind. Any time that you do all you have to do is to tell me so."

"I'll remember that," I promised him.

"Let's go to lunch," he suggested.

HE WAS a man of remarkable tact. He made no further reference to the matters we had been discussing, but all through our excellent luncheon at the Ritz he entertained me with reminiscences of his early business life. And I discovered that he had been a gambler all through his career. Time and again he had put all his fortune on the table and bet it upon his judgment. And his judgment had been infallibly correct. I gathered too that Candace, Incorporated, his chain of grocery stores and their allied canning factories, mills and cattle ranches, were not the only irons he had in the financial fire. I got the impression that Candace had other interests nearly as vast as his grocery business. Perhaps Fred Gorham had been more nearly correct than I when he estimated the Candace fortune at fifty millions.

I left him after luncheon, having accepted his cordial invitation to dine at his home in the near future, upon a date that would be selected by Vonny. And as we parted I wondered what Candace would think if he knew what interests would conspire against my keeping that date.

Then I went back to my hotel. All through my talk with Candace my mind had dwelt upon Runyon and upon the very evident gravity with which Mack Morgan viewed my situation. It was ridiculous to suppose that any overt physical attack would be made upon me in broad daylight on the streets of New York. But had I been forewarned of Tony Sporelli's plot last night, I think that the very absurdity of the plot would have made me ignore any warning.

But now I realized that I was living in the midst of bizarre happenings. And I wonder that we ever refer to this age as a matter-of-fact commercial era. There is more banditry in the streets of New York and Chicago than ever existed in the wild West in its woolliest days. Lives are being lost in the exploration of the land and the sea. No day passes by without news of events so amazing, whether they are happenings of crime or invention or adventure, that we would have been incredulous had we been told yesterday that they would happen today.

SO I decided that it would be as well for me to stay safely indoors unless I had some definite purpose for going out. And the only reason I had for leaving my hotel was to call upon Anita Gorham.

It is hard for me to set down exactly how vicious a battle was waged in my heart between desire and common sense, and I would not mention it were it not for the fact that it is essential to later understanding of later acts of mine that I tell how madly I loved Anita. But common sense won the battle. And I was lying on my bed reading a magazine when, about six o'clock, Mack Morgan telephoned me.

"Meet me at eight o'clock at the Ministry, and we'll have that dinner," he said. "Better dress."

"I'll be there," I promised.

I told the telephone operator to call me at seven-thirty. I didn't know what sort of evening was ahead of me. That would depend upon Runyon. But it might be that an hour's sleep, considering that I had been out fairly late last night, would do me no harm.

I managed to sleep, despite the intrusion of Anita Gorham into my thoughts, and when I was awakened by the ringing of my telephone at the appointed hour I had never felt better in my life. And at eight o'clock sharp I entered the Ministry, a restaurant in the Fifties that was like any other of the semi-exclusive dining places in the neighborhood.

Mack Morgan met me just inside the door. He drew me aside, where no hat boy could hear him.

"I don't know what your plans are, Al," he said, "but I'll be right alongside of you all the time. Only one thing I want to be sure of: no one will know that I brought you here because you wanted to find Runyon."

"You may count on that," I assured him. "Is Runyon here?"

"I don't know whether he's here yet or not," he replied, "but he will be. You'll take it easy, won't you? No flying off the handle, or anything like that?"

I looked at him. "Morgan," I told him, "I don't know what I'll do. Maybe you'd better leave me."

"The ship ain't begun to sink yet," he said, "and until it springs a leak we won't know whether I'm a rat or not. Let's go in and eat."

We were ushered to a table. I had hardly been seated when I saw Runyon. Now, though I felt my pulse accelerate at the sight of him, I am sure that what happened almost immediately would have at least been postponed had it not been for his action.

But he saw me instantly, and he did not follow my example and remain seated. Instead he arose from his table and walked toward me. And I did the one thing I should not have done. I forgot diplomacy, tact and sanity. I only realized that this was the man who had ordered me out of town and who had made boasts about Vonny Candace. I rose from my seat as he reached our table, and without a word I knocked him down.

(To be continued next week)

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The Lady Assists

Continued from page 7

him now; faces turned up from the serrated line of trenches, and his descent brought a rustle of life along the lines on either side. The dancing plane was still above the balloon and sweeping beautifully about with a strident song in its wires when the guns from the ground burst forth.

"My hat!" gasped Lieutenant McBryde between clenched teeth. "This can easily be a mistake!" And, training his sights on the balloon, he shot forward upon it, both guns blazing.

He saw the observer jump and the parachute open just as the envelope vomited forth its gas. He zoomed and swept through the reek of it with the machine-gun bullets clipping through his wings. Then a half roll, a turn, and down the lines for the next one, with tracer bullets making dark pathways all about him.

"Hah!" he cried into the roar of his engine. "Hot! Pretty beastly hot! Wish I'd left the damn things alone! But we must coöperate, General. We *must* coöperate! Now, then!"

Straight as a die he charged at the next balloon. Then his gun was barking in chorus with the distant guns below. TAT-TAT-TAT-ATATAT! . . . A jam! Stopped short. And the bullets were rattling through his fabric.

He zoomed, and his engine gasped with the upward plunge—gasped and stopped dead. The gas hissed out of his tank, and he smelled the vapor of it in the air. Crazily he hovered for a second above the balloon he had attacked. Then, appreciating his situation, he plunged downward once again, missing the envelope by inches.

"Contact off, petrol open!" he cried, and turned on his emergency tank. His engine gave no response.

"Dead!" he reflected mournfully; and then, brightly, "But it might have been me. Now where is the softest shell hole?"

That crash was an epic one. He passed over the German trenches so low that a number of infatuated men made vain snap shots at him with their rifles. For a moment he strove to nurse his glide with the thought of making the British lines, but he dipped in time to avoid disaster, picked with lightning calculation the deepest shell hole he could see, and plunged recklessly at it. Even at that he would have overshot the extensive excavation of his choice had he not whipped his machine to the left and tilted her to sideslip in. Under the strain his weakened wing snapped off; the tiny machine lurched crazily groundward; with a half spin it hit the mud—and, Sopwith Camel No. 2576 was a heap of pitiful wreckage in No Man's Land.

UPSIDE down in his seat with his head in the mud, Lieutenant McBryde hung by his safety belt and looked about him. All he saw was mud of a depressing hue and a sticky wetness, and on all sides it seemed that the mud was not two inches from his face. He wiggled his head and discovered that the mud on which it rested was disconcertingly soft and yielding.

"There is a place for everything," said Lieutenant McBryde to himself. "And a man doesn't face machine-gun fire standing on his head." With which thought he freed the catch of his belt and immediately disappeared into three feet of muck.

It was then that the amazing thing started to happen—the Battle of McBryde's Pajamas. There were four German machine-gun crews and one German observer who watched the wreck of McBryde's Camel as hunters watch their wounded quarry. The gunners saw it as fragments of an obliterated flying machine which appeared above the crater into which the plane had plunged. The observer, from his point of vantage in the observation balloon, saw the whole wreck and watched it keenly through his glasses for a movement which might betray the pilot if he lived. The machine-gun crews besprinkled the visible wreckage and the invisible shell hole with hot steel. The observer, with infinite pains, observed.

Thus, when Lieutenant McBryde crawled from beneath his wreckage into the roomy spaces of the hole, the German youth who held the glasses thought he saw the mud move as though some creature moved beneath it. It was so far to McBryde's advantage that, being completely cloaked in mud, he was not discernible as a man.

But if he were to make the British lines, he must divest himself of one water-soaked and mud-caked flying coat and one water-soaked and mud-caked pair of fleece-lined boots. In the shell hole, beside the ruins of his plane, he stripped the cumbersome garments from him, and a surprised German youth with binoculars at his eyes saw what had been a heap of mud in a shell crater transformed into a moving figure of radiant and dazzling hues. The observer thereupon spoke hasty German sentences into the transmitter of his telephone, a field officer relayed his remarks to the trenches, and the war was on once more with a blast of machine-gun fire that sprinkled the visible part of Lieutenant McBryde's fine wreck with a metallic hail. Lieutenant McBryde, who, in all his glory, had arisen, promptly sat down again.

THE German youth with the field glasses gazed down from his lofty perch and frowned. It was offensive to him that the gorgeously appareled enemy, who sat in outrageous security in that shell hole after having been defeated in fair fight, should smile up at him while German bullets whizzed harmlessly over his head. Then, as if to add insult to this injury, two trench howitzers began to belch forth from the British trenches black shells which were falling all too near the machine guns which afflicted the shell hole of Lieutenant McBryde.

The German youth with the glasses swore an oath, for, abruptly, cataclysmically, a German machine gun was silenced, a German gun crew lost. And Lieutenant McBryde, after much fumbling with the muddy folds of his flying coat, was audaciously lighting a cigarette and assuming a posture of intolerable ease.

Then the frown gave way upon the face of the German youth to a grin of humorous pleasure, and once more he spoke into the telephone. But this time he spoke more deliberately, referring, as he did so, to a neatly squared map which was fixed in the gondola of his balloon. There were five machine guns firing now from the German trenches, and from the British lines unnumbered men cheered the efforts of machine gun and trench mortar which sought to silence them, while a thousand eyes watched from both sides the visible wreckage which quivered and splintered under the hail of steel. Then the message of the youth in the balloon bore fruit. From a distance the sharp bark of a field gun joined the clamor and, as a shell struck home some twenty yards to the left of McBryde's fine shelter, another and another gun barked from behind the German lines to hurl the mud and débris into the air about the crater. Lieutenant McBryde, indignant and appalled, threw down his cigarette.

"The vermin!" he cried. And then, bitterly, "I ask you: is it a sporting thing to do?"

BOOF!

A shell struck not seven yards from his shelter, for the German youth was giving expert and painstaking instructions through his phone. Lieutenant McBryde scrambled up to the rim of his crater, and a blast of machine-gun fire sent him slithering down again. But no more than a glimpse of those delectable pajamas had been needed by the watchers on the British side. They were lined up along the trenches with all the

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gear and equipment for instant advance.

Since dawn they had thronged their warrens with their preparations for advance complete. Since dawn they had awaited the word which was to come from the general himself. But all they had to do was to watch a trapped airman battered out of existence.

THEY didn't like it. They stood restive under the restraint which prevented them from dashing forth to drag that trapped man back. Richly the air above the trenches was filled with round oaths and comments not quite nice. Then, like a flash of gunfire, a streak of gorgeous color moved from that embattled shell hole to another, shallower retreat somewhat farther removed from the British lines. It was Lieutenant McBryde, taking advantage of the lightning reconnoissance he had been able to make in his first scramble to the crater's rim. Then, spasmodically but ineluctably, the bursting shells crept toward the new shelter.

In the din and excitement of the hunt for Lieutenant McBryde the men of neither side had noticed the strange maneuvers of three R. E. 8's which, well behind the German lines, had continued throughout this action their serene, undaunted quest of photographs. Now, five thousand feet above the turmoil, they circled above one particular spot to which they had moved immediately upon the arrival of the first shell which sought out McBryde's first shell hole. The results of their movement were noisy but, to Lieutenant McBryde, exceedingly welcome. They resounded in a series of harsh barks and clamorous reverberations which seemed to run up and down behind the British lines. For in the first burst of shell fire aimed at Lieutenant McBryde, the R. E.'s had discovered the batteries which they had striven all morning to detect.

The British guns sought for the German batteries with violent fingers, and the R. E. 8's gave them eyes which saw the effect of every shot. The crash and shatter of the firing ran up and down behind the lines of either side and back to start again. Now was the shell hole wherein the wreck of Lieutenant McBryde's Camel had lain a yawning crater ten times its former size with no sign of an airplane in its midst. And in a chaos of mud and ruin two German field guns lay wrecked beside their brothers. To the north and south of the wounded battery their comrades joined the chorus, searching blindly for the British guns; and the R. E.'s parted, to distribute their attention among the various gunners. A flight of Bristol Fighters roared eastward over the British lines to relieve the R. E. 8's, and from the east the spectral forms of German scouts came, convoying three two-seaters. As the German chorus became louder, several batteries firing at once, the clatter and thunder of the British guns rolled down the line.

It seemed that the German trenches were a mass of hurtling mud and smoke and flame. The barrage was smashing and blasting about them with the effect of an inexorable force. McBryde watched with awe and amazement.

"Have they no power to stop it?" he reflected, and a glance upward answered the question for him. The battle of the scouts had drifted off to the southeast, and the Bristol Fighters circled undisturbed down the line of the German batteries. The sausage no longer bobbed above the trenches, for the German youth who had wielded the telephone had long since stepped out to alight upon firm ground and receive verbal castigation from an officer highly trained to administer it.

McBryde turned exultantly to the British lines. Here was his chance to escape. He arose to his full height and stood in the midst of chaos, an oasis of astonishing color in a somber desert of mud. But he could no longer see the British lines, for a pall of smoke hung between him and the trenches which enshrouded the world behind a gray-black curtain.

"Is it gas?" he thought, and a little demon of fear gripped him by the throat. "If it is, then I'm done for."

But it wasn't gas. It was a screen and a defense; and McBryde, as he peered into the depth of it, saw the figures of men moving there—men who loomed up in lone majesty, portentous in their bulk; men who multiplied with the queer illusion of figures springing from the ground; a great line of men which ran down the line of the smoke screen in an unceasing chain which advanced slowly, walking with a strange decorum toward the place where McBryde, in his gorgeous pajamas, stood and peered at them. Then the vanguard was a few feet from him, a line of advancing men, and Lieutenant McBryde saw the light. The British were over the top.

With the realization of this truth, the joy of Lieutenant McBryde knew no bounds.

"They shelled me!" he cried at the top of his voice. And he looked frantically about him for a weapon. "They shelled me!" he yelled, and pounced upon a length of broken wood, part of the airplane which had brought him to this place.

"Now, then, me boys!" he yelled. "For the love of our own dear general! And do not forget that the vermin shelled me when I was down!"

He ran down the line of advancing men who, emerging from the smoke screen, looked upon this incredible youth in the party-colored pajamas with an astonishment which changed to an unholy joy as he all but turned handsprings in his exultation.

"It is a disgrace to the British arms!" he yelled idiotically. "A disgrace that we do not coöperate. Forward, me men, to a finer coöperation!" He gasped for breath as he laughed and slithered in the mud. Ignoring the machine-gun bullets which howled and whistled all about him, he flashed up and down the line like a flame.

"This is the strut of me 'plane," he cried. "They brought me down and they shelled me. I shall make them swallow it! Faith, they have torn me pajamas!" With which exclamation he referred to the effect of shell fire upon the radiant silk which clothed him.

TO THE men who followed it was too beautiful for words. They had not hoped to live long enough to see such a sight. A man who advanced before them in pajamas waving not more than a broken stick of wood until he took the automatic from an officer who dropped; an exultant man who stripped the hand grenades from the belts of fallen men and hurled them into space with queer, careless language. A man who was the embodiment of everything which might make an advance a plunging, irresistible charge!

In his wake they broke from a walk into a trot, from a trot into a run. A stampeding, exultant army, they became, who had found in the man who wore pajamas something which put into the fight what the general himself had been helpless to arouse. When they reached the German trenches they were a flood of laughing demons who followed a lanky youth clad as no warrior

(*Continued on page 42*)

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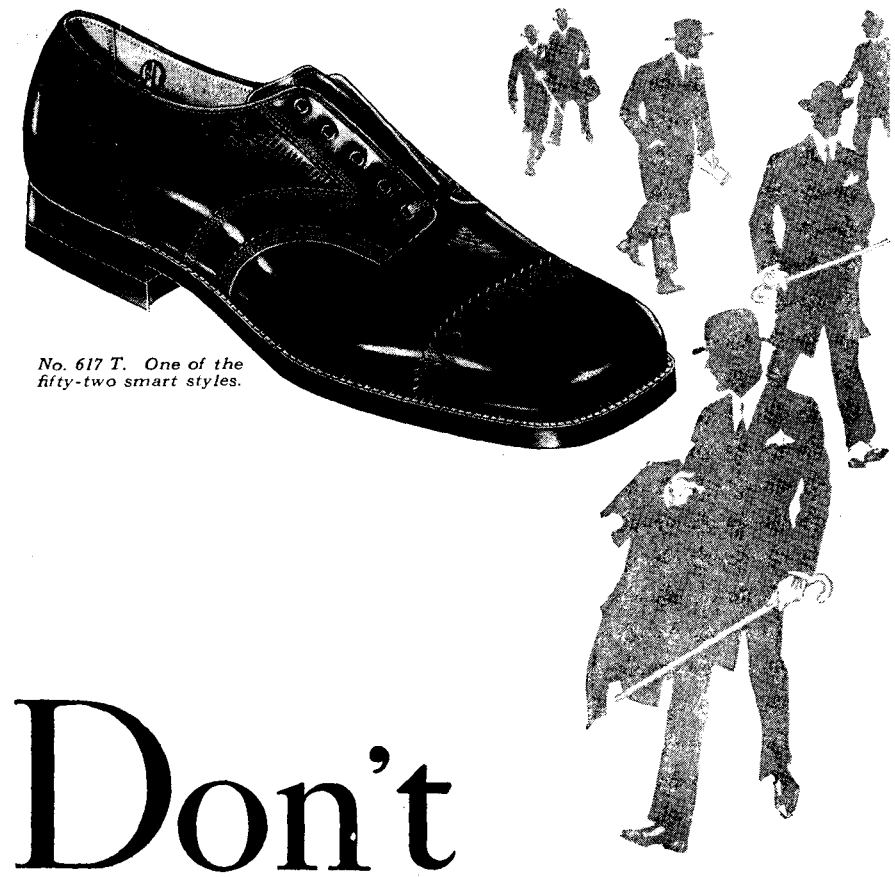

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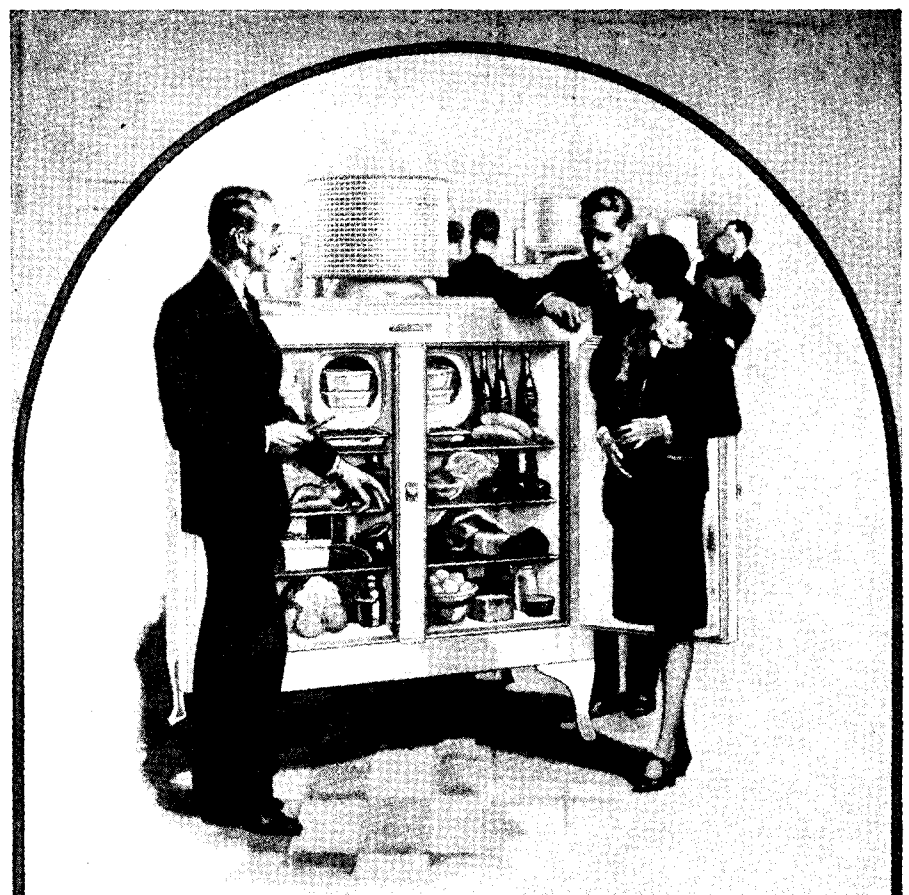

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The Lady Assists

Continued from page 41

had ever before been clad—and the man in pajamas had an uncanny aim with a hand grenade. He was seen by many fighting men of both sides, a figure of extraordinary color and magical agility, fighting with whatever weapon came to hand. And then the advance swept on to take the hills toward which the general had vainly yearned in the days of the week before, leaving that unforgettable figure, somehow, behind it.

THE general stood on the steps of the little house at Burencourt and listened to the explanations of a brigadier. While he listened he struggled mentally for some cue to the tone he should adopt. For the general was in a quandary. It was true that his army had that morning solved for him a very nasty situation. The bungling and ineptitude wherewith he had managed the previous week to lose thousands of men and considerable ground in an abortive advance had been wiped out that morning by a greater success than he had hoped for. But it was an embarrassing fact that the advance had been precipitated by circumstances which made it almost seem as though the general had nothing to do with it.

"You did well," he informed the brigadier guardedly. "But it's hardly customary to call headquarters on the phone and, in effect, order the command to go over. I am still in the dark as to why you were unable to wait for the time I had chosen."

The brigadier was a blunt man. He stood for a moment silently regarding the war traffic which streamed through the village street. When he spoke he appeared to make painfully little concession to the general's rank.

"There was a man in pajamas," he began.

"In what?" exclaimed the general.

"In pajamas," repeated the brigadier. "An inspired idiot who landed his machine in a shell hole. The enemy shelled him and betrayed their batteries to our observers. Then our guns started, and if we hadn't advanced in jig time we'd have been there yet."

The general stared bleakly at the passing traffic.

"You say this—this officer—was dressed in pajamas?" he pressed.

"Yes," the brigadier spoke patiently. "It's a way they have in the Flying Corps. They go up before breakfast, you know."

"Hmm," murmured the general frigidly. "And what became of him?"

"I don't know," said the brigadier. "But I know what ought to have happened to him."

"Really? What's that?"

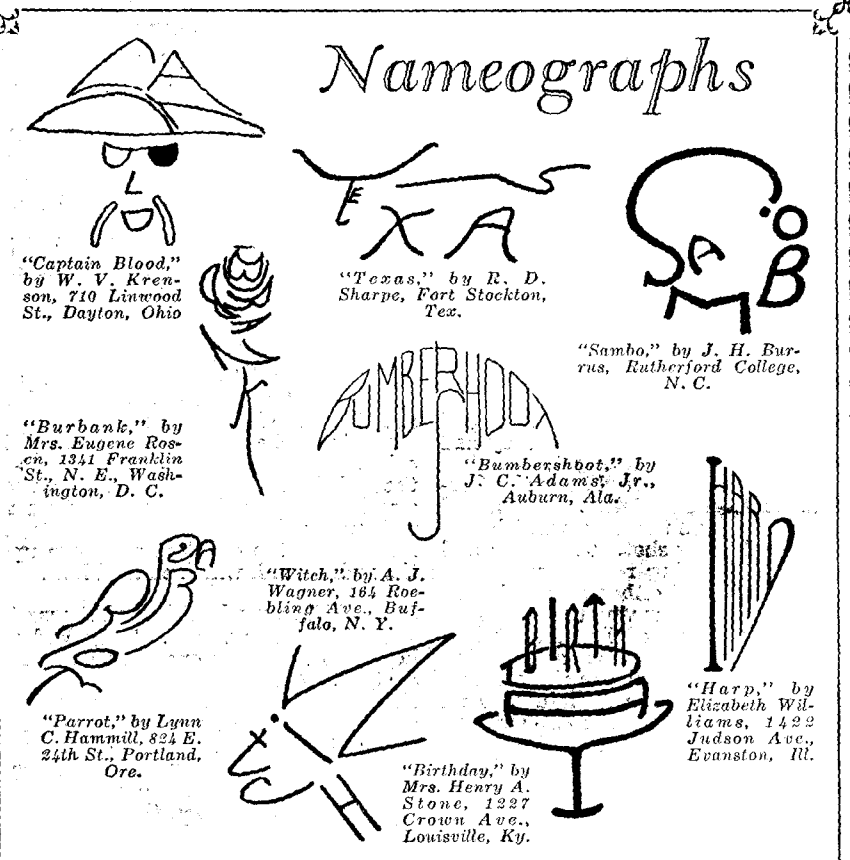
"He ought to receive the V. C. and a majority, for when we went over the top he jumped out of his shell hole and played the giddy goat up and down our line. The men went mad with enthusiasm, and I believe you've got no one else but that kid in pajamas to thank for your success."

The general pressed his lips very closely together. The blunt words of the brigadier had given him the cue he desired. Obviously the thing to do was to humor the field officers in their absurd illusion that they'd won the battle in spite of him. Humor them and do something for them. Promotions, decorations, that was the thing.

"Of course," he said. "Gallant fellow. We must be sure and see that the deserving men are remembered for this day's work. You must give me a list. A—ah— What the devil!"

The brigadier was already staring at the peculiar occurrence which had invoked the general's exclamation. It was the not unusual sight of a man getting out of an automobile, but the automobile in this instance was a field

Nameographs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ambulance, and the man who was dismounting from its interior was wonderful to behold. Since he left the ambulance not ten feet away from the general, the general had an ample opportunity to behold him.

IT WAS a young man. One gathered that from the generous glimpses of his body which the rents in his clothes afforded. But his face betrayed not his age, sex or color, for it was masked with a dry film of mud and blood in about equal proportions. One foot of this engaging figure was heavily bandaged. He leaned for support upon a German rifle, and his head was crowned with a German helmet, worn very much askew. Yet none of these peculiar features attracted most of the general's attention. What caused that excellent officer to stand and stare with an unfortunately fishlike eye was the uniform which this apparition wore. It consisted of various inept draperies of vividly colored silk arranged with no apparent design or reason, save that they were knotted here and there in strange places for the sake of a decency which the youth seemed otherwise not to possess. And now this figure stood on its captured crutch and stared back at the general out of snapping black eyes.

"Stay me with flagons!" it remarked. "This tears it!"

"What the devil is it?" asked the general querulously.

The brigadier replied with his eyes fixed gladly on the apparition.

"It's the man who's done more than any other to win your battle for you," he said bluntly. "It's the lad with the pajamas."

Admirably the general rallied his savoir faire, even while he realized why the pattern of those barbaric draperies seemed somehow familiar to him. Then, decision wreathing his thin lips in a smile, he descended upon the person of Lieutenant McBryde.

"What are you doing here?" he asked graciously.

Lieutenant McBryde saluted smartly.

"On my way home, sir," he said. "Had a forced landing and got the ambulance to drop me off. Get one of the squadron cars when it comes in to the village."

The general's eyes twinkled merrily.

"Aren't you somewhat informally dressed, my boy?" he asked.

"Ah, here it comes," said McBryde to himself. Aloud, he did his best. "I had to get rid of my flying clothes, sir," he explained. "It's hard to fight in the trenches with 'em."

The general smiled with an effort.

"Precisely," he said. "And you have a wound in your leg?"

For the life of him Lieutenant McBryde could do no more than grunt an inarticulate reply, for the countenance of the general worked strangely in his effort to do the correct thing.

"You will proceed to your airdrome in my car," he said at last. "I have been told something of your conduct this morning, and—ah—I shall be proud to have you use my car. You are—er—" He met the uncompromising gaze of the brigadier who stood at McBryde's right hand. "You are a credit to the British arms, my boy."

That was the night that Lieutenant McBryde wrote a letter home which was addressed to the fair-haired girl in Bournemouth. It was the letter which she is accustomed to showing him nowadays whenever his complaints refer to a neglected wardrobe.

"Thanks ever so much for the pajamas," it began. "They helped a lot. . . ."

Doctors Must Tell

Continued from page 16

what the little pink pills contained. If prescriptions were given, they were written in an abbreviated Latin that even chemists and druggists found difficulty in reading.

Professional appearance was a part of the art of practice and bedside manner was even more carefully cultivated. There was much shaking of heads and hemming and hawing, and the typical doctor wore a beard and frock coat and carried a bag which contained a small drug store. Medicine was given literally by the quart, and the "shotgun" mixture, containing many different drugs in the hope that one of them might do some good, was much used. The physician never admitted that a case puzzled him. There was a dose ready for every symptom.

We have lost a great deal with the disappearance, in many communities, of the old family physician. But with the rise of specialists, while much personal contact between doctor and patient has been lost, there has been an advance in scientific knowledge and scientific attitude in healing that is certainly an advantage. The doctor now gives medicine only when there is an experimentally proved use for it; he writes prescriptions more legibly; he will interpret them if his patient asks it, and he is generally willing to admit it if he doesn't know what his patient's trouble is.

In other words, he is becoming less and less of a "medicine man" and more and more of a scientist.

So far, I regret to say, he is not as well liked as his more mysterious predecessor.

The ideal relationship between doctor and patient is based on mutual respect and should have also a large element of mutual liking. I can think of few better reasons for a man to change his doctor or for a doctor to drop a patient than the reason that they don't like each other. How a patient can feel respect or liking for his physician unless he is convinced that that physician is going to tell him the truth, I cannot see.

The danger a doctor is in when his patients like him very well is that they often assume a special privilege.

For instance, a fond mother will urge: "Just tell Harriet that if she smokes so many cigarettes she will die of heart trouble, Doctor, and I am sure she'll believe you and stop." Or: "Do tell Johnny that if he doesn't eat his cereal he won't grow." And so on.

In such cases it is very handy to have a clear conscience about truth-telling. Then it is quite easy to say "Sorry, but I never tell white lies in medical matters."

It eliminates being complicated in family disagreements. Connivance with a family seldom pays. Adult patients and most children are entitled to be treated like adults. They deserve not only the truth, but frankness.

It takes a young physician several years to learn that if he is to make a call on an adult patient it should be with the patient's knowledge and consent.

Don't Be a Party to Deception

BEFORE he intrudes on a sick person's privacy, and at the risk of incurring the anger of the family, the doctor should insist that the patient give his CONSENT to the call. Being a party to a deception, no matter how well meant, is beneath the dignity of a professional man.

You cannot do much healing against resistance.

The psychoanalysts have coined a phrase, "complete transference," which describes the attitude of mind they must bring about in a patient before they can analyze his emotions and his mental processes successfully. We have expressed it in the past by saying we have confidence in our doctor, or believe in him.

In the last analysis a physician is a human being, no better and no worse than the average of his patients. He is not entitled to be paternalistic toward people who are willing to seek his advice. They are his equals, entitled to the best that he has to give. Certain rules of ethics are self-imposed on the doctor, but, in this country at least, there is nothing equivocal in the code of ethics about truth-telling.

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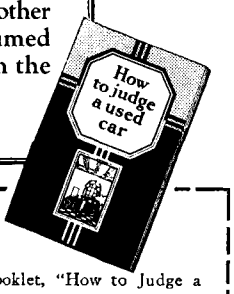

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March 9, 1927

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However, if you care to delve into ancient history, look up when they first started to pull down the old Grand Central Station in New York*, then add at least six months to that, and you will arrive at the approximate time when I first joined the club.

In addition I might say that I have smoked at least one pipeful of every other tobacco I have seen advertised, sometimes through necessity, but most of the time to prove to myself that I have been right in sticking to the old blue tin.

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H. M. Wittridge

*April, 1907

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A Bungalow by Mail

Continued from page 24

another story. I thought you said you were building a bungalow. Since when do bungalows have two stories?"

"A-another story?" I gasped. "Why, it can't be."

"Well, that's what it looks like to me," he growled, puffing his pipe so hard I thought he would burn up the bowl. "Leastwise, I never saw a roof before that looked like that. Still, if you say so I'll go ahead and put it up, and we'll know more about it when it's done."

"Yes, by all means, Sam, go ahead," I said, swallowing hard. "P-perhaps they didn't have just exactly the bungalow I ordered and have sent the nearest thing to it."

"I shouldn't wonder if it was something like that," Sam agreed. "At any rate, Mr. Hunt, you are going to have a fine building when you get through."

BUT I wasn't listening to what he said. I was thinking that perhaps it would have been better to accept the Ready-Cut Corporation's offer to erect the structure. Not that I didn't trust Sam, but I felt that it might have been cheaper that way.

But in the next few days I made some very nice sales, for by now everyone was talking about what I was doing out at Mammoth Acres, and all sorts of rumors were going around.

One afternoon Mr. Todd called me into his private office and said:

"Waldo, you are certainly a whirlwind. Your sales record tops the whole force, and I am delighted with your work. Just between you and me, I wouldn't be surprised if you would be my next sales manager."

"Oh, Mr. Todd!"

"Yes, sir—but mum's the word for the present. Now, then, in return for this little tip I want one from you. Is it true you are building an apartment house at Mammoth Acres?"

"An apartment house! Why, Mr. Todd, what an idea!"

"Well, that's what I hear. Now, then, if it's true I want to know it, for I'll feature it in my ad layouts, so don't hold back, Waldo."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Todd," I said, "but there is not a word of truth in that rumor."

"Then what the devil are you building, anyway?"

To which I replied that I was merely building a bungalow, as I had told him before, and though he kept on questioning me for some time, that was all I would say.

Well, finally I got out of his office —and there was Elsie, chatting with Mr. Burgess and looking prettier than ever, in a little orange silk sweater and knickers, and with a tennis racket under her arm. The moment she saw me she left him, and he passed me a mean scowl as she said:

"My, Waldo, you and Dad certainly must have had a lot to talk over. I've been waiting for you a half hour at least!"

"I'm sorry, Elsie," I said, taking her hand and pressing it openly, while I scowled back at Mr. Burgess, "but I am glad you waited!" Then, lowering my voice, "Was it anything special?"

"I want you to come up to the house tonight," she whispered. "I'm having a little party."

"That lets him out," I thought, thinking of Mr. Burgess. So I told her I would be delighted and added:

"Suppose we go over to the Arcade and have a soda?"

Which we did, and when I returned to the office I found a note on my desk, saying the freight office had phoned and to call them, and when I had got the gentleman on the phone he said another carload of lumber had arrived from the Ready-Cut Building Corp.

"Well, it is my roof at last!" I said.

"What did you say?" the gentleman asked.

"Nothing," I replied. "I will see that the car is unloaded tomorrow."

Then I hung up and sat there so excited I could hardly sit. Now that my roof was here, my bungalow would soon be finished and my Little Queen would soon be mine!

Well, I went to her party that night and had a wonderful time, and of course Mr. Burgess wasn't there, and

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the next morning on the first mail came another of those long, fat letters full of blue prints and plans.

Without waiting to put on a hat I rushed right out to the tract—to find Mr. Burgess snooping around as though he was trying to find something somebody had buried.

"Good morning, Mr. Hunt," he said, coming over to me. "This is certainly a pretentious affair, this bungalow of yours," stressing the word bungalow and giving me a hard look.

"Well, I am glad you like it," I said and walked right past him, adding, "I hope you will excuse me, but I am very busy this morning."

THEN I went over to Sam. "The roof has arrived," I cried.

I handed him the plans. He got out his pipe, and when it was going he unrolled the plans and studied them intently. Suddenly I saw him start. Then he looked up with a puzzled expression on his face and said:

"I thought you said your roof had arrived."

"So I did," I replied, beginning to feel uneasy. "W-why?"

"Nothing, only these plans are for another story."

"Another story? Why, it can't be another story, Sam. There are two stories now. It must be the roof!"

For a while he didn't answer but just puffed. Then he said:

"Mr. Hunt, I don't know what this is you are building, but one thing I do know now and that is it's not a bungalow."

Suddenly a terrible suspicion dawned on me. They had made a mistake and sent the wrong building!

Heavens, what was I to do? Of course I could take it apart and send it back—that is the frame part—but I couldn't very well take apart the foundation, for it was of solid cement. Besides, it would cost as much to tear it down as it had to put it up, I figured, and I didn't have the money. And think what a delay it would mean in getting my bungalow built for my Little Queen, just when things were progressing so well for us!

"No," I concluded, "I can't send it back, but will keep it and face the music, and whatever it is I will try to sell it before the Ready-Cut Building Corp. finds out their mistake and will remit them whatever balance is owing."

Then another dark thought flashed through my mind. What was Mr. Burgess doing out here this morning? Acting on this thought, I turned to Sam and said:

"Sam, did a tall, sort of disagreeable gentleman with a mean eye talk to you this morning about my bungalow?"

"Well, I don't know as that is the way I would describe him, but if you mean that Mr. Burgess, down at your office, he stopped to pass the time of day with me for a minute or two."

At this my heart sank.

"W-what did he say?" I asked.

"He admired your building here and said he might want to build one like it, and asked what the name of the company was."

At this my heart sank further.

"Oh, Sam, you didn't tell him?"

"Why, yes, sure, I told him. I didn't know there was any secret about it, Mr. Hunt, and I am sorry if I have betrayed any confidence."

"Well, Sam," I replied, "I am very sorry you told him, but it is too late now to cry over spilt milk—only after this do not say anything to anyone about what I am building here, as, just between you and me, I have my own reasons for keeping it a secret."

"There now, Mr. Hunt, I knew all along there was something back of all this, and whatever it is from now on your secret is safe with me—and shall I go ahead and put up this third story?"

Which I told him yes, although I was beginning to have the gravest fears for the future.

WELL, from that day on I was a marked man in Mayville, and the wildest sort of rumors began flying around town, and one afternoon Mr. Todd called me into his private office again and asked sort of reproachfully:

"Waldo, is there any reason why you shouldn't come clean with me? Is there anything you are holding against me, my boy?"

"Why, Mr. Todd, of course not!" I replied with feeling.

"Then why the devil is it you can't tell me the truth about what you are doing out there at Mammoth Acres?" he exploded. "See here, I'll make you my sales manager right now, understand? I'll do more than that! I know how you feel about my daughter. Well, I'll approve of it, only come clean, boy, come clean! Is it true you are building a hotel?"

A hotel! Good gracious, suppose I was! A cold chill began creeping up my back and though my mouth opened I couldn't say anything.

"Can't you see what it would mean to me to know, Waldo?" he went on. "Why, if you are really building a hotel there, we can sell out every lot in Mammoth Acres before you've got the roof on!"

Before I had the roof on!

"W-why, how did you know about the roof, Mr. Todd?" I gasped.

"Aha, so it is true!" he cried, jumping up and wringing my hand. "Well, Waldo, let me be the first to congratulate you, though how you've financed the thing is a mystery to me."

So I just stood there shaking his hand and not daring to say anything.

"Now run along, Waldo," he said at length, "and let me get things going, for we've got to hit the iron while it's hot. Oh, and take a run out to the house tonight, bearing in mind what I told you about Elsie."

Which I did, and my Little Queen greeted me with a new light in her eyes, and then and there I took her in my arms and said:

"Elsie, my Little Queen, I love you! Will you marry me?"

To which she replied:

"Oh, Waldo, do you really love me? Say it again!"

Which I did, and then she said it too, and then we were laughing and kissing, and soon everything was all settled, and then she said:

"Waldo, dear, have you seen the evening paper?"

And I said no, and so she ran and got a copy of the Mayville Star, and there on the front page was the whole story, with my picture and all, about how young Waldo Hunt, sales manager of T. Norton Todd, Inc., was building Mayville's long-needed hotel at Mammoth Acres, and a lot more that I didn't even know myself.

AND while I was reading it with mingled emotions, in walked Mr. Todd himself, a cigar in his mouth and a broad grin on his face, saying:

"Well, Waldo, my boy, now what do you think of your Uncle Dudley? Some little news item, what?"

"Mr. Todd," I gasped, "d-did you give that story to the Star?"

"I sure did," he replied, "and there'll be a follow-up story tomorrow, for we're arranging a big barbecue luncheon at Mammoth Acres on Saturday to celebrate the laying of the corner stone of Mayville's first hotel."

"B-but I don't know if we have a corner stone," I protested.

"Don't worry, I've arranged for one at the Mayville Stone Works, and it will be inscribed with the proper tribute to the city's young benefactor," he beamed, clapping me on the shoulder. "We're all proud of you, Waldo, aren't we, Elsie?" with a wink at my Little Queen.

"Indeed we are," she replied, "and I proudest of all!"

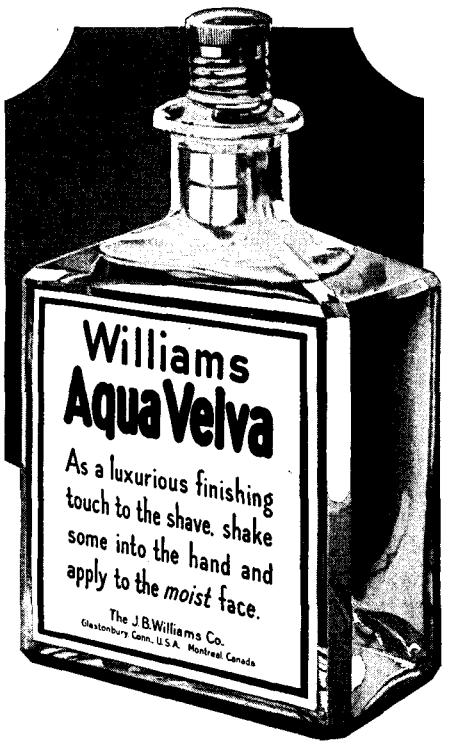
And after Mr. Todd had left us we sat down on the overstuffed divan in the library and began planning our honeymoon.

"And when we return we will build a lovely bungalow home," she whispered, adding: "Oh, Waldo, when you first began your hotel and I thought it was a bungalow, I was so thrilled because I thought you were building it for me!"

Alas, if only I could have told my Little Queen the truth!

Next morning when I went to the office to assume my new responsibilities as sales manager my heart should have been light, for on the surface every-

(*Continued on page 46*)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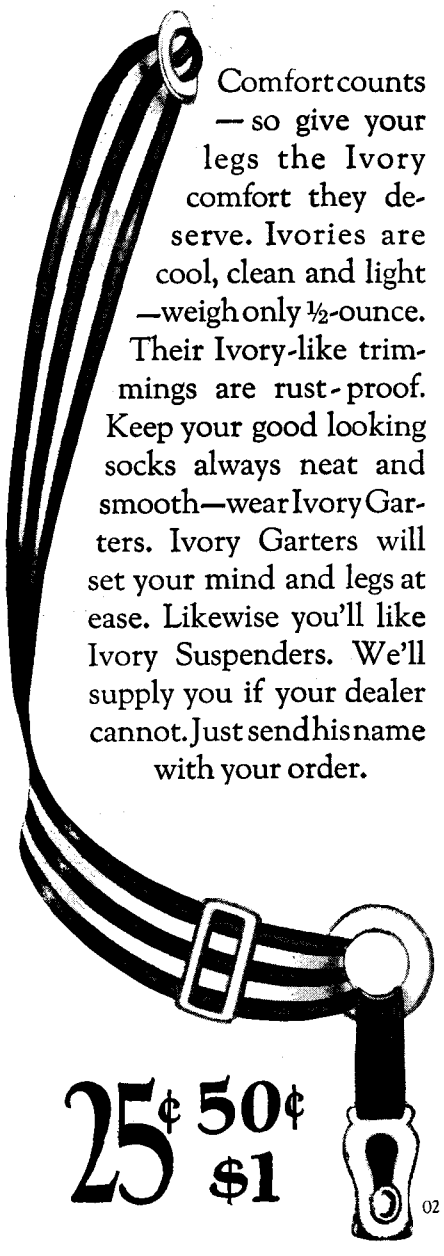

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A Bungalow by Mail

Continued from page 45

thing seemed coming my way, but inwardly my heart was heavy and my anxiety increased when the telephone rang and it was old Martin Caldwell, president of the Mayville State Bank, and could I come right over as he had an important matter to discuss with me?

Wondering if my bank balance could have been overdrawn, I hung up and went to him at once, saying:

"What is the trouble, Mr. Caldwell?"

To which he replied:

"Trouble, my boy? Trouble? Why, there's no trouble. Quite the contrary! Allow me to congratulate you on your courage and vision in supplying Mayville with a much-needed hotel"—clutching me with his bony hand. "Now, the matter I wish to discuss with you is simply this: If by chance you require any additional financing, I will be only too happy to arrange it, as I have to confess that I had been planning such a project myself and you have beat me to it, young man, but there is no reason why we cannot be partners."

Well, at that I could scarcely believe my ears, and I gasped:

"That is very kind of you, Mr. Caldwell, and a little later perhaps I may avail myself of your offer, but for the present I prefer to go on alone."

For much as I would have liked to have his help, I didn't dare take him into my confidence the way things stood, as I felt it would be much better to await developments. So, after chatting with him a while, I thanked him again and returned to the office.

And, sure enough, just as Mr. Todd had said, when the Star came out that afternoon there was another big story about my hotel and how there was going to be a big barbecue celebration at Mammoth Acres Saturday noon, when the corner stone would be laid with fitting ceremonies.

And while I was reading it, in came Sam in his overalls, very indignant, saying:

"Well, Mr. Hunt, I am certainly sorry to think you couldn't have taken me into your confidence enough to tell me at the start you were building a hotel and not a bungalow, for a conscientious workman likes to know what it is that he is working on."

To which I replied soothingly:

"Don't be sore, Sam. What I did I did with the best intentions in the world, and I want you to have the same confidence in me that I have in you. And remember, Sam, would I have let you go ahead and be my foreman on this job unless I had such confidence?"

Which he admitted I wouldn't have and went away feeling much better, though he said there were some things about this project he couldn't quite understand.

WELL, on the way home that night I passed Mr. Burgess on the street, and he went right by without speaking to me, but changed his mind and turned, saying:

"I see, Mr. Hunt, that your bungalow has turned into a hotel, and before you get through with it you may find that it has turned into a white elephant!"

And with that he went on his way, and I walked on home wondering just how much he knew and what he might have meant.

Alas, I was not to be kept in suspense long, for the next morning a telegram arrived from the Ready-Cut Building Corp. stating that a mistake had been made and to stop all work on the structure and await the arrival of an official from the firm, who was leaving Chicago that day.

As that was Wednesday and as Saturday was the day of the celebration, I saw that I was in for a very unpleasant week-end unless I could do something meanwhile. But what could I do? Of course I could run away, but I was made of sterner stuff than that, and besides there was Elsie. I couldn't leave my Little Queen to face my disgrace alone. Or I could go to Mr. Todd and confess everything, asking his advice, but somehow I couldn't bring myself to do that, after the high opinion he had of me. So in a sort of desperation I decided to sit tight and meet the situation like a man.

How I ever lived through those three days I do not know, but finally Saturday dawned, like the day of my execution.

Long before noon there was an immense crowd gathered at Mammoth Acres, including the mayor, the Mayville Municipal Band and the directors of the Chamber of Commerce. I had put on my best suit, and at about a quarter to twelve I drove to the tract with Mr. Todd and Elsie, at the head of a long procession of automobiles decked in flags and horns, blowing as if it was the governor of California.

WHEN we got out there I saw that my building too was covered with flags and the front of it had been made into a platform draped in bunting, while long tables were piled with sandwiches and fruit. It was really an impressive sight, and for a moment I thrilled as I thought that it was all in honor of me. Then, with a terrible sinking feeling, I thought of that telegram, and it was as if a dark cloud had passed over the sun.

Scarcely able to breathe, I got out and walked up to the platform with Mr. Todd, where the mayor shook my hand and the directors of the Chamber of Commerce beamed on me and told me that Mayville was proud of such a son and similar remarks.

Then the mayor got up and began speaking, while I sat there nervously looking out over the audience.

"This is a great day," the mayor was saying, "and one that will long be remembered," going on in his bellowing voice, while I thought what prophetic words they were.

And there was Elsie, sitting just below the platform, her eyes fixed on me adoringly. Ah, if only some miracle would happen, I prayed, so that I would not have to break her heart!

Suddenly there was a stir in the back of the audience and two gentlemen started coming forward. One of them I saw was Mr. Burgess, and he had a look of vindictive triumph on his face. The other, his heavy-set face flushed with excitement, I saw at once was a stranger.

Straight up the center aisle they came, ignoring the mayor, who was still speaking. Then I saw Mr. Burgess point me out to the stranger, who stepped up to the platform and handed me his card, which read:

BENJAMIN P. VAIL
Vice President
Ready-Cut Building Corp.

Well, at that I knew the worst had happened, so, excusing myself to Mr. Todd, who looked after me in a puzzled way, I left the platform by the rear and joined Mr. Vail, saying in a sinking sort of voice:

"I received your telegram, sir, and have been expecting you."

To which he replied, very crossly:

"I should think you would, young man! What do you mean by accepting these shipments when you knew they were for a hotel and not a bungalow?"

"B-but I didn't know," I stammered. "That is, not until I had put them together."

"Put them together! Say, are you trying to kid me or what?"

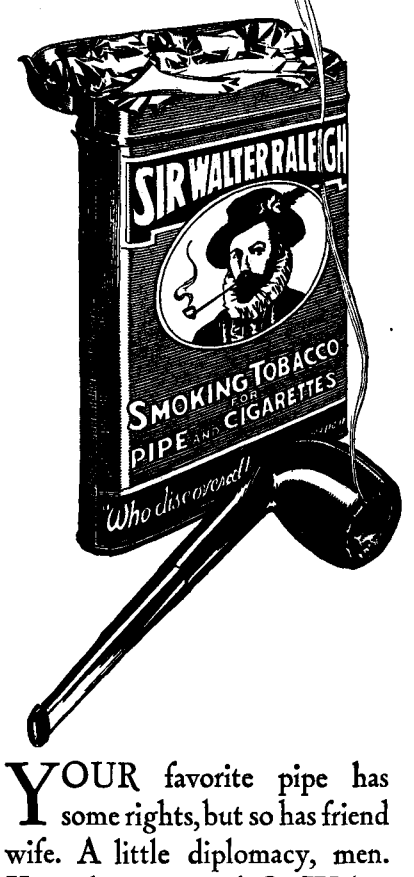
"I—I ordered a bungalow, didn't I? How could I know it would turn out to be a hotel? I had to put it up before I could tell what it was. Don't you see?"

But he didn't seem to, for at that he gave me a peculiar look, replying:

"Just what are you trying to hand me, Mr. Hunt? That's what I'd like to know!"

"I am not trying to hand you anything, Mr. Vail," I assured him. "It is

Keep the pipe fires burning— but keep 'em mild



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you who have handed me a hotel, when all I ordered was a bungalow."

Whereupon he gave me another peculiar look.

"Say, what's your game, anyhow? I don't get you at all. Are you trying to hold us up, or what?"

"Sir, you misjudge my motives," I replied with dignity. "Simply give me the bungalow I ordered and you can have back your hotel."

Even as I spoke, my fear left me, and I looked him in the eyes man to man. For I realized that the tables were turned and I was now master of the situation.

But there was scant comfort in this thought, for even if Mr. Vail would agree to take back his hotel in exchange for my bungalow, I knew I was ruined in the eyes of my Little Queen and her father, to say nothing of being the laughingstock of the whole town.

WHILE I stood there thinking thus, I noticed that Mr. Vail was looking around. For the first time he seemed to notice the hotel, which really looked quite pretty all covered with flags and everything. And I guess he thought I hadn't done so bad in putting it up, even if I had thought it was a bungalow, for he said a little more agreeably:

"As you are well aware, Mr. Hunt, to remove this structure from your property is impractical, so I tell you what I'll do. I'll buy it from you, ground and all, if you'll sell it to me right."

I was taken aback but I spoke up at once, saying:

"I don't think there will be any difficulty about price, Mr. Vail."

Which there wasn't, for though the sum he named was not very high, it was enough to give me a small profit, which I figured was all I could expect under the circumstances. So I closed with him, holding out my hand in token of acceptance.

"Well, I suppose you will put this down as another of your shrewd real-estate deals, Mr. Hunt," he laughed, taking it. "If there are many more like you in Mayville, no wonder it is the fastest growing city in America!"

I was still trying to figure out if that was a compliment or a slam when up came Mr. Caldwell, president of the bank.

"Ah, how do you do, Mr. Hunt?" he greeted. "It is a happy day for you, I guess. And now that you have built this fine hotel, which is to be such a valuable asset to our city, don't you think you can gratify an old man's vanity and take me into partnership with you?"

At that I looked toward Mr. Vail uneasily.

"Why, I—you see, Mr. Caldwell," I confessed, "I have already sold it."

"Sold it!"—a note of reproach in his voice. "And you never even gave me a chance to buy it first, when you knew my heart was in the project? I am disappointed, Waldo, to think that you would treat me this way."

As I was trying to think up some sort of an explanation, Mr. Vail turned and introduced himself to Mr. Caldwell. Then he said with a honeyed smile:

"While I have purchased this hotel from Mr. Hunt because of its investment possibilities, I would not be averse to selling it if the right offer were made."

"Then you may consider it sold!" said Mr. Caldwell promptly. "We can arrange the price after the exercises."

Suddenly a suspicion came over me that perhaps I had been too hasty in accepting Mr. Vail's offer, but there was no time to think about this, for just then Mr. Todd and Mr. Burgess came hurrying up the aisle. Behind them was Elsie, a worried look in her eyes.

"Waldo," demanded Mr. Todd sternly, "what is this I hear about your hotel?"

"I—why, it is merely that I have sold it," I stammered.

"And that Mr. Caldwell has bought it," added Mr. Vail hastily.

Mr. Burgess turned to Mr. Vail.

"But I don't understand! You know what I told you!"

"I know nothing!" snapped Mr. Vail. "In fact, Mr. Burgess, I am not interested in hearing anything further from you."

Nor was I! And I didn't, either—for at that, with a foiled, disgusted sort of expression on his face, Mr. Burgess backed away and disappeared.

Then I saw the worried look vanish from my Little Queen's eyes. Stepping up to me proudly, she pressed my hand and whispered:

"Oh, Waldo! My wonderful Waldo!"

Meanwhile the mayor was still booming away, and I was very much interested now in what he said, for I realized that the day had been saved and that I was still Mayville's leading citizen, even if Mr. Caldwell had bought the hotel.

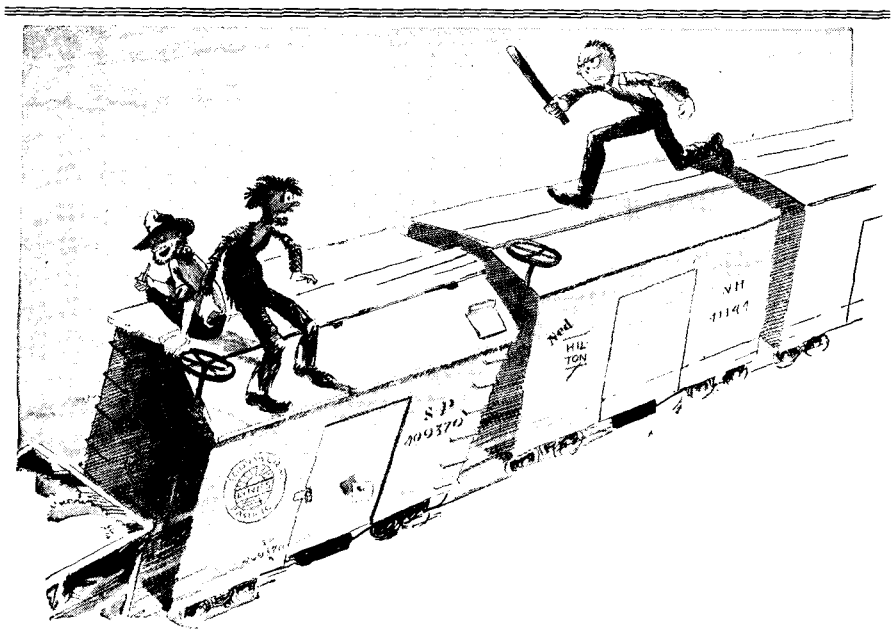
"Well, Waldo, we'd better be getting back on the platform," said Mr. Todd, "for the mayor will soon be ready to present you. Come along, Mr. Caldwell. You belong up there too, and if I had known this in time I would have had your name on the program."

SO WE all returned to the platform, and pretty soon the mayor presented me to the audience as "that bright and enterprising young man, Waldo Hunt, who has given Mayville its first hotel, which is his monument"—which it came near being!

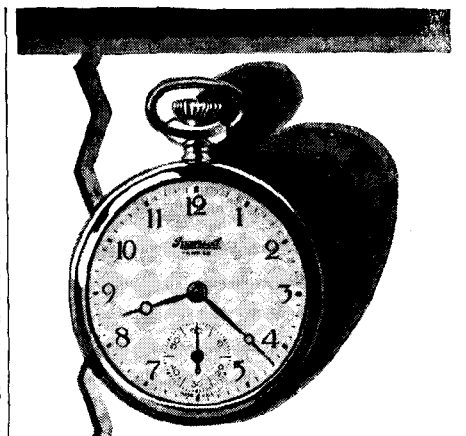
Well, I was so excited I can't remember a thing I said, but all the time I was talking I kept wondering what they would think if they knew the truth and worrying for fear I wouldn't be able to get out of town before they found out, anyway.

Which is what I'm still wondering—only now I'm not worrying, for my Little Queen and myself are married and on our honeymoon in Hawaii.

And if Sam could hear this I am sure he would laugh and so would Mr. Todd and Mr. Caldwell and even Mr. Vail. In fact, the only one who wouldn't laugh, I imagine, would be Mr. Burgess—for the part of the joke that isn't funny is on him.



"Don't let him bother you, Slim. Tell him you're a college boy out for fun"



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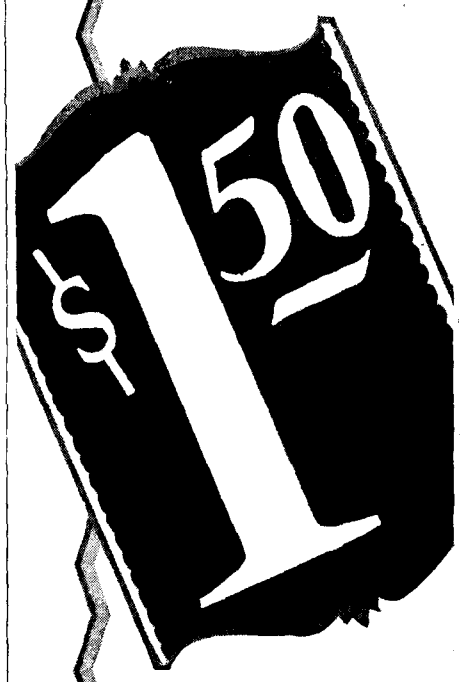

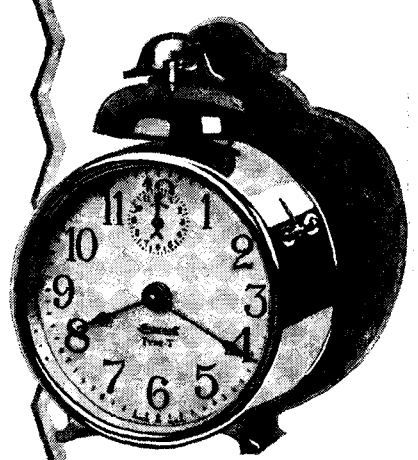

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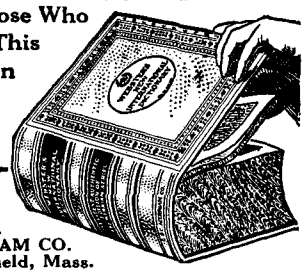

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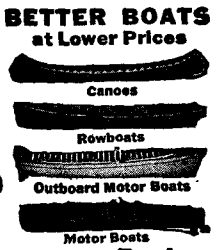

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The Red Room

Continued from page 26

but paused at the arras, shaken. The sight of his silk hat and cane on a stand by the hung mirror prompted another idea. There should be a fire escape. He seized hat and cane and was hurrying down the passage toward the kitchen when footsteps and voices, echoing along the deep walls and stone stairs outside, checked him. He hesitated. When the outer door was flung open, two gendarmes and the woman caught him standing guiltily, arrested in flight.

Unwillingly he allowed the gendarmes to take him into the red room. They observed that he averted his gaze from the cabinet. They examined everything swiftly, then one of them, the senior, muttering quickly to the other—phrases in which Mortimer detected the word "Américain"—vanished with the woman, leaving Mortimer prisoner. His captor regarded him sadly, indicated that he could seat himself, which Mortimer did, and then surveyed the scene with sardonic cluckings from his bearded chin.

AFTER an eternity the older gendarme returned, preceded by a portly, bald man, with enormous eyebrows, and a wiry little man, clean-shaven, whose alert gray eyes twinkled, as they looked at Mortimer, with the joy of a tragic job.

This little man spoke English adequately. He explained that the big man was Leprend, the great detective from the préfecture, and that he himself was Armand, a man specializing in crimes that concerned English and Americans.

"Mademoiselle Beauregard," he said, "tells us that this young Englishman, here, killed so unfortunately, is her friend." Mortimer, numb and intimidated, none the less observed that Armand wrote speedily as he spoke, on official-looking paper, in French. "She relates that the English gentleman, who comes of good family, was much interested in her; that he, in fact, maintained this apartment for her." He waved a veiny hand about the room and grinned at Mortimer slyly.

"She says also," he continued, inflecting his voice to a higher pitch as if challenging the American's silence, "that she met you with her friend the Englishman tonight at the theatre, and that you went afterward to the Café de l'Opéra and took her, when the Englishman left you, to a strange place in Montmartre. And that there you left her, as she declined to accompany you further. Is that correct?"

Leprend's shaggy brows seemed to move by separate muscles from his face as he growled at Armand. Mortimer sat in gray silence.

"Later she came home after talking with friends, and as she entered this house she heard high words and a shot. Instantly, she declares, she summoned the gendarmes, and you were found contemplating escape by a rear door."

Armand's fountain pen skimmed over paper as Leprend bent his brows in the woman's direction. She touched dry lips with her tongue, and at a gesture from her gloved hands one of the gendarmes hastened to supply her with a tumbler of cognac, which she sipped, her eyes steadily avoiding Mortimer, who stared at her in dull surprise.

His writing finished, Armand looked up at the American. Leprend growled, and they argued rapidly. Then Armand, speaking slowly, addressed Mortimer.

"Can you explain what happened? That weapon?"

Mortimer pushed words through his lips.

"I demand to see the American ambassador," he said.

Leprend shrugged huge shoulders. He pointed to the revolver and growled a warning to the gendarmes.

"Everything will be left untouched," Armand interpreted for Mortimer. "And you will be obliged to remain in custody until examination by the magistrate."

"Allons!" grunted M. Leprend, rising with clumsy briskness.

"Ah, first," said Armand, smiling deftly at Mortimer, "we shall ask Mademoiselle Beauregard to sign this statement."

He held the pen for her. It was awkward in her glove. She stripped off the glove, and then, with a moue, discovered that absent-mindedly she had removed the wrong glove. She signed the paper hurriedly, one jeweled hand glinting as she wrote, the other reaching for the cognac tumbler when she finished. Leprend witnessed her signature with a flourish.

Between the two detectives Mortimer filled his lungs with the blessed dampness of Paris air.

"Am I charged with murder?" he asked, thickly, as he sat, wedged by Leprend in a taxi seat while Armand sat opposite, enigmatically smiling.

"Not yet," said Armand. "There are formalities. Tonight you will be guarded."

"But the newspapers—the police?" asked Mortimer.

"Ah, that is for the magistrate to determine," said Armand. "Tomorrow."

He smiled again, as though the word signified a joyous prospect. Leprend grunted and scowled at Mortimer like a hangman.

All through a tortured night in a detention cell, Mortimer waited, raw-eyed, for the dawn. Cold business sense, returning on the heels of horror, had kept him silent until he could consult one of his own countrymen. In the morning, like a walking corpse in gay attire, he was led to a gloomy chamber where sat Armand, Leprend, Mademoiselle Beauregard, dressed in virtuous gray, and the two gendarmes who had arrested him.

On a dais was a long-faced magistrate, in flowing black robes and a skull cap, who peered with senile curiosity at Mortimer and droned to his clerk permission for a stranger in tortoise-shell glasses to speak to the American. Mortimer welcomed this stranger's quick movement to his side. Armand had notified the embassy, which had sent a legal attaché. This was he, and with Mortimer he was engrossed in the American's tale under the cold gaze of Mademoiselle Beauregard when the magistrate suddenly rapped a gavel and the clerk chanted for silence.

"If you please," Detective Armand asked leave in French and English. He stepped to the dais, his lean face curled in a puzzling smile. His thin, biting voice rasped through the chamber as he leaned against the table around which Mortimer and the others sat and declared, with a nod toward Leprend and a bow to the magistrate:

"I have an announcement to make in behalf of the préfecture."

THE magistrate's long chin drooped. His yellow eyes slanted on Mademoiselle Beauregard, who watched Armand with catlike intentness.

"It is this," said Armand: "That after investigation through the night we are assured of our capture of the man responsible for the murder in Mademoiselle's apartment."

The magistrate's watery eyes slid toward Mortimer, who stiffened in his chair. A faint smile curled Mademoiselle Beauregard's pale lips. Armand coughed and, with another nod toward Leprend, grinned at the judge.

"It is not Monsieur Mortimer here," he said. "So we ask Your Honor's consent to his release."

As if bored, the magistrate flecked his hand toward the clerk, who piped a formal discharge. Mademoiselle Beauregard was on her feet before Mortimer could rise, firing questions excitedly at Armand and the judge.

"You will be detained," Armand said to her, and as she burst into protest he added, "Our prisoner will be here within an hour."

Dazed, like a man moving in a dream, Mortimer sat in an outer office, his last vision of the court Mademoiselle Beauregard's suddenly haggard face and

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Leprend's shaggy brows bent in conference with the nodding magistrate.

"It is so simple," Armand was explaining to him. "You see this key?" He produced a notched steel wafer. "That we found on Mademoiselle's unfortunate protector—the murdered Englishman. Mademoiselle likewise had a key like this. And there was a third." Armand's gray eyes twinkled as he tapped his bony chin with the strip of metal.

"IN PARIS," he said, "such keys are not cut at every street corner. There is, for example, Jourdain on the Rue Saint-Boniface. Jourdain recognized this key. He had made a copy. Naturally, by order of one who had secured the original from Mademoiselle Beauregard. Not a usual key to be copied, monsieur: an intricate lock for a door. But this Jourdain is a craftsman. Cutting keys is not profitable for such. But, then, when such keys are copied for customers who are not frank enough to leave their names and addresses, there is an additional fee for Jourdain to inform us of this so that the customer may be watched."

"Who," stammered Mortimer, roused from his trance—"who is the murderer?"

"The man with the key."

Mortimer was unenlightened.

"Ah," chirped the detective, "such a murder is for money, or for love. And who kills for love of such a woman? When Mademoiselle Beauregard signed the statement of her testimony last night she stripped her hands, and there was a wide circle on her finger where a ring had been. A wedding ring.

"Her estranged husband is the murderer. He is now at the préfecture, likewise the third key to that apartment of the red room. Simple, is it not?"

The Green Periwig

Continued from page 15

here but she was never seen in the village and consequently there were many rumors concerning her. Her house was always filled with odd, amusing guests. She was very rich, but her money had not been able to buy off tuberculosis . . . looking at her bright eyes, her thin hands, he conjectured that this was so. . . . The memory of Sarah Bernhardt, ill but doggedly triumphant, flashed into his uneasy mind. He was all at once ashamed of his unpressed gray business suit, his indifferent brown tie, his obviously sturdy shoes. He desired to be suave and careless.

Trying to smile, he managed only a solemn self-conscious frown, half closing his eyes and standing awkwardly on one foot as he said gruffly:

"Who was it you called me to see?"

"Francine Tavernais," said Mrs. Alden.

She led him through a series of engaging rooms to a small, dim library at the back of the house which gave upon a balcony piazza. "Francine!"

"Yes?" came a quick voice from the piazza. And at the sound of the voice his hands grew cold, and something inside his breast began to tremble as if he were a frightened child.

Alone on the balcony with Francine Tavernais, he stared rudely into the branches of a tall spruce while he spoke. "Well, what can I do for you?" Then, afraid she would be amused by this stupid professional remark, he colored to his forehead.

But she was quite grave. "It's my eye," she said.

"Your eye?"

"The eyelid jumps around. Just once in a while, you know—the left eye. But when I read, it does it and I'm afraid to look at people for fear it will do it, and when I get to worrying about it the eyelid *does* jump around, and then I feel frightfully silly." Her voice was confiding. She smiled. Then it was evident that she was not at all afraid to look at people, for she lifted her bright, candid eyes to his.

"I'm not an oculist," he said stiffly.

"You must know something about eyes," she protested.

"Nothing whatever. I'm just an everyday physician."

Nevertheless he went over to her and almost grimly examined her left eye. "I think it's only an irritation of the lid," he said, looking off again at the tall gray tree with its drooping green fringes. "Tomorrow I'll dilate the pupil—I have nothing with me now. A little dust, maybe, or inflammation from the river water. Nothing really. Don't worry about it. Nervousness will aggravate the muscular reaction."

"Then I won't have to wear glasses!"

"Ridiculous. Of course not."

"But how do you know?"

"Well, I just do. I mean, you would look so absurd in them."

She laughed. "Good! That's just what Dr. Haydn said."

"Dr. Haydn?"

"You must have seen him as you came in. That short-bearded man in white flannels. He's an oculist."

In his astonishment he felt suddenly at ease and dropped into a chair beside her. "Do you mean that you called me in anyhow—just for no reason at all?"

"I wanted to see you," she said in a low, almost inaudible voice. For the first time he realized that she was as frightened and tremulous as himself.

"But do you always do everything you want?"

"I always give both my hands to destiny," she said simply.

He had the feeling that he was being swept away by a tremendously strong swift current beyond his power to understand or control, and he kept saying to himself desperately, "I must fight against this feeling; I mustn't stop fighting for a minute."

A large, even clumsy figure, he sat hunched into the chair with his fingers closing and unclosing upon the arms. "You wanted to see me?" he asked at last in a strained voice. "Why?"

"To find out if you wanted to see me," she said. "Did you?"

He nodded. "I thought about you all day yesterday."

"But what strange thing has happened to us!"

"It is strange," he said.

"Then it really has happened?"

"I am afraid so."

Then, as if stirred by an unendurable restlessness, they both rose and stood side by side staring at the mountains which brooded like patient beasts waiting for the quietude of night.

He had a quivering sense of unreality shading into a reality more actual and living than anything he had ever known. Their shoulders touched, and he wheeled swiftly toward her and she was in his arms. And the moment his lips found her mouth he knew that he had come home to something half remembered. . . . "I love you," he said fiercely. "Do you hear? I have always loved you." She cried a little against his shoulder and whispered that her whole feeling about him had begun the moment she saw his eyes.

SPRING, then, was all at once a warm, savage pain within Philip Grenoble's heart. The yellow radiance in the valley, and the young birches and the new green leaves were all quickened into exquisite meaning. But it was only when he stood and watched the white pulpwood carried forward unresistingly by the passionate tumult of the river that he felt any surcease; then a curious peace came to his breast as if he were a warrior escaping from the terrifying clash of arms.

Joan wondered why she found him so often staring at the river, his face white and still, his arms hanging inert at his sides. "You look as if you were thinking," she ventured softly. "It scares me

(*Continued on page 50*)

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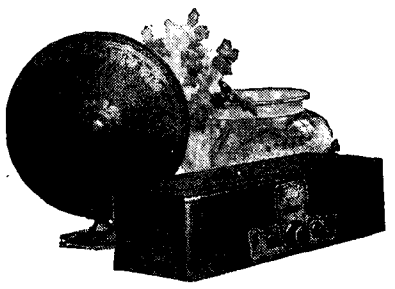

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The Green Periwig

Continued from page 49

to have you think so much. I feel as if you were far away where I couldn't reach you."

"Put out your hands, Joan. See if you can't reach me," he jested. And when her slim fingers danced near him he put grave kisses on each of them. "There are five presents for you, my dear."

"I don't want presents," said Joan with a small, serious frown. "I want you to love me."

"I do love you." That must be true! Or if it wasn't true he would make it so by fighting doggedly, day after day, year after year . . . fighting to love Joan—golden fawn, dancing feet, softly flying hair. He would give her all tenderness, all kindliness, everything, everything. Surely a man who had battled against poverty and sickness and the debts left by a ne'er-do-well father could do battle against the secret longings of his heart. . . .

If only he could tear his eyes away from the river—away from the silken skeins of foam tossed up like song from the white logs exultantly borne by the strength of the water!

HE TURNED sharply from the veranda railing and strode to the other side. Like a shy kitten, Joan followed.

"You're not unhappy about anything, are you?" he asked nervously.

Her lips quivered like a child's. "Yes, I am, Philip," she said. "Because today and yesterday and the day before that you went up to the Aldens' and you saw that woman."

It was true. He hated himself, and he hated the villagers who had used the name of Francine Tavernais in light gossip. And he remembered with shame how he had tried to dress a little better, as if he had been a schoolboy in love for the first time . . . how he had bought new light gray knickerbockers and golf stockings . . . how he had tied his necktie three or four times before it pleased him . . . how he had stopped by the cabin and picked white trilliums for Francine. And he remembered the wonder of her clinging arms, her quick laughter, her gray eyes dimmed by tears. . . . "You mustn't care, Joan," he said, even while he knew that she must care.

"I won't mind," she said, "if you only won't see her any more."

He felt as if he had received a sword slash across his face.

"Only once more," he said.

"Oh, Philip! Why do you have to even once more?"

"Otherwise I would seem rude," he answered lightly.

That night he did not sleep. And about dawn he got up and put his fishing tackle into the car and drove out to a little stream that he knew where he had watched many dawns creep stealthily in tattered purple robes across the silent hills. He said to himself, "Now I am well again; now I have managed to forget all grief." But when the sun was bright in the sky and he stepped back into the awakening world he felt the dull pain stirring once more.

"Yes," he thought, "a man can crush love out of his heart by fighting against it. And so that is what I am going to do. I can ruthlessly and willfully forget a woman by locking a door on her memory. In spite of myself her image will intrude, perhaps for a year, perhaps for two years. But after four years . . . only the shreds of her image will remain.

But sensing the unutterable loss that can overtake the human heart when such memories have been stamped into dust, he began to shudder as if he were ill. He got up from the earth, feeling weak and dull.

That evening he walked to the Aldens'. As he crossed the driveway everybody on the piazza smiled and called to him.

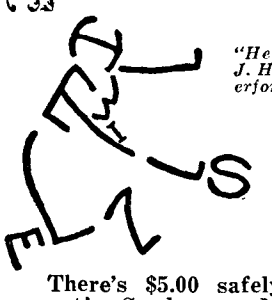
Inside the house they were dancing. He saw Francine pass the open window, and she looked tall in a black evening dress—her shoulders were very white and he heard her voice as she talked to two men, turning her head restlessly and laughing as she spoke. Then all at once she looked through the window and saw him standing there. Her face changed; something tense and tender touched her lips, and her eyes seemed suddenly secret. His throat tightened when he saw this change come upon her face. "How can she care for me?" he wondered with humility.

Then he saw her come out of a side door and without saying anything they walked together to the end of the porch and stood looking at the moon, as bright as a burnished silver shield. "My dear!" she said at last, "I didn't know you were coming, and now I'm so happy."

"Weren't you happy—dancing in there?"

"No, it seems to me I can't stand it any more . . . away from you."

"Francine, I can't come again after tonight. I told you before about Joan.



"Helen Wills," by J. H. Burrus, Rutherford College, N. C.

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Well . . . I am going to marry Joan. This is hard. It is the hardest thing I ever did. But I am used to fighting against life. I have always done it. People don't like fighters, do they? . . . I've never liked myself very well. Until you came along—and it seemed to me I couldn't be so bad or you wouldn't have cared for me! . . ." His voice came husky and broken as he stared away from her at the silver shield of moonlight.

"My poor child!" she said surprisingly and took his head between her hands and held it close to her warm shoulder for a moment.

He was so tired and unstrung that the tears came to his eyes, and he was grateful to hide them in the comfort of her shoulder. And yet he knew it was no way to begin the hardest struggle he had ever made. "Good-by," he muttered without lifting his head.

"Good-by," she said thoughtfully, without stirring.

"Good-by," he said again.

"Good-by," said Francine. But neither of them moved.

The moonlight wove a white veil of solitude about their still, dark figures.

Then she sighed and took her arms away. "Philip, tell me, what do you mean about 'fighting against life'? Is that what you said?"

He nodded. "I mean doing things I don't want to do—from necessity."

"And when there isn't any necessity, what then? Would you still go on fighting against life?"

"It's the only way. One can't drift, you know."

"No," she said slowly, "I suppose you can't. I can. I take great joy in it. I take joy," she said, "in green periwigs."

"Green periwigs!" he cried. "What in God's name have they to do with it?"

She moved a few steps away from him. "Some day you'll see." A few more steps, and her hand was upon the door. She glanced back at him, standing so white and motionless with a lost, sick look upon his face. "It's your own choice, you know," she said almost gayly. "Let's not be asses, shall we? Let's not talk about it. . . . Good luck, Philip." And the white circle of lamplight from the house inclosed her so swiftly that he did not see her eyes, dark and terrified.

With his hands thrust into his pockets he leaned against a pillar unable to stir fom the porch.

After a long time he heard a slight sound. Looking up, he saw Francine in the doorway. She gave a cry of surprise and ran to him. "Oh, darling," she whispered over and over in his arms. He kissed her hair and her eyes and her mouth. "Oh, darling, darling," she said.

And this time, because it was really the end, there was no good-by at all. He walked hurriedly away into darkness with bent head.

Until dawn he tramped around the country roads, scarcely knowing where he went or what he did. It rained a little, and he liked the fresh smell of the wet loam in the fields and the cool moisture against his face. At about six o'clock he came to his own house, looking like a beggar with his unshaven face and bedraggled clothes. It was the second night he had not slept, and he was terribly tired; but all at once his mind was quite clear. He lit his pipe and paused to watch the river before going inside.

There were more pulp logs than he had seen before, white and glistening. The huge mossy rocks in the middle of the stream were covered with wood which had been arrested with the journey half finished.

The other logs leaped and danced on the breast of the water, drifting ceaselessly, refusing to be captured by earth or stone. They were a part of a great, powerful rhythm. They gave themselves to the exciting current, and it seemed as if they were laughing. . . .

"I take joy in it," Francine had said. Joy in drifting.

But he was going to fight against life, against the exciting current that men called destiny or passion or beauty.

A man could crush love from his heart if he willed to do it. To do it he had to crush out many other things of course . . . the aching tenderness of spring, the silver glamour of moonlight, rhythm, and song, and white trilliums. A man had to harden his heart against nearly all that mattered. . . .

HE HAD not thought of this before. He had not understood before quite what he was fighting. If it were only love . . . but it was all of his spirit, all of his newly awakened longings. All his desire for high adventure . . . gallant adventure . . . green periwigs!

"Why, a man might as well kill himself," he said aloud. He heard Francine whispering, "Oh, darling! Oh, darling, darling—" and he knew now why her words had seemed a lament of unutterable grief. She was saying good-by to something that was going to die. Ten years from now they might meet, but she would never see this Philip Grenoble again.

The logs rose and fell with a wonderful cadence, plunging deep beneath the surface and tossing high in a sheath of dappled foam. Unresisting submission to the river's power. . . . He laughed. Of course the driftwood had allured him with a passionate fascination. He envied it with every drop of his blood. He didn't want to fight against life. He wanted to be a part of it.

He went upstairs and dragged an old suit case out of the trunk closet. In his bedroom he threw nearly all of his sparse wardrobe into the suit case, his shaving things and sober neckties. He was not aware how his hands trembled. He only knew that a terrible weight had been lifted from his heart.

As soon as he had fastened the straps of the bag he went to Joan's room and tapped upon the door. Hearing her drowsy voice answer at last, he went in and sat down on the edge of her bed.

She looked childish and flushed with sleep as she sat up in her pongee pajamas. "Philip!" she said, staring at his

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streaked, haggard face, "What on earth is the matter? Where have you been?"

"I haven't been anywhere," he said, "I'm just going. I'm going to New York. It's something I have to do, and if I stayed I would only make you wretched."

The tears started down her face, and she clutched at his hands. "Don't go!" she cried. "Don't go, Philip."

"It's something I have to do," he repeated, breathing heavily. She was young. She would soon forget. But he would never forget that he had hurt Joan on a spring morning before the sleepy shadows were yet out of her eyes.

HE TALKED to her and told her as honestly as he could what had happened to him; but all the time he knew there was no good in talking. She didn't understand. She only wept and clung to him. At last she said, "I hope you will be happy, Philip." She buried her head in the crook of her arm and he left her. It was cruel, but it was inevitable; and he was thankful it had happened before he had brought her years of misery. Yet he would always be anguished, remembering little Joan.

As he started down the stairs, his mother met him. "Philip!" she cried. "What terrible thing are you going to do?"

For with his unshaven face and dusty clothing he looked like a man about to do some terrible thing. "I'm going away," he said, and he explained it all over again. But neither did his mother understand, and he saw how heartbreaking it is for a man to put away the earth in allegiance to the spirit.

Just as he was starting down the steps his mother called to him from the door. "Philip! If you're bound to go, there's no need to go looking like a ragamuffin."

He grinned sheepishly and went back. He shaved and brushed his hair and dressed carefully. And while he drank the coffee that she had made, it seemed to him that he caught a certain pride and envy in her eyes; perhaps some time ago she too had watched the river. . . .

"Be careful of yourself," she said sharply, wiping her hands on her white apron. "Don't get run over in the traffic."

He promised her that he would be careful.

Passing near the Aldens' on his way to the station, he made a deviation and whistled four times underneath Francine's window. At last she leaned out, her short hair rumpled about her lovely white face.

"Good morning!" she said. "It's a nice morning, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's awfully nice," he answered. "I'm going to New York."

"Oh, are you?" she said politely. "And what are you going to do there?"

"I am going to make love to you for the most part," he said boldly. "And for the rest, I think I will study surgery because I have always wanted to. I am going to do a lot of things I have always wanted to," he added with a number of shy dreams in his eyes.

"And what am I going to do, I should like to know?"

"You," he said, "are going to marry me."

"Are you sure of that?" she inquired.

"As sure as I am of spring. . . . As sure as I am of the river. . . . As sure as I am that your eyes are the most beautiful thing in the world."

"Oh, darling!" She laughed with a catch in her voice. "Wait, then, and I'll give you a pledge of my faith."

He waited a long time, and finally there came a clumsy little package out of the window—a funny bundle tied with white cotton string.

Down the road, at the last turn before he came to the station, he opened the package. It was the green periwig.

A Good Look at Al Smith

Continued from page 9

and his politics are never oblique. These facts completely protect him against every assault. If they were not facts, he would long ago have been found out. They don't find him out because he has nothing hidden.

Most of the people in New York understand that now, but it will be extremely bad luck for Smith if the leaders of the Republican organization ever do. Undiscouraged by the regular result, they still continue to allege an alliance between Smith and the forces of political corruption.

It has got to be very old stuff in New York, and it is singularly ineffective. Yet the Republican organization leaders are apparently unable to let go. Obsessed with the idea that they must oppose whatever Smith favors, it is a simple and easy thing for Smith to keep them at a disadvantage in every fight. All he has to do is to be sure of the soundness of his own position. Automatically that gives the Republicans the hot end of the stick.

This isn't genius, perhaps, but it certainly is a high form of political intelligence. Anyway, it is the sort of intelligence Smith has employed in the conduct of his office and the conduct of his campaigns in the last eight years. Far more than his much-talked-of personality, his fine sense of timeliness in politics and his pungent and graphic phrases, it has counted in his favor.

What of His Relations with Tammany?

He is, of course, a Tammany man, has been all his life, still is. Tammany, so far as New York City is concerned, is the organization, and Smith is an organization man, a believer in organization. So is every other clear-headed man in politics. Only the thoroughly impracticable think it possible to get along with no machine.

It is absurd to say that Tammany has become, or will become, sanctified through Smith or through any other influence. It has been improved and restrained but not basically changed.

Tammany is like every other machine in a great city—not as bad as some, not as good as others, but operated in much the same way, differing largely in size. Certainly, despite its past record, it is not these days nearly as odoriferous as the Vare machine in Philadelphia, the Thompson machine in Chicago, or even the Republican machine in Pittsburgh, upon the support of which the august and revered Mr. Mellon and his young Senate friend, the harassed and harrowed David A. Reed, so largely depend for their political strength and status.

Tammany is bigger than any of these machines, but it never was worse. For one thing, it isn't possible to be. But no one has ever accused or even suspected Smith of profiting personally or financially by machine corruption. Even his opponents pay tribute to the purity of his personal character.

The truth is that Smith is not only bigger than Tammany now but always has been in the sense that his allegiance or loyalty always stopped short of sacrificing his self-respect. The most notable and striking proof of this was the Syracuse incident of 1922, when, defying Charlie Murphy, the then Tammany boss, and resisting every sort of pressure that could be applied, Smith profanely and emphatically refused to run on the ticket with William Randolph Hearst. He was ready then—and known to be—to go on the floor of the convention and fight the organization if it had not yielded. Few incidents of his political career show him in a finer, braver light than this one. There could be no better evidence of his independence and courage.

Of course these days he is the boss, or the leader, if that term seems more dignified, not of Tammany but of his party, of which Tammany is part. The idea of Tammany's giving Smith orders

(*Continued on page 52*)

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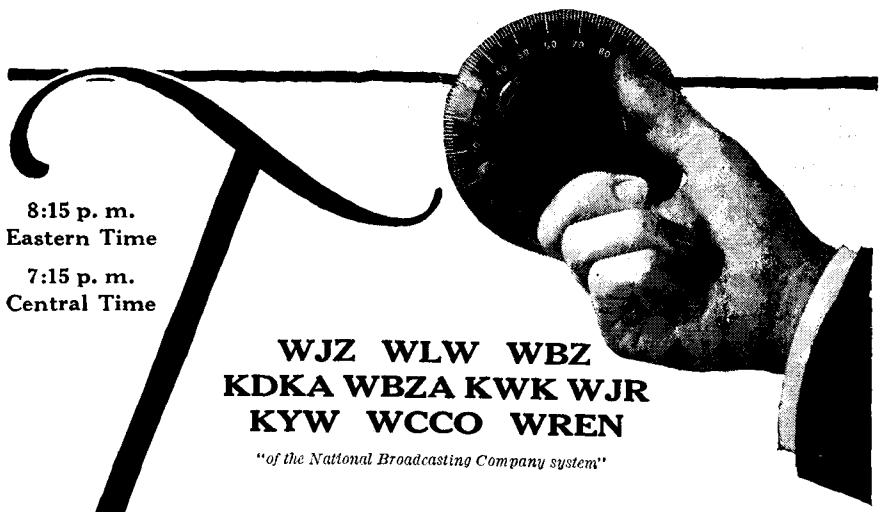

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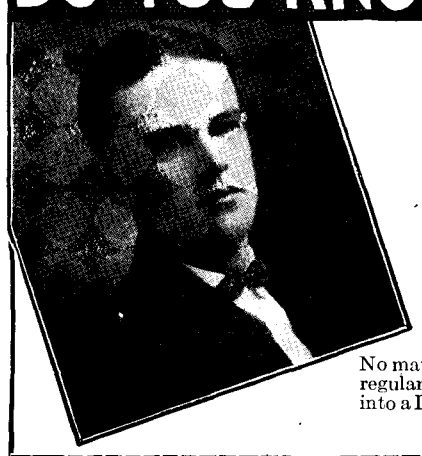

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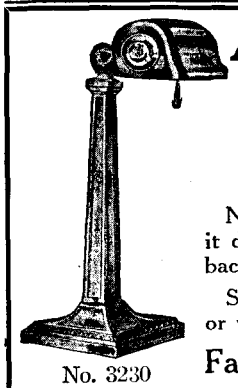

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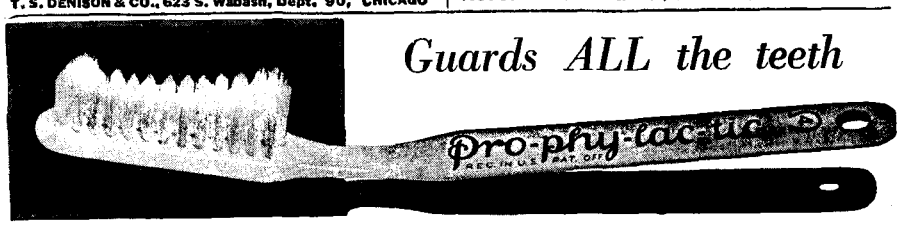

Guards ALL the teeth

A Good Look at Al Smith

Continued from page 51

today is absurd. The orders come from Smith to Tammany, not from Tammany to Smith.

Today Smith is the best asset Tammany has, and it follows, supports and obeys him. It knows better than not to. It is, however, no secret that among the Tammany leaders there is not now—nor has there been for some time—much love for Smith.

There is more than a little grumbling and growling in the clubs. There is a disposition to think he has the "big head" (which is not true, though certainly he does not undervalue himself personally or politically); that he considers himself bigger than the organization—which he does, and is. They do not like the fact that he so often and so freely goes outside of the organization to make appointments; that some of the most lucrative and powerful places in the state government are held by men not "regulars;" that his closest advisers and friends are not of the organization; that in the matter of appointments as well as policies he does not always "consult."

But he could do twice as much to them as he has and not lose their support, for the very simple reason that he is much more necessary to them than they to him. But they don't love him as once they did—and everybody knows it.

What Are His Views on National Issues?

Early last year, when his Presidential candidacy really began to take shape, Smith mapped out for himself a plan the success of which proved the soundness of his reasoning. Its basis was that if this nomination is to come to him it will be largely because he does no overt thing to get it.

Up to the day Grover Cleveland was first nominated no one in the country knew what his views were on any national issue. All he did was to stick on his job at Albany, and all the people knew of him was that he considered that "public office is a public trust."

Smith started out on this Cleveland idea and up to the present writing has adhered to it. He has refused literally hundreds of invitations to speak outside the state, and in his masterly 40,000-word message in January said nothing that did not apply to New York, no matter how it was construed.

It was said six months ago that Smith had a man's-size job running the great state of New York, had no time to put his mind on the so-called national and international issues, and that anything he said on such questions would be forced, stilted and framed purely for reasons of political expediency. It was further said that the Smith view was that it was the duty of the party to write the platform and of the candidate to stand on it. It was further said that his experience had been that the real problems with which he had had to deal as governor were things that did not present themselves as issues either in the platforms or campaigns but came up after he got the job, and that he had an idea it would be that way with the Presidency.

But the situation has shifted a little in the last few months, and there is reason to believe that, though Smith will probably adhere to his no-overt-act policy clear to the end, before the convention meets he will utilize or make an appropriate opportunity for the expression of views on such questions, or at least clarify his attitude in such a way as to meet squarely the criticism that he is too provincial to be President, that he knows nothing beyond the New York boundaries, has no conception of the country as a whole nor appreciation of its problems.

It may be this opportunity will have occurred before this article is printed, or it may not occur for two or three months. But those closest to Smith believe that, without deviating from his basic strategy of making no personal effort, before the Democrats gather at Houston there will be no uncertainty as to where he stands on every vital matter touching the American people as a whole, no room for charging him with evasion, ignorance or a limited local view.

As a matter of fact, for those with a clear enough memory to recall them, Smith's utterances in the past shed a sufficient light on his convictions along some national and international lines, revealing at least that he has such convictions. For example, his views on prohibition, certainly the most vibrant of all national issues today, are clear-cut and emphatic enough to remove doubt from any mind and are too well known to need repetition here.

By all Anti-Saloon standards a Wet, he is, however, opposed to the return of the saloon and does not advocate repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. He does favor the modification of the Volstead Act, but recently declared he regarded it as a "sacred duty" to enforce the law as long as it remained on the books.

Recently too he has declared strongly in favor of the home rule or state's rights doctrine, fundamental in the Democratic party, credit for reviving which in the last two years must be given to Governor Ritchie of Maryland.

On water power, which undoubtedly is beginning to loom as a major national issue, Smith has a record and strong convictions. He stands for the preservation of water power for public use and against its exploitation by private interests.

In the 1924 campaign, in speeches made for John W. Davis in New York, Boston and elsewhere, he assailed the Republican high protective tariff as iniquitous and unfair.

In his 1926 platform he forced in a plank declaring in favor of the entrance of the United States into the World Court—forced it in too, it should be said, against the vigorous protest of Olvany and other Tammany leaders, who contended it savored of the League of Nations and would be distasteful to the Irish in New York City. Smith listened to the leaders, but the plank went in just the same.

This, it is true, is not covering the national and international field very elaborately. But, it might be asked, which of the other Presidential aspirants in Smith's party or the other have more adequately done so? Which one of them has more clearly defined his stand on more questions?

Would He, if Elected President, Be Able Properly to Uphold the Dignity of the Office?

A partial answer to that question was given in the first part of this article. Actually it would be asked only by those wholly ignorant of the present-day Smith. Dignity sits well on him. In private he may relax into bad grammar and East Side slang—but only in private and less now in private than in his earlier and less formal years.

In every official moment Smith's bearing, his language, his appearance, his conduct, are beyond criticism. The most fastidious can find no fault with his dress, his manners or his grammar. He has a high conception of the dignity of his office and the respect due it. It is a matter of pride with him that an East Side-Fourth Ward boy can measure up to it. As President this pride and feeling of responsibility would be tremendously enhanced.

There has been some criticism of Smith recently to the effect that, as a result of his extraordinary series of successes and the position of national prominence he has achieved, his head is now slightly swollen. This does him an injustice. But it is undoubtedly true that he takes himself—and naturally so—far more seriously now than he ever did before; that he tolerates familiarity from few people; that neither Tammany politicians nor any-

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one else rush in and out of his office calling him Al; that he can on occasion be disagreeably irritable and abrupt; that he is not always either lovable or prepossessing; that there are times when his undoubtedly keen sense of humor appears to sag. But—and this is the important thing—whatever he may be in private, in public and in his official capacity he is never coarse, common, vulgar or ungrammatical. He adapts himself with complete poise and ease to any society and has an instinct for the right thing to do as well as for the right word to use.

WOULD THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, OF WHICH HE IS A MEMBER, INFLUENCE HIM AS PRESIDENT?

No more than the Baptist and the Methodist Church would. No one who really read the Smith reply to the Marshall letter could ask that question. No one not impervious to reason on this subject would doubt the complete sincerity and truth of the statements made by the governor in his reply to Mr. Marshall's questions. It ought, however, to be an additional and concrete answer that in eight years as governor of New York, with numerous political and personal enemies vigilantly alert to take advantage of every opening, no single instance where Smith favored a Catholic because he was a Catholic, supported or opposed a bill because of Catholic interests, or was swayed in any direction on any question at any time by church influence, has ever been noted—or even alleged.

The question really ought not to be asked or answered. If it were not for the bigots who unfortunately abound, it would not be worth while asking, or answering either.

WHAT ABOUT HIS HEALTH?

For a number of years Smith was greatly troubled with rheumatism. Sometimes it took the form of gout. Sometimes it struck him in the back; sometimes in the arm. About a year ago he had six of his teeth pulled and has hardly had a twinge since.

He seems today in perfect physical condition. His color is good, his eye bright, his step quick and strong, his whole appearance indicative of virility and strength. Also, it is said, there has since the rheumatism left him been a marked decrease in irascibility.

WHAT SORT OF PRESIDENT WOULD HE MAKE IF ELECTED?

The answer to that is clear. He would make the sort of President of the United States that he has made a governor of New York—in brief, an industrious, effective, genuinely constructive, honest, able and enlightened one. Also as President he would be the real leader of his party in the nation just as in New York he has been its leader as governor. There is no doubt of that.

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P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY
Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2
Published at Springfield, Ohio

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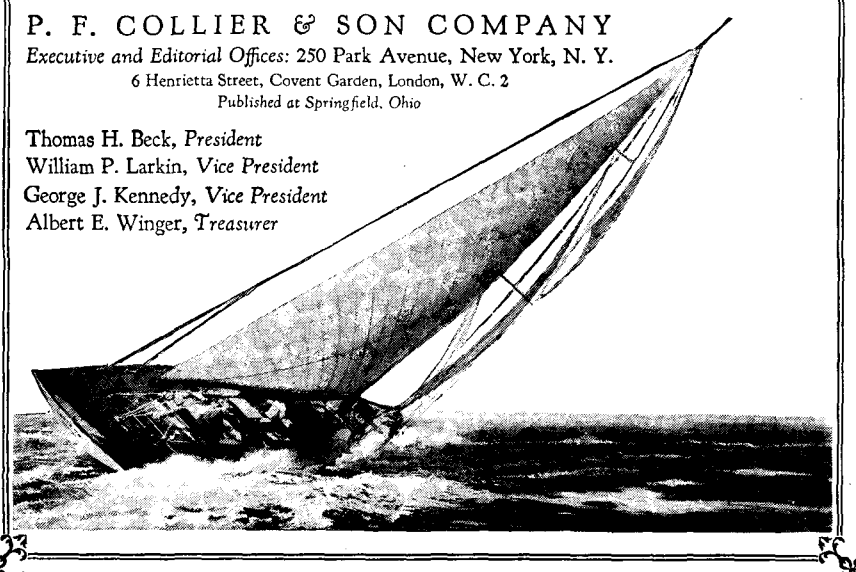
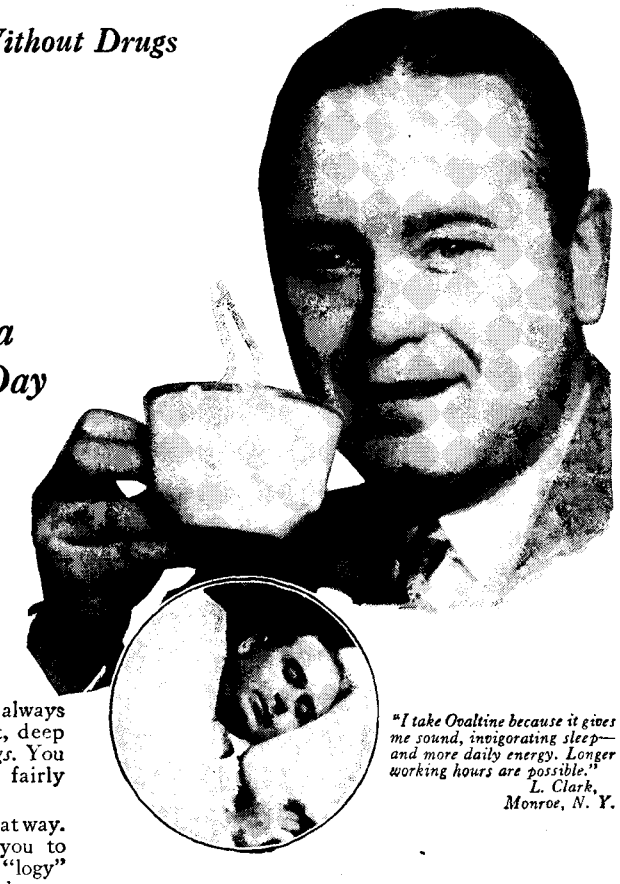


Sleeplessness
Now overcome
—Without Drugs



To bring you a Hard-Hitting Day Tomorrow

Make this 3-day test

"I take Ovaltine because it gives me sound, invigorating sleep—and more daily energy. Longer working hours are possible."
L. Clark, Monroe, N. Y.

From tonight on, you can always be sure of getting instant, deep sleep—*without the use of drugs*. You will awaken each morning fairly tingling with healthy vigor.

No drug can refresh you in that way. For, while drugs may put you to sleep, they always leave you "logy" and befuddled when you awaken.

But science has developed a wonderful food-beverage that brings sound, restful sleep *in a natural way*. It is called Ovaltine. It puts you to sleep instantly. And as you sleep, its special food properties restore your tired mind and body—build up boundless vitality and energy.

Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

We offer you here a 3-day test so that you can prove what we claim. Note, especially, how good you feel when you awaken in the morning.

Why Ovaltine brings restoring sleep

Authorities agree that *digestive unrest* is the main cause of sleeplessness. Ovaltine overcomes this condition in two ways:

FIRST—It digests very quickly itself. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

SECOND—It has the unusual power of digesting 4 to 5 times its weight of other foods you eat. Hence, it aids your stomach. Digestion goes on speedily and efficiently. Frayed nerves are soothed. Sound sleep follows.

And as you sleep, the special food properties of Ovaltine also help to restore your tired mind and body. (One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa, or 3 eggs.)

That is why, after drinking a cup of hot Ovaltine at night, you awaken in the morning so completely refreshed—abounding with new-found vitality and tireless energy. Note the unsolicited testimonials.

Hospitals and Doctors recommend it

Ovaltine has been in use in Switzerland for over 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was served as a standard ration to invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only for sleeplessness, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for nerve-strain, malnutrition, underweight and delicate children, nursing mothers and the aged.

Make this 3-day test

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of the day.

Druggists and grocers sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or get it at the soda fountain. But to let you try it, we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in coupon with 10c.

OVALTINE

"For the past 3 years I have been troubled with sleeplessness. Since taking Ovaltine I am not troubled about going to sleep and feel much better when I arise in the morning."
D. W. Funk, South Bend, Indiana

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180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.
(*Print name and address clearly*)
Name.....
Address.....
City.....*State*.....
(One package to a person)

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Managing Editor

Is War Inevitable?

IF YOU can believe our bluff admirals and generals we are headed straight for war. Although to the ordinary mortal the prospect may appear serene, your fighting men know better.

Listen to Rear Admiral Charles P. Plunkett, the recently retired commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, who lately announced these opinions:

"If I read history correctly, and what we are doing today, we are nearer war today than we have been in our history, because we are too damned efficient.... I don't care whether it is with Great Britain or some other nation, you are going to have war just as sure as you are sitting in this room with me, if you dare contest the control of the sea with your goods, not with your guns.... It is competition, gentlemen. It is economic in its origin, and as long as we proceed along the lines we are traveling today, war is absolutely inevitable."

Simple, isn't it?

But don't think that Admiral Plunkett is a lone voice crying in the wilderness. At almost the same time Major General Hansen E. Ely, who is in command at Governor's Island, expressed himself publicly:

"When we consider our prosperity and the immigration restrictions our government makes, it can be seen that other nations are jealous of us and there are possibilities of friction which may lead to war."

It is recklessly wicked for an American admiral in high position to talk of a prospective war with Great Britain, or with any other nation. The way to make war practicable is to fan the embers of nationalistic fear and hatred. Talk about war long enough and war will come.

And how incredibly stupid it is for admirals and generals to continue to say that war is the necessary result of foreign trade. There was a time, now happily past, when business men wanted, literally, to kill off their competitors. Business is not so blind and stupid today. The great prosperity which has come to the modern world is built on the new economic idea of live and let live. Time was when all foreigners were enemies. In these days foreigners are customers. The quickest and most effectual way of killing export business is by starting a war.

Every informed business man knows this. At a meeting of the Academy of Political Science a little while ago Thomas W. Lamont of J. P. Morgan & Company summed up the business man's attitude as follows:

"People sometimes say that international finance can make or unmake states, can bring on or prevent war. Fortunately or unfortunately, there is no truth in that dictum. Looking back on July, 1914, I know of no group of bankers in any one of the countries soon to be involved that was not earnestly opposing the very thought of war. But their efforts were powerless against the tides of misunderstanding and passion that finally swept the world almost to destruction."

The admirals and generals who talk about war being the necessary consequence of foreign trade speak from ignorance. They know little or nothing of business and are really not very much concerned about it. What they are concerned about is more and larger appropriations from Congress.

Of course war is not the only way to protect our national interests. The Germans, who in 1914 relied upon their superb army, might even say that war is an unsafe and unsuccessful method.

Are we going to rely solely on the strength of our armies and navies for safety? We shall have to, unless we put as much imagination and energy into devising honorable ways of avoiding war as we are now putting into the accumulation of weapons which would assure victory in combat.

Our government has expressed a willingness to sign treaties outlawing war. Other great nations, through the League of Nations, have already agreed to outlaw aggressive warfare, which is not hard to define. Any nation which refuses to submit its quarrel to arbitration or other form of peaceful settlement is considered guilty of aggression.

Our previous attempts to outlaw war failed because our representatives feared to take the League of Nations into consideration. For a time at least they seemed willing to abandon the effort to outlaw war rather than to mention the politically unpopular League.

In view of the catastrophe which an important war would inevitably inflict, it would be frivolous indeed to give up the attempt for such a reason.

War must be prevented because science and invention are rendering war too terrible to be survived. Suicide is not the road to progress for nations or individuals.

The way to prevent war is to provide substitutes for war and to build up the habit of using peaceful methods of settling international quarrels. No sane man can look forward to a great war without horror, not necessarily for himself, since death may be easy, but for his country.

Insist, therefore, that your representatives cut through red tape and technicalities and work out practicable arrangements which will substitute reasonable negotiation and adjudication for war in international business.

Let's use the inventiveness and power of science to enrich our lives and not to devise ways of destruction.

Booster to the End

BESIDE the body of a man who had committed suicide in a Los Angeles hotel room the police found a note giving the man's name and address, and explaining that he had left home to commit suicide because the suicide rate of his home town, San Diego, was higher than that of Los Angeles and he did not wish to spoil a lifelong reputation as a home-town booster by raising the rate. As a suicide he may have gone out ingloriously but as a town booster he stepped from obscurity to immortality. He won a tablet in the boosters' hall of fame, and if there is a spark of warm-heartedness behind the gibes of cheap American satirists, he won a cheer of sincere admiration from them.

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Men who fight fire with iron

THERE is a man in your town whose business it is to protect your home from an unseen fire. This fire is rust . . . more treacherous than flames because it gives no warning. You seldom notice rust-fire until the roof, gutters, or downspouts begin to leak, the furnace burns out, or other sheet metal work has rusted away.

But you can prevent needless expense and trouble by giving your sheet metal work to the *Armco* Ingot Iron Shop Man. He will use enduring *Armco* ingot iron. No other low-cost metal can equal it in fighting rust. For *Armco* ingot iron is the purest iron made. It is practically free from the elements that hasten rust in steels and other irons.

Whether you are going to build or repair, it will pay you to look for the sheet metal shop in your neighborhood that displays the *Armco* Ingot Iron Sign.

You will also get more service out of refrigerator linings, gutters, downspouts and other galvanized metal products, if you insist on those made with *Armco* ingot iron. Look for the Armco Triangle stamped on the metal.

ARMCO INGOT-IRON — SHOP — "Quality Work with Quality Iron"

You will save money on sheet metal work if you give the job to the shop that displays this sign.

ARMCO
INGOT IRON
RESISTS RUST

***And in* INDUSTRY** More and more, executives are making it a policy to insist on the use of *Armco* ingot iron for tanks, stacks, breechings, and all sheet metal work. In every industry, this rust-resisting iron is saving thousands of dollars on repair jobs, by putting them off for years. The Armco Triangle stamped on every sheet or plate identifies the purest, most enduring iron made.

AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY
Executive Office: MIDDLETOWN, OHIO
Export—The Armco International Corp.
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RUST-FIRE! *The only difference between rusting and burning is time—both are oxidation. You can feel and see the fire produced by rapid burning. But when metal rusts, the process is too slow to see. Rust is the "ash" of this fire.*

MADE BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF SPECIAL ANALYSIS IRON AND STEEL SHEETS

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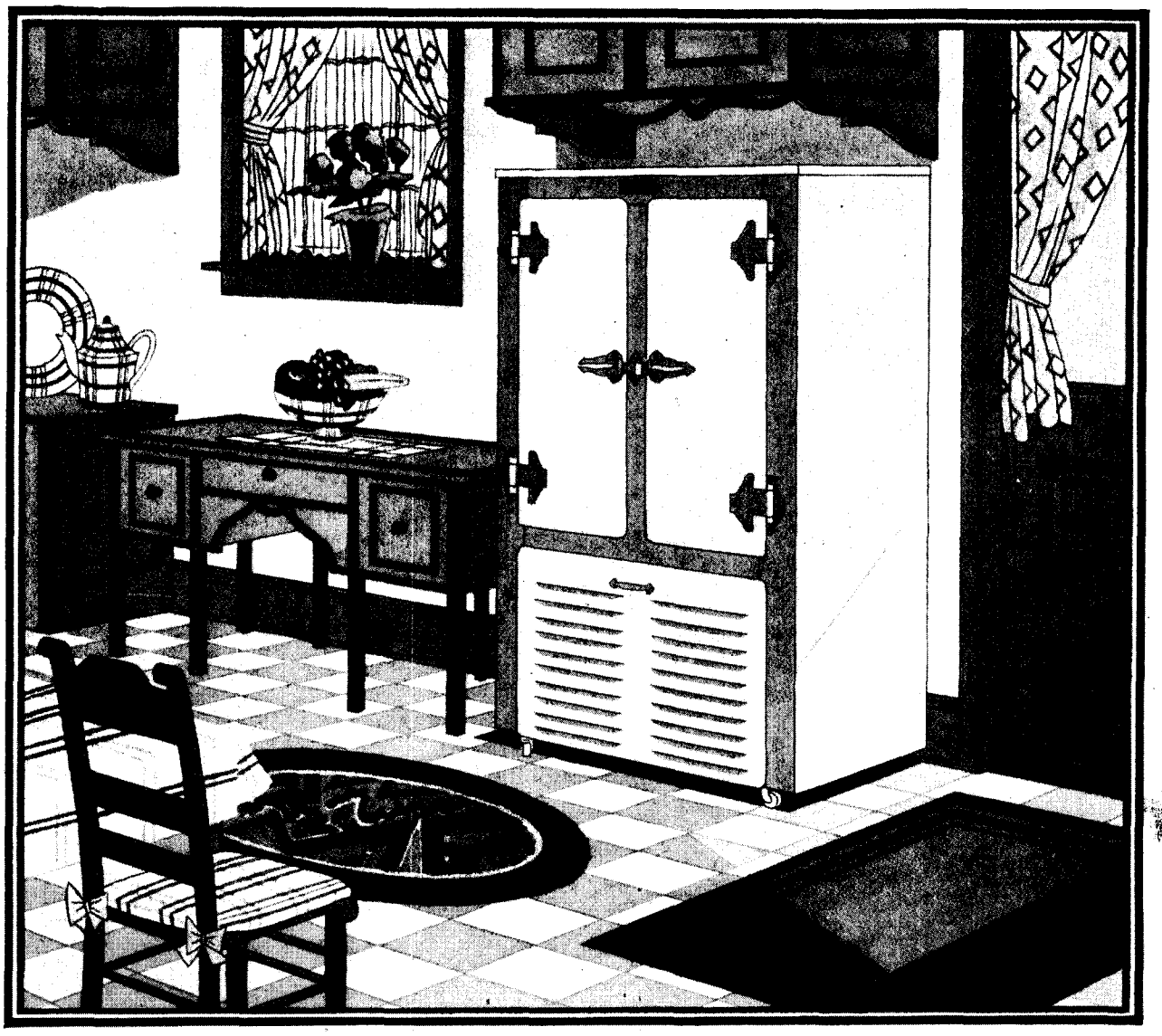
FRIGIDAIRE

THE CHOICE OF THE MAJORITY



Now has come the realization that health depends upon wholesome food, and the wholesomeness of most foods upon proper refrigeration. Out of that realization has grown the demand for Frigidaire. Not mere refrigeration, but dependable, electric refrigeration. And as that demand has grown, quantity production has made prices low. So today Frigidaire has become a safeguard to health that is an economical investment for any home. Frigidaire Corporation, Dayton, Ohio

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